

Library of the Theological Seminary,
PRINCETON, N. J.

Presented by Mr. Samuel Agnew of Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BENSON LIBRARY OF HYMNOLGY

Endowed by the Reverend

LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D.D.

2

LIBRARY OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

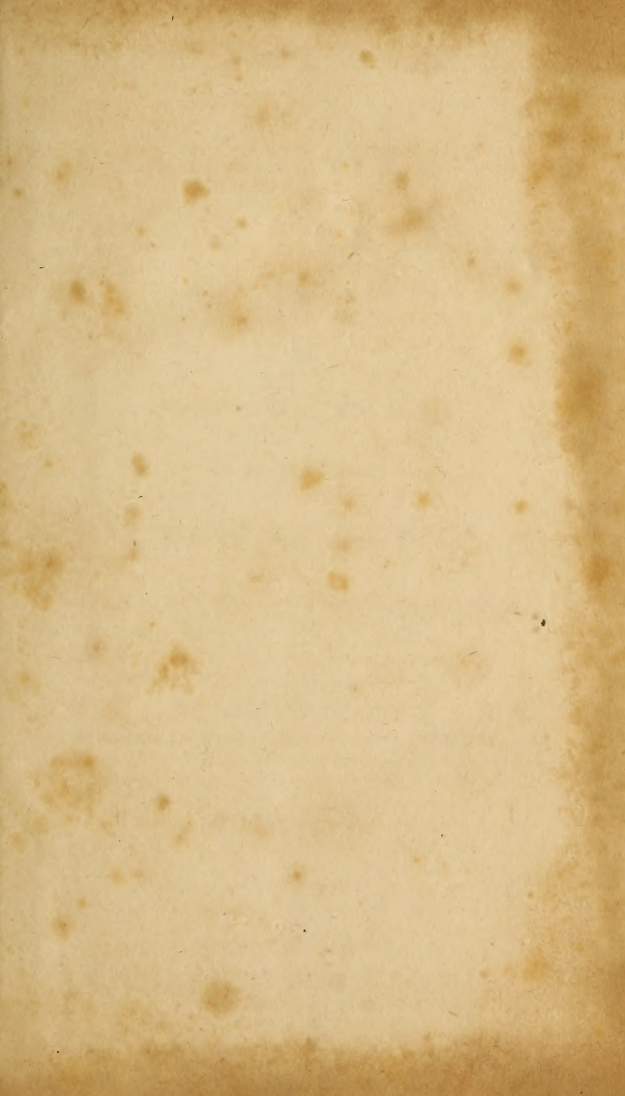
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

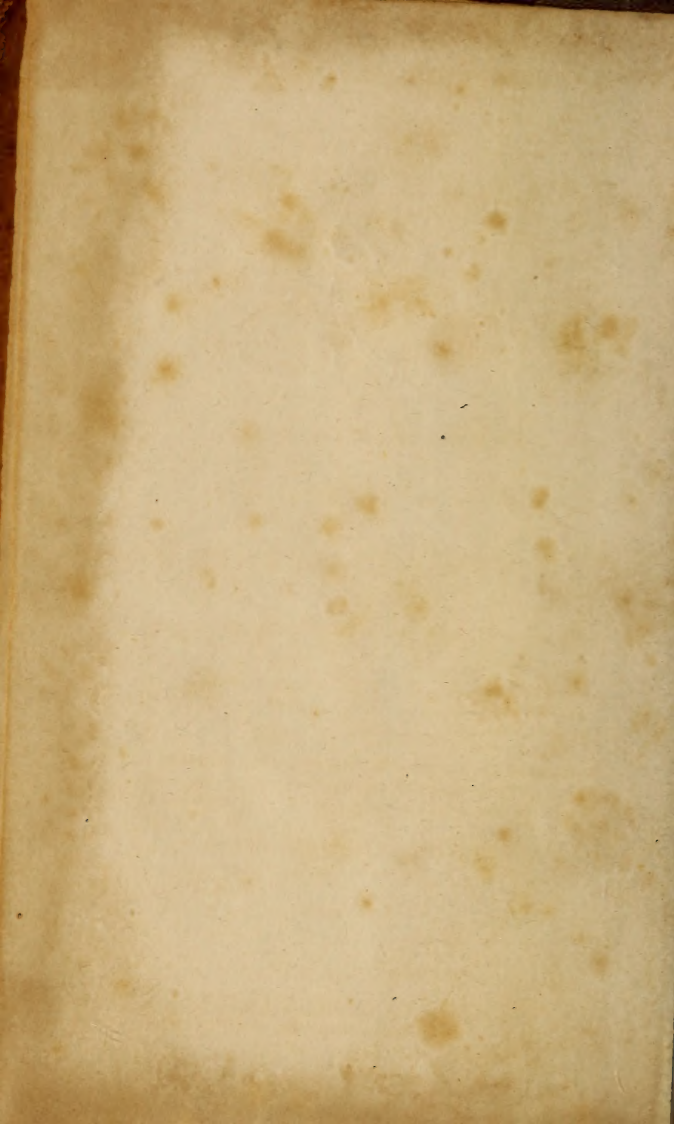
SCB

4790

20

21





M. H. Murray
Gallaher's Watts and Select Hymns.

THE
PSALMS, HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS

✓ OF
ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A NEW SELECTION

OF BETWEEN TWO AND THREE HUNDRED HYMNS,
FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

BY JAMES GALLAHER,
Pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati.

NEW EDITION—WITH MUSIC.

CINCINNATI:
PUBLISHED BY GEORGE CONCLIN,
55 MAIN STREET.
1841.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1835,


BY COREY AND FAIRBANK,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ohio.

KEY

TO THE MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|
| <i>a</i> denotes slow. | <i>o</i> denotes loud. |
| <i>a</i> " very slow. | <i>o</i> " very loud. |
| <i>e</i> " quick. | <i>u</i> " slow and soft. |
| <i>e</i> " very quick. | <i>u</i> " slow and loud. |
| <i>i</i> " soft. | <i>y</i> " quick and soft. |
| <i>i</i> " very soft. | <i>y</i> " quick and loud. |

 The dash(—) in the margin, at the beginning of the lines, denotes that the particular expression, marked by the letter immediately preceding it, terminates, or is suspended, there.

PREFACE.

MORE than one hundred years have passed over the Christian Church since she was first presented with the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts. The deep, delightful impression produced at that time, may yet be seen in the many beautiful addresses which he received from the learned and pious of that day. These are familiar to those best acquainted with English poetry. As a sample, allow me to transcribe a few lines by Mr. Byles, an American, who, having received a copy of Dr. Watts' Psalms and Hymns, gave expression to his sentiments in the following stanzas, March 15. 1727.

"Say, smiling muse, what heavenly strain
Forbids the waves to roar;
Comes gently gliding o'er the main,
And charms the listening shore?
What angel strikes the trembling strings,
And whence the golden sound!
Or is it *Watts* or *Gabriel* sings
From yon celestial ground?
'Tis thou — seraphic *Watts*, thy lyre
Plays soft along the floods,
Thy notes the answering hills inspire,
And bend the waving woods.
When thy fair soul shall on the wing
Of mounting seraphs rise,
And with superior sweetness sing
Amid its native skies,
Still shall thy lofty numbers flow
Melodious and divine,
And choirs above, and saints below,
A deathless chorus join."

From that period to the present, Dr. Watts has been considered as unequalled among the writers of English sacred verse; the fervent piety, the elevated views of gospel truth, and the rich and towering poetical excellence, by which his works are characterized, place them beyond parallel. And with gratitude and praise be it recorded, that blessings from the Most High God, copious, long continued, and wonderful, have attended these sacred songs in awakening and converting sinners, quickening the devotions of believers, and supporting and comforting the christian on a sick bed, and in a dying hour.

As christians generally are familiar with Watts, and as pious families practice reading the hymns for edification and worship, *all* attempts which have been made to abridge and alter his Psalms and Hymns, have hitherto met with public disapprobation. This evinces their high character and excellence. Hence it is thought best, to preserve his work *entire* and *unmutilated*.

While great care has been taken to preserve the Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts *entire*, at the same

PREFACE.

time, no pains have been spared, by a careful comparison, to print from the best and most correct editions of Watts extant.

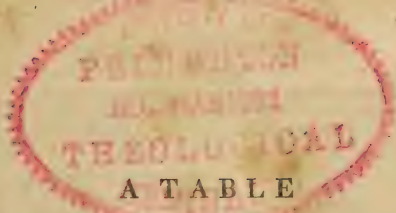
The selection of Hymns from various authors, has been made with laborious care. The compiler has confined his selections chiefly to those old and venerated authors, whose hymns have been so much admired, and have contributed so much to the edification of christians, viz: Doddridge, Addison, Newton, Cowper, Steele, Toplady and others. To have adopted all their hymns, and others extant that are good, would have swelled the volume to an undue size. The design has been to select a competent number of such as would make *the best supplement* to Watts. Regard always being had to *intrinsic merit, to particular subjects and occasions, and to variety of metre.*

The present edition has been revised with great care, and all the typographical mistakes of former editions, as far as practicable, corrected. That nothing might be wanting to render it commodious to the intelligent and devout worshiper, the Publishers have added, at considerable expense, and without seeking any advance on the price of the volume, a NOTATION of the *musical expression* appropriate to each Psalm or Hymn. They acknowledge their obligations to Worcester's edition of Watts for the leading features of the plan, which, with certain modifications, they have generally followed. The symbols, or letters, noting the expression, and placed in the margin of the pages, are explained in the KEY, which is placed, for the sake of ready reference, on the back of the title page; and which, owing to its simplicity, and the ease with which it may be remembered, is obviously preferable to Worcester's. With this addition to the value of the volume, and the superior accuracy of its typography, and fidelity to the most correct editions of Watts, it may not be deemed too great an assumption to affirm, that it forms one of the best collections of sacred Song now before the Christian Public.

It affords me much pleasure to take this opportunity to express my gratitude to those of my brethren, who have kindly rendered their services in examining and revising the hymns selected for the appendix; many of their criticisms and suggestions have been adopted and many others would have been, but for the general objections made against *all alterations* of standard hymns.

JAMES GALLAHER.

CINCINNATI, December, 1834.



To find a Psalm or Hymn by the first line.

| | Page. | | Page. |
|------------------------------|-------|-----------------------------|-------|
| A DAM, our father and | 483 | Away, my unbelieving | 546 |
| A debtor to mercy | 529 | B ACKWARD with | 297 |
| Adore and tremble, for | 291 | Before Jehovah's | 186 |
| Afflicted saint, to Christ | 503 | Begin, my tongue, some | 392 |
| Afflictions, though they | 513 | Begone, unbelief, my | 548 |
| Ah, how shall fallen man | 484 | Behold a stranger at the | 499 |
| Alas, and did my Saviour | 357 | Behold how sinners | 336 |
| Alas, what hourly | 553 | Behold, O God, what | 156 |
| All hail, the power of | 510 | Behold the blind their | 430 |
| All glory to thy wondrous | 468 | Behold the glories of the | 272 |
| All mortal vanities, | 284 | Behold the grace appears | 273 |
| All ye that love the Lord, | 269 | Behold the leprous Jew | 492 |
| Almighty God, appear, | 52 | Behold the lofty sky | 64 |
| Almighty Maker, God | 576 | Behold the love, the | 88 |
| Almighty Ruler of the | 48 | Behold the morning sun | 64 |
| Along the banks where | 249 | Behold the potter and the | 329 |
| Amazing grace, how | 573 | Behold the Rose of | 304 |
| Am I a soldier of the cross | 520 | Behold the sure | 215 |
| Amidst thy wrath | 93 | Behold the woman's | 430 |
| Among th' assemblies of | 158 | Behold the wretch whose | 332 |
| Among the princes, | 164 | Behold thy waiting | 224 |
| And are we wretches yet | 414 | Behold us, Lord, and let | 120 |
| And did the holy and the | 598 | Behold what wondrous | 301 |
| And let this feeble body | 615 | Beyond the flight of time | 626 |
| And must this body die | 417 | Bless'd are the humble | 322 |
| And now the saints have | 400 | Bless'd are the sons of | 342 |
| And will the God of grace | 159 | Bless'd are the sons who | 167 |
| And will the Judge | 617 | Bless'd are the undefiled | 218 |
| Approach, my soul, the | 558 | Bless'd be the everlasting | 285 |
| Are all the foes of Zion | 149 | Bless'd be the Father and | 466 |
| Are sinners now so | 55 | Bless'd is the man, forever | 82 |
| Arise and shine, O Zion | 622 | Bless'd is the man whose | 98 |
| Arise, my gracious God | 50 | Bless'd is the man who | 37 |
| Arise, my soul, my joyful | 400 | Bless'd is the nation where | 84 |
| As new born babes desire | 442 | Bless'd Jesus, source of | 527 |
| As on the cross the | 490 | Bless'd morning, whose | 395 |
| Assembled at thy great | 584 | Blessed Saviour, thou | 579 |
| Attend, while God's | 427 | Bless'd with the joys of | 426 |
| At thy command, our | 462 | Bless, O my soul, the | 190 |
| Awake, awake the sacred | 511 | Blest be the tie that binds | 536 |
| Awake, my heart, arise, | 283 | Blood has a voice to pierce | 421 |
| Awake, my soul, in joyful | 476 | Blow ye the trumpet | 485 |
| Awake, my soul, stretch | 550 | Bright King of glory, | 380 |
| Awake, my soul, to | 203 | Broad is the road that | 441 |
| Awake, our souls, away | 292 | Buried in shadows of the | 320 |
| Awake, sweet gratitude, | 514 | But ah, my inmost spirit | 515 |
| Awake, ye saints, to | 245 | But few among the carnal | 320 |
| Away from every mortal | 424 | But when arm'd with | 523 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | Page. | | Page. |
|------------------------------|-------|--------------------------------|-------|
| C AN creatures to | 448 | E ARLY, my God, | 127 |
| Cheer up, my soul, | 558 | Ere the blue heavens | 273 |
| Children, in years and | 86 | Eternal Power, whose | 475 |
| Children of the heavenly | 509 | Eternal Sovereign of the | 437 |
| Christ and his cross is all | 331 | Eternal Spirit, we | 429 |
| Christian, see the orient | 588 | Eternal Wisdom, thee | 478 |
| Come all harmonious | 402 | Eternity is just at hand | 608 |
| Come all ye weary | 556 | Eternity, stupendous | 612 |
| Come away to the skies | 567 | Exalt tie Lord our God | 185 |
| Come, brethren dear, who | 590 | F AITH is the brightest | 331 |
| Come, children, learn to | 88 | Faith, 'tis a precious | 528 |
| Come, dearest Lord, | 338 | Far as thy name is | 107 |
| Come every pious heart | 600 | Farewell, dear friends, | 594 |
| Come, gracious Spirit, | 526 | Far from my thoughts, | 360 |
| Come, guilty sou's, and | 572 | Father how wide thy | 496 |
| Come, happy sou's, | 411 | Father, I bless thy gentle | 229 |
| Come hither, all ye weary | 355 | Father, I long, I faint to | 391 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, come | 527 | Father I sing thy | 139 |
| Come, Holy Spirit, | 371 | Father, is not thy | 580 |
| Come, humble sinner, in | 571 | Father of mercies, in thy | 485 |
| Come, let our voices join | 186 | Father, Son, and Holy | 628 |
| Come, let us join a joyful | 451 | Father, we wait to feel | 465 |
| Come, let us join our ch'r | 106 | Father, whate'er of | 553 |
| Come, let us join our | 612 | Firm and unmoved are | 235 |
| Come, let us lift our joyful | 416 | Firm as the earth thy | 340 |
| Come, let us lift our | 46 | Firm was my health, | 79 |
| Come, Lord, and warm | 574 | Foot's in t' eir hearts | 55 |
| Come, my soul, thy suit | 547 | For ever blessed be the | 257 |
| Come on, my partners in | 596 | Forever shall my song | 166 |
| Come, sound his praise | 186 | From age to age exalt his | 200 |
| Come, thou Fount of | 601 | From all that dwell | 214 |
| Come weary souls, with | 501 | From deep distress and | 240 |
| Come, we that love the | 169 | From Egypt lately freed | 521 |
| Come, ye sinners, poor | 535 | From foes that round us | 124 |
| Come, ye that fear the | 591 | From Greenland's icy | 584 |
| Compared with Christ, | 520 | From heaven the sinning | 410 |
| Consider all my sorrows, | 226 | From thee, my God, my | 296 |
| D AUGHTER of Zion, | 585 | G ENTILES by nature, | 328 |
| Daughters of Zion, | 166 | Give glory to God, | 627 |
| David rejoiced in God his | 68 | Give me the wings of | 432 |
| Day of judgment, day of | 619 | Give thanks to God, he | 199 |
| Dearest of all the names | 416 | Give thanks to God, | 196 |
| Dear Lord, behold our | 444 | Give thanks to God most | 246 |
| Dear refuge of my weary | 552 | Give thanks to God the | 245 |
| Dear Saviour, we are | 496 | Give to our God immortal | 248 |
| Dear Saviour, when my | 541 | Give to the Father praise | 469 |
| Death cannot make our | 379 | Give to the Lord, ye sons | 78 |
| Death may dissolve my | 286 | Glorious things of thee | 579 |
| Death ! 'tis a melancholy | 381 | Glory to God the | 467 |
| Deceived by subtle snares | 325 | Glory to God the Trinity | 468 |
| Deep in our hearts let us | 140 | Glory to God who walks | 286 |
| Deep in the dust before | 332 | Glory to thee, my God, | 604 |
| Delightful thought ! that | 588 | God in his earthly temple | 164 |
| Descend from heaven, | 365 | God is a name my soul | 474 |
| Did Christ o'er sinners | 572 | God is a spirit just and | 339 |
| Didst thou, dear Jesus, | 547 | God is the refuge of his | 104 |
| Do we not know that | 332 | God moves in a | 480 |
| Down headlong from | 409 | God, my supporter and | 146 |
| Dread Sovereign, let my | 355 | God of eternal love | 199 |
| DOXOLOGIES 270, 271, 466— | | God of eternity, from | 606 |
| 471, 627, 628. | | God of my childhood and | 143 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | <i>Page.</i> | | <i>Page.</i> |
|------------------------------|--------------|------------------------------|--------------|
| God of my life, look | 95 | His voice, as the sound | 523 |
| God of my mercy and | 204 | Hither, ye faithful, haste | 507 |
| God of the morning, at | 311 | Honor to thee, almighty | 469 |
| God of the seas, thy | 393 | Hosanna to King David's | 471 |
| God's holy law, | 483 | Hosanna to our | 404 |
| God the eternal, awful | 367 | Hosanna to the King | 471 |
| God, who in various | 295 | Hosanna to the Prince | 471 |
| Good is the Lord, the | 133 | Hosanna to the Prince | 397 |
| Go preach my gospel, | 335 | Hosanna to the royal | 281 |
| Go worship at | 345 | Hosanna to the Son | 471 |
| Go, ye heralds of | 586 | Hosanna with a cheerful | 556 |
| Grace! 'tis a charming | 495 | How are thy glories here | 465 |
| Great God, attend to my | 129 | How awful is thy | 152 |
| Great God, attend while | 160 | How beauteous are their | 278 |
| Great God, how infinite | 391 | How bless'd the man to | 82 |
| Great God, how oft did | 155 | How can I sink with | 421 |
| Great God, indulge my | 128 | How charming is the | 569 |
| Great God, I own thy | 275 | How condescending and | 452 |
| Great God, the heaven's | 66 | How did my heart rejoice | 232 |
| Great God, thy glories | 446 | How fast their guilt and | 57 |
| Great God, 'tis from thy | 495 | How firm a foundation, | 504 |
| Great God, to what a | 418 | How full of anguish is | 411 |
| Great God, whose | 144 | How happy are they | 532 |
| Great is the Lord, exalted | 244 | How happy are we | 483 |
| Great is the Lord, his | 207 | How happy is the | 519 |
| Great is the Lord our | 106 | How heavy is the night | 320 |
| Great King of glory and | 412 | How honorable is the | 276 |
| Great Shepherd of thine | 157 | How large the promise, | 228 |
| Great was the day, the | 434 | How long, O God, has | 582 |
| Guide me, O thou great | 616 | How long, O Lord, shall | 53 |
| H AD I the tongues of | 308 | How long wilt thou | 54 |
| Had not the God of | 273 | How lost was my | 561 |
| Happy is he that fears | 207 | How lovely, how | 569 |
| Happy the church, thou | 289 | How many years has | 581 |
| Happy the city, where | 258 | How oft, alas! t'is | 491 |
| Happy the heart where | 374 | How oft have sin and | 340 |
| Happy the man whose | 38 | How pleasant, how | 160 |
| Hark! brethren, don't | 487 | How pleasant 'tis to see | 243 |
| Hark! from the tombs a | 284 | How pleas'd and bless'd | 233 |
| Hark! my soul, it is the | 537 | How precious is the book | 484 |
| Hark! the glad sound, | 511 | How rich are thy | 457 |
| Hark! the Jubilee is | 498 | How sad our state by | 405 |
| Hark! the Redeemer | 305 | How shall I my Saviour | 509 |
| Hark! the voice of love | 489 | How shall I praise th' | 446 |
| Head of the church | 480 | How shall the young | 220 |
| Hear me, O God, nor | 188 | How short and hasty is | 370 |
| Hear what the Lord in | 168 | How should the sons of | 315 |
| Hear what the voice | 282 | How strong thine arm is | 293 |
| Heaven has confirmed | 616 | How sweet and awful is | 458 |
| He comes, he comes, to | 626 | How sweet, how | 538 |
| He dies, the Friend of | 598 | How tedious and | 524 |
| He lives, the great | 512 | How vain are all things | 379 |
| Help, Lord, for men of | 57 | How various and how | 607 |
| Hence, from my soul sad | 395 | How wondrous great, | 403 |
| Here at thy cross, my | 354 | I ASK'D the Lord that | 554 |
| He reigns, the Lord, the | 182 | I cannot bear thine | 421 |
| He that hath made his | 173 | If God succeed not, all | 237 |
| High as the heavens | 420 | If God to build the house | 237 |
| High in the heavens, | 89 | If life's pleasures charm | 526 |
| High on a hill of | 362 | I give immortal praise | 469 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | Page. | | Page. |
|-----------------------------|-------|-------------------------------|-------|
| I hate the tempter and | 440 | Joy to the world, the | 184 |
| I lift my banner, saith the | 287 | Judge me, O God, and | 100 |
| I lift my soul to God | 74 | Judge me, O Lord, and | 76 |
| I'll bless the Lord from | 87 | Judges, who rule the | 123 |
| I'll praise my Maker | 261 | Just are thy ways, and | 62 |
| I'll speak the honors of | 102 | K EEP silence, all | 475 |
| I love the Lord, he heard | 213 | Kind is the speech of | 307 |
| I love the windows of | 434 | Kindred in Christ, for his | 593 |
| I love thy kingdom, Lord | 575 | L ADEN with guilt, and | 422 |
| I love to steal a while | 577 | Let all our tongues be | 455 |
| I'm not ashamed to own | 323 | Let all the earth their | 181 |
| In all my Lord's | 592 | Let all the heathen | 222 |
| In all my vast concerns | 253 | Let children hear the | 153 |
| In anger, Lord, do not | 44 | Let earth, with every | 183 |
| In evil long I took delight | 544 | Let everlasting glories | 428 |
| Infinite grief, amazing | 409 | Let every creature join | 267 |
| In Gabriel's hand a | 299 | Let every mortal ear | 275 |
| In God's own house | 270 | Let every tongue thy | 260 |
| In haste, O God, attend | 141 | Let God arise in all his | 135 |
| In Judah, God of old was | 159 | Let God the Father live | 467 |
| In songs of sublime | 494 | Let God the Father, and | 270 |
| In thee, great God, with | 68 | Let God the Maker's | 468 |
| In thine own ways, O | 288 | Let him embrace my soul | 302 |
| In vain the wealthy | 244 | Let me but hear my | 280 |
| In vain we lavish out | 277 | Let mortal tongues | 298 |
| I saw beyond the tomb | 622 | Let others boast how | 362 |
| I send the joys of earth | 358 | Let Pharisees of high | 337 |
| I set the Lord before my | 59 | Let sinners take their | 121 |
| I sing my Saviour's | 420 | Let them neglect thy | 372 |
| Is there ambition in my | 240 | Let the old heathens tune | 364 |
| Is this the kind return | 506 | Let the seventh angel | 302 |
| It is the Lord, encircled | 545 | Let the whole race of | 411 |
| It is the Lord our | 189 | Let the wild leopards of | 442 |
| It is the Lord, whose | 515 | Let us adore th' eternal | 452 |
| I waited patient for thee | 96 | Let Zion and her sons | 189 |
| I will extol thee, Lord, on | 70 | Let Zion in her King | 105 |
| I would not live away; | 610 | Let Zion praise thee | 263 |
| J EHOVAH reigns, he | 170 | Life and immortal joys | 425 |
| Jehovah reigns, his | 447 | Life is the time to serve | 316 |
| Jehovah speaks, let | 314 | Lift up your eyes to th' | 373 |
| Jerusalem, my happy | 594 | Light of those, whose | 517 |
| Jesus, and shall it ever | 592 | Like sheep we went | 342 |
| Jesus, at thy command | 551 | Lo, he comes, with clouds | 618 |
| Jesus, full of all | 542 | Lo, he cometh, countless | 618 |
| Jesus, in thee our eyes | 344 | Long as I live, I'll bless | 259 |
| Jesus invites his saints | 457 | Long have I sat beneath | 445 |
| Jesus is gone above the | 457 | Lo, on a narrow neck of | 611 |
| Jesus, lover of my soul | 559 | Lord, at thy temple we | 282 |
| Jesus, my all, to heaven | 519 | Lord, dismiss us with thy | 574 |
| Jesus, our Lord, ascend | 265 | Lord, how divine thy | 456 |
| Jesus shall reign where'er | 144 | Lord, how secure and | 385 |
| Jesus, the man of | 279 | Lord, how secure my | 328 |
| Jesus, the spring of joys | 518 | Lord, I am thine, but | 60 |
| Jesus, thou art the | 525 | Lord, I am vile, conceived | 116 |
| Jesus, we bless thy | 296 | Lord, I cannot let thee go | 571 |
| Jesus, we bow before thy | 461 | Lord, I can suffer thy | 45 |
| Jesus, with all thy saints | 568 | Lord, I esteem thy | 221 |
| Jesus, who knows full | 573 | Lord, I have made thy | 222 |
| Join all the glorious | 349 | Lord, if thine eyes survey | 172 |
| Join all the names of | 348 | Lord, in the morning | 43 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | <i>Page.</i> | | <i>Page.</i> |
|-----------------------------|--------------|-----------------------------|--------------|
| Lord, I will bless thee all | 86 | My heart, how dreadful | 410 |
| Lord, I would spread my | 117 | My heart rejoices in thy | 81 |
| Lord of the worlds above | 162 | My never-ceasing song | 166 |
| Lord, thou hast called thy | 163 | My refuge is the God of | 51 |
| Lord, thou hast heard thy | 215 | My righteous Judge, my | 256 |
| Lord, thou hast scourg'd | 125 | My Saviour and my King | 101 |
| Lord, thou hast search'd | 250 | My Saviour God, my | 432 |
| Lord, thou hast seen my | 61 | My Saviour, my almighty | 142 |
| Lord, thou wilt hear me | 43 | My Shepherd is the living | 71 |
| Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing | 176 | My Shepherd will supply | 72 |
| Lord, we adore thy | 462 | My soul, come meditate | 388 |
| Lord, we adore thy vast | 417 | My soul forsakes her vain | 357 |
| Lord, we are blind, we | 366 | My soul, how lovely is | 161 |
| Lord, we confess our | 327 | My soul lies cleaving to | 228 |
| Lord, we have heard thy | 100 | My soul, repeat his praise | 192 |
| Lord, what a feeble piece | 171 | My soul, thy great Creator | 193 |
| Lord, what a heaven of | 360 | My soul, with joy attend | 493 |
| Lord, what a thoughtless | 147 | My spirit looks to God | 126 |
| Lord, what a wretched | 322 | My spirit sinks within me, | 99 |
| Lord, what is man, poor | 258 | My thoughts on awful | 353 |
| Lord, what was man | 49 | My thoughts surmount | 443 |
| Lord, when I count thy | 254 | My trust is in my heavenly | 45 |
| Lord, when I read the | 624 | N AKED as from the | 274 |
| Lord, when my thoughts | 354 | Nature, with all her | 352 |
| Lord, when thou didst | 126 | Nature, with open | 456 |
| Lo, the destroying angel | 440 | No, I'll repine at death no | 413 |
| Lo, the young tribes of | 317 | No, I shall envy them no | 384 |
| Lo, what a glorious | 217 | No more, my God, I boast | 326 |
| Lo, what an entertaining | 242 | Nor eye hath, nor ear hath | 324 |
| Lo, what a glorious sight | 287 | No sleep nor slumber to | 241 |
| Loud hallelujahs to the | 266 | Not all the blood of beasts | 433 |
| M AKER and sovereign | 79 | Not all the outward forms | 319 |
| Man hath a soul of | 435 | Not by the laws of | 530 |
| Mercy and judgment are | 186 | Not different food, nor | 334 |
| Mercy, O thou Son of | 532 | Not from the dust | 313 |
| Mine eyes and my desire | 75 | Not the malicious or | 323 |
| Mistaken souls, that | 340 | Not to condemn the sons | 321 |
| Mortals, awake, with | 510 | Not to the terrors of the | 438 |
| My Captain sounds th' | 550 | Not to our names, thou | 212 |
| My conscious guilt is now | 541 | Not to ourselves, who are | 211 |
| My dear Redeemer and | 431 | Not with our mortal eyes | 325 |
| My drowsy powers, why | 166 | Now be my heart inspir'd | 103 |
| My glorious Redeemer, I | 535 | Now be the God of Israel | 293 |
| My God, accept my early | 255 | Now, by the bowels of my | 336 |
| My God, consider my | 225 | Now for a tune of lofty | 376 |
| My God, how endless is | 312 | Now from the roaring | 70 |
| My God, how many are | 41 | Now have our hearts | 459 |
| My God, inspire this heart | 560 | Now I'm convinced the | 145 |
| My God, in whom are all | 123 | Now in the galleries of his | 310 |
| My God, my everlasting | 142 | Now, in the heat of | 317 |
| My God, my King, thy | 258 | Now is the time, th' | 505 |
| My God, my life, my love | 407 | Now let our cheerful eyes | 514 |
| My God, my portion, and | 408 | Now let our lips with | 138 |
| My God, permit me not | 423 | Now let our mournful | 71 |
| My God, permit my | 129 | Now let our pains be all | 460 |
| My God, the spring of all | 383 | Now let our souls on | 554 |
| My God, the steps of pious | 93 | Now let our voices join | 531 |
| My God, what endless | 375 | Now let the Father and | 469 |
| My God, what inward | 252 | Now let the feeble all be | 552 |
| My gracious Redeemer I | 535 | Now let the Lord my | 380 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | Page. | | Page. |
|------------------------------|-------|------------------------------|-------|
| Now let the spacious | 435 | P LUNG'D in a gulf of | 399 |
| Now may the God of | 67 | Poor, weak and | 515 |
| Now Satan comes with | 441 | Praise, everlasting praise | 387 |
| Now shall my inward joys | 289 | Praise God, from whom | 627 |
| Now shall my solemn | 134 | Praise waits in Zion, | 132 |
| Now to the great and | 271 | Praise ye the Lord, exalt | 244 |
| Now to the Lord a noble | 378 | Praise ye the Lord, my | 261 |
| Now to the Lord that | 700 | Praise ye the Lord, 'tis | 262 |
| Now to the pow'r of God | 339 | Prayer is the soul's | 578 |
| Now we expect a day | 608 | Prepare me, gracious | 610 |
| O ALL ye nations, | 214 | Preserve me, Lord, in | 57 |
| O'er the gloomy | 583 | Prostrate, dear Jesus, at | 540 |
| O blessed souls are they | 81 | Protect us, Lord, from | 255 |
| O bless the Lord, my soul | 192 | R AISE thee, my soul, | 371 |
| Of justice and of grace I | 187 | Raise, thoughtless | 496 |
| O for a closer walk with | 492 | Raise your triumphant | 414 |
| O for an overcoming faith | 281 | Rejoice, the Lord is King | 512 |
| O for a shout of sacred | 105 | Rejoice, ye righteous, in | 83 |
| Often I seek my God by | 306 | Remember, Lord, our | 169 |
| O God, my refuge, hear | 120 | Repent, the voice | 540 |
| O God of grace and | 42 | Return, O God of love, | 172 |
| O God of mercy, hear my | 118 | Return, O wanderer, | 545 |
| O God of my salvation, | 165 | Rise, rise, my soul, and | 361 |
| O God to whom revenge | 178 | S AINTS, at your | 336 |
| O happy man, whose soul | 237 | Salvation is forever | 163 |
| Oh happy nation, where | 85 | Salvation! O melodious | 497 |
| Oh! could I find from day | 559 | Salvation! O the joyful | 404 |
| Oh! happy day, that fix'd | 539 | Save me, O God, the | 137 |
| Oh! for a glance of | 563 | Save me, O Lord, from | 58 |
| Oh! if my soul was | 415 | Saviour divine, we know | 517 |
| O how I love thy holy law | 220 | Saviour, I do feel thy merit | 565 |
| Oh! the almighty Lord | 399 | Saviour, visit thy | 582 |
| Oh! what a stiff, rebellious | 154 | Say, sinner, hath a | 506 |
| Oh! why was I not left | 567 | See how the mounting | 604 |
| O Lord, how many are | 42 | See Israel's gentle | 578 |
| O Lord, I would delight in | 533 | See th' eternal Judge | 621 |
| O Lord, our heavenly | 46 | See what a living Stone | 216 |
| O Lord, our languid souls | 576 | See where the great | 291 |
| O Lord, our Lord, how | 47 | Shall the vile race of | 313 |
| O may I worthy prove to | 537 | Shall we go on to sin | 324 |
| Once more, my soul, the | 355 | Shall wisdom cry aloud | 318 |
| On Jordan's stormy banks | 625 | Shine, mighty God, on | 135 |
| O that the Lord would | 224 | Shout to the Lord, and | 406 |
| O that thy statutes every | 227 | Show pity, Lord, O Lord | 115 |
| O the delights, the | 405 | Sing, all ye nations, to | 133 |
| O thou in whose presence | 522 | Sing to the Lord aloud | 158 |
| O thou that hear'st when | 116 | Sing to the Lord | 179 |
| O thou whose grace and | 233 | Sing to the Lord that | 359 |
| O thou whose justice | 122 | Sing to the Lord, ye | 181 |
| Our days, alas! our mortal | 374 | Sin hath a thousand | 437 |
| Our God, how firm his | 375 | Sin like a venomous | 439 |
| Our God, our help in ages | 171 | Sinner, art thou still | 506 |
| Our heavenly Father calls | 491 | Sinner, O why so | 508 |
| Our Lord is risen from | 601 | Sinners, the voice of | 501 |
| Our sins, alas! how strong | 403 | Sinners, this solemn | 557 |
| Our souls by love together | 562 | Sinners, why stand ye | 577 |
| Our souls shall magnify | 299 | Sinners, will you scorn | 504 |
| Our spirits join t' adore | 464 | Sitting around our | 464 |
| Out of the deeps of long | 229 | Sleep not, the Saviour | 575 |
| O when shall I see Jesus | 562 | So did the Hebrew | 327 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | <i>Page.</i> | | <i>Page</i> |
|------------------------------|--------------|-----------------------------|-------------|
| So let our lips and lives | 337 | There is a heaven above | 555 |
| Songs of immortal praise | 206 | There is a holy city | 595 |
| Soon as I heard my | 77 | There is a house not | 326 |
| Sovereign Ruler of the | 606 | There is a land of | 554 |
| Stand up, my soul, shake | 307 | There is a land of pure | 390 |
| Stoop down, my thoughts, | 368 | There is a world we | 626 |
| Stop, poor sinner, stop | 507 | There is no path to | 520 |
| Strait is the way, the | 443 | There was an hour when | 278 |
| Sure there's a righteous | 147 | The Saviour calls, let | 503 |
| Sweet is the memory of | 259 | These glorious minds, | 290 |
| Sweet is the scene when | 615 | The true Messiah now | 358 |
| Sweet is the work, my | 175 | The trump of Israel's | 587 |
| T EACH me the measure | 95 | The voice of free grace | 486 |
| Terrible God! that | 364 | The voice of my Beloved | 304 |
| That awful day will | 415 | They have gone to the | 584 |
| That day of wrath, that | 622 | The wond'ring world | 308 |
| That man is bless'd who | 207 | The wonders, Lord, thy | 97 |
| Th' Almighty reigns | 183 | Taak, mighty God, on | 169 |
| The chariot! the chariot! | 627 | This is the day the Lord | 216 |
| The earth forever is the | 73 | This is the word of | 431 |
| Thee, Father, we bless | 493 | This spacious earth is all | 74 |
| Thee we adore, eternal | 383 | This world can never | 560 |
| Thee will I love, O Lord, | 61 | This world is poor from | 605 |
| The glories of my | 394 | Thou art gone to the | 616 |
| The God Jehovah reigns | 185 | Thou art my portion, O | 219 |
| The God of Abra'm | 628 | Though in the outward | 625 |
| The God of glory sends | 103 | Though troubles assail, | 566 |
| The God of mercy be | 270, 468 | Thou God of love, thou | 229 |
| The God of our salvation | 131 | Thou whom my soul | 303 |
| The heavens declare thy | 65 | Thrice happy man, who | 208 |
| The hour of my | 611 | Through every age, | 170 |
| The King of glory sends | 410 | Thus did the sons of | 426 |
| The King of heaven his | 599 | Thus far my God hath | 555 |
| The King of saints, how | 103 | Thus far the Lord hath | 312 |
| The lands that long in | 279 | Thus God, th' eternal | 204 |
| The law by Moses came | 330 | Thus I resolved before | 94 |
| The law commands, and | 423 | Thus saith the first, the | 329 |
| The Lord appears my | 214 | Thus saith the High and | 315 |
| The Lord declares his | 422 | Thus saith the Lord, the | 110 |
| The Lord, descending | 445 | Thus saith the Lord, | 97 |
| The Lord, how wondrous | 191 | Thus saith the mercy of | 332 |
| The Lord is come, the | 182 | Thus saith the Ruler of | 401 |
| The Lord Jehovah | 177 | Thus saith the wisdom of | 318 |
| The Lord Jehovah | 418 | Thus the great Lord of | 205 |
| The Lord my Shepherd | 73 | Thy favors, Lord, | 377 |
| The Lord of glory is my | 77 | Thy mercies fill the | 223 |
| The Lord of glory reigns, | 177 | Thy mercy, my God, is | 476 |
| The Lord on high | 314 | Thy name, Almighty | 214 |
| The Lord our God is | 482 | Thy names, how infinite | 473 |
| The Lord, the Judge, | 109 | Thy way, O God, is in | 482 |
| The Lord, the Judge, his | 111 | Thy way, O Lord, is in | 531 |
| The Lord, the sovereign | 193 | Thy ways, O Lord, with | 479 |
| The Lord, the sovereign, | 111 | Thy works of glory, | 202 |
| The majesty of Solomon | 419 | Time! what an empty | 385 |
| The man is ever bless'd | 37 | 'Tis a point I long to | 534 |
| The mem'ry of our dying | 459 | 'Tis by the faith of joys | 427 |
| The mighty frame of | 512 | 'Tis by thy strength the | 132 |
| The perished world, by | 568 | 'Tis finish'd, so the | 521 |
| The praise of Zion | 110 | 'Tis finish'd, the conflict | 613 |
| The promise of my | 451 | 'Tis from the treasures of | 346 |
| The promise was | 429 | 'Tis not the law of ten | 494 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | Page. | | Page. |
|-----------------------------|-------|---------------------------|-------|
| To Father, Son, and | 628 | When in the light of | 412 |
| To Father, Son, and | 627 | When Israel. freed from | 210 |
| To God I cried with | 151 | When Israel sinn'd the | 155 |
| To God I made my | 256 | When I survey the | 454 |
| To God the Father, 270, | 468 | When I, with pleasing | 254 |
| To God the Father's 271, | 470 | When man grows bold | 90 |
| To God the great, the | 198 | When marshall'd on the | 497 |
| To God the only wise | 294 | When overwhelm'd | 126 |
| To heaven I lift my | 231 | When pain and anguish | 228 |
| To him that chose us | 470 | When sins and fears | 516 |
| To our almighty Maker, | 184 | When strangers stand | 309 |
| To our eternal God | 470 | When the Eternal bows | 477 |
| To our Redeemer's | 599 | When the first parents of | 198 |
| To thee before the | 218 | When the great Builder | 365 |
| To thee, eternal Three | 627 | When the great Judge, | 50 |
| To thee, most high and | 150 | When thou, my righteous | 621 |
| To thee, O God of truth | 80 | When we are rais'd from | 296 |
| To thee, O Lord, I raise | 78 | When worn with sickness, | 382 |
| To thine almighty arm | 63 | Where are the mourners, | 459 |
| 'Twas by an order from | 418 | Where shall the man be | 75 |
| 'Twas for our sake, | 141 | Where shall we go to | 240 |
| 'Twas from thy hand, | 252 | While I keep silence and | 83 |
| 'Twas in the watches of | 127 | While I to grief my soul | 528 |
| 'Twas on that dark, that | 450 | While life prolongs its | 499 |
| 'Twas the commission of | 295 | While men grow bold in | 89 |
| 'Twas told me in my | 568 | While my Redeemer's | 518 |
| UNSHAKEN as the | 214 | While with ceaseless | 612 |
| Up from my youth, | 218 | Whist thee I seek, | 576 |
| Up to the fields where | 175 | Who can describe the | 322 |
| Up to the hills I lift mine | 230 | Who hath believ'd thy | 341 |
| Up to the Lord that | 378 | Who is this fair one in | 310 |
| Upward I lift mine eyes | 231 | Who shall ascend thy | 56 |
| VAIN are the hopes | 121 | Who shall inhabit in thy | 56 |
| Vain are the hopes | 319 | Who shall the Lord's | 280 |
| Vain, delusive world, | 602 | Who will arise and plead | 178 |
| Vain man, on foolish | 201 | Why did the Jews | 40 |
| WATCHMAN, tell us | 585 | Why did the nations join | 40 |
| We are a garden | 108 | Why does your face, ye | 402 |
| We bless the Lord, the | 177 | Why do the proud insult | 109 |
| We bless the prophet of | 428 | Why do the wealthy | 92 |
| Welcome, sweet day of | 359 | Why doth the Lord | 50 |
| Well, the Redeemer's | 372 | Why doth the man of | 107 |
| We love thee, Lord, and | 62 | Why do we mourn | 353 |
| We sing th' amazing | 466 | Why has my God my | 69 |
| We sing the glories of | 297 | Why is my heart so far | 363 |
| What different powers of | 431 | Why should I vex my | 91 |
| What equal honours | 301 | Why should the children | 343 |
| What happy men or | 289 | Why should the haughty | 119 |
| What is our God, or what | 474 | Why should the mighty | 118 |
| What mighty man or | 286 | Why should this earth | 445 |
| What shall I render to | 213 | Why should we start and | 370 |
| What various kind'rances | 603 | Will God forever cast us | 148 |
| When all thy mercies, O | 481 | With all my powers of | 250 |
| When any turn from | 591 | With cheerful voice I | 347 |
| Whence do our mournful | 288 | With earnest longings of | 99 |
| When Christ to judgment | 110 | With holy fear and | 377 |
| When God is nigh my | 58 | With joy we meditate | 234 |
| When God, provok'd | 203 | With melting heart and | 542 |
| When God restor'd our | 216 | With my whole heart I'll | 49 |
| When God reveal'd his | 216 | With my whole heart | 225 |
| When I can read my title | 390 | With rev'rence let the | 167 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | <i>Page.</i> | | <i>Page.</i> |
|----------------------------|--------------|---------------------------------|--------------|
| With songs and honors | 264 | Ye sons of pride, that hate | 108 |
| Would you behold the | 201 | Yes, we trust the day is | 589 |
| Y E angels round | 271, 469 | Ye that delight to serve | 209 |
| Ye dying sons of | 562 | Ye that obey th' immortal | 243 |
| Ye holy souls, in God | 84 | Yet one thing we want | 489 |
| Ye humble souls, | 478 | Yet, saith the Lord, if | 168 |
| Ye humble souls, rejoice | 539 | Ye trembling souls, | 548 |
| Ye nations round the earth | 185 | Ye tribes of Adam join | 264 |
| Ye servants of th' | 210 | Ye virgin souls, arise | 609 |
| Ye sons of Adam, vain | 316 | Ye wretched, hungry, | 597 |
| Ye sons of men, a feeble | 174 | Your harps, ye trembling | 529 |
| Ye sons of men, with joy | 479 | Z ION rejoice, and Judah | 418 |

AN INDEX,

To find a Psalm suited to particular Subjects or Occasions.

If you find not the word you seek in this Table, seek another of the same signification, or seek it under some of the more general words, such as God, Christ, Church, Saint, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, &c.

ADAM, the first and second, their dominion 8.
 Afflicted, Pity to them 35, 41. Supported 55, 145, 146. Their prayer 102, 143. Saints happy 73, 94, 119, 14th part.
 Afflictions, hope in them 13, 42, 77. Support and profit 119, 14th part. Instruction by them, 94, 119, 18th part. Sanctified 94, 119, 18th part. Courage in them 119, 17th part. Removed by prayer 34, 107. Submission to them 39, 123, 131. In mind and body 143. Trying our graces 66, 119, 17th part. Without rejection 89. Of saints and sinners different 94. Gentle 103. Moderated 125. Very great 77, 102, 143.
 Aged saint's reflection and hope 71.
 All-seeing God 139.
 Angels, Guardian 34, 91. All subject to Christ 89, 97. Praise the Lord 103. Present in churches 138.
 Appeal to God against persecutors 7. Concerning our Sincerity 139. Humility 131.
 Ascension of Christ 24, 47, 68, 110.
 Assistance from God 138, 144.
 Atheism, practical 12, 14, 36. Punished 10.
 Attributes of God 36, 111, 145, 147.
 Authority from God 75, 82.

BACKSLIDING soul in distress and desertion 25.
 Restored 51. Pardoned 78, 130.
 Blessings of God on the business and comforts of life 127.
 Blessings of a family 128, 133. Of a nation 144, 147.
 Of the country 65, 147. Of a person 1, 32, 112.
 Blood of Christ cleansing from sin 51, 69.
 Book of nature and scripture 19, 119, 4th part.
 Brotherly love 133. Reproof 141.
 Business of life blessed 127.

CARE of God over his saints 34.
 Charity to the poor 37, 41, 112. And justice 15, 112.
 Mixed with imprecations 35.
 Children praising God 8. Made blessings, 127, 128.
 Instructed 34, 78.
 Christ the second Adam 8. His all-sufficiency 16. His ascension 24, 68, 110. The church's foundation 118. His coming, the signs of it 12. His condescension and glorification 8. Covenant made with him 89. First and sec-

INDEX TO THE PSALMS.

- ond coming 96, 97, 98. The true David 35, 89. His death and resurrection 16, 22, 69. The eternal Creator 102. Exalted to the kingdom 2, 8, 21, 72, 110. Our example 109. Faith in his blood 51. God and man 89. His God-head 102. Our hope 4, 51. His incarnation and sacrifice 40. The King, and the church his spouse 45. His kingdom among Gentiles 72, 87, 132. His love to enemies 35, 109. His Majesty 97, 99. His mediatorial kingdom 89, 110. His obedience and death 69. His personal glories and government 45. Praised by children 8. Priest and King 110. His resurrection and the Lord's day 118. Our strength and righteousness, 71. His sufferings and kingdom 2, 22, 69. His sufferings for our salvation 69. His zeal and reproaches 69.
- Christian's qualifications 15, 24. Church made of Jews and Gentiles 87.
- Church, its beauty 44, 48, 122. The birth-place of saints 87. Built on Jesus Christ 118. Delight and safety in it 27. Destruction of enemies proceeds from thence 76. Gathered and settled 132. Of the Gentiles 45, 47. God fights for her 10, 20, 46. God's presence there 84, 132. God's special delight 87, 132. God's garden 92. Going to it 122. The house and care of God 135. Of the Jews and Gentiles 87. Its increase 67. Prayer in distress 80. Restored by prayer 85, 102, 107. Is the safety and honor of a nation 48. The spouse of Christ 45. Its worship and order 48.
- Colonies planted 107.
- Comfort, holiness and pardon 4, 32, 119, 11th and 12th parts. And support in God 16, 94. From ancient providence 77, 143. Of life blessed 127. And pardon 130.
- Company of saints 16, 109.
- Complaint of absence from public worship 42. Of sickness 6. Desertion 13. Pride, atheism, oppression, &c. 10, 12. Of temptation 13. General 102. Of quarrelsome neighbors 120. Of heavy afflictions in mind and body 143
- Compassion of God 103, 145, 147.
- Communion with saints 106, 133.
- Confession of our poverty 16. Of sin, repentance, and pardon 32, 38, 51, 130, 143.
- Conscience, tender 119, 13th part. Its guilt relieved 32, 38, 51, 130.
- Contention complained of 120.
- Converse with God 63, 119, 2d part.
- Conversion and joy 126. At the ascension of Christ 110. Of Jews and Gentiles 87, 96, 106.
- Corruption of manners general 11, 12.
- Counsel and support from God 16, 119.
- Courage in death 16, 17, 71. In persecution 119, 17th part.
- Covenant made with Christ 89. Of grace unchangeable 89, 106.
- Creation and providence 33, 104, 135, 136, 147, 148.
- Creatures, no trust in them 33, 62, 146. Vain and God all-sufficient 33. Praising God 148.

DAILY devotion 55, 139.

- Day of humiliation for disappointment in war 60.
- Death and resurrection of Christ 16, 69. Of saints and sinners 17, 37, 49. And sufferings of Christ 22, 69. Deliverance from it 31. And pride 49. And the resurrection 49, 71, 89. Courage in it 16, 17, 23. The effect of sin 90.

INDEX TO THE PSALMS.

Defence in God, 3, 121. And salvation in God 18, 61.
 Delaying sinners warned 95.
 Delight and safety in the church 27, 48, 84. In the law of God 119, 5th, 8th, and 18th parts. In God 18, 42, 63, 73, 84.
 Deliverance begun and perfected 85. From despair 18. From deep distress 34, 40. From death 31, 118. From oppression and falsehood 56. From persecution 53, 94. By prayer 15, 34, 40, 126. From shipwreck 107. From slander 31. Surprising 126.
 Desertion and distress of soul 13, 25, 38, 143.
 Desire of knowledge 119, 9th part. Of holiness 119 11th part. Of comfort and deliverance 119, 12th part. quickening grace 119, 16th part.
 Desolations, the church's safety in them 46.
 Despair and hope in death 17, 49. Deliverance from it 18, 130.
 Devotion, daily 55, 134, 141. On a sick bed 6, 39.
 Direction and pardon 25. And defence prayed for 5. And hope 42.
 Distress of soul 25. Relieved 61, 130.
 Dominion of man over creatures 8.
 Doubts and fears suppressed 3, 31, 143.
 Drunkard and glutton 107.
 Duty to God and man 15, 24.
 Dwelling with God, see Heaven, Church &c.

E DUCATION, religious 34, 78.

Egypt's plagues 105.
 End of the righteous and wicked 1, 37.
 Enemies overcome 18. Prayed for 35, 109. Destroyed 12, 48, 76.
 Envy and unbelief cured 37, 49.
 Equity and wisdom of Providence 9.
 Evening psalm 4, 139, 141.
 Evidence of grace 26. Of sincerity 18, 19, 139.
 Evil times 12. Neighbors 120. Magistrates 11, 58, 82.
 Exaltation of Christ to the kingdom 2, 21, 22, 69, 72, 110.
 Examination 26, 139.
 Exhortation to peace and holiness 34.

F AITH and prayer of persecuted saints 35. In the blood of Christ 32, 51. In divine grace and power 62, 130.

Faithfulness of God 89, 105, 111, 145, 146. Of man 15, 141.
 Falsehood and blasphemy, &c. 12. And oppression 12, 56.
 Family government 101. Love and worship 133. Blessings 128.
 Fears and doubts suppressed 3, 31, 34. In the worship of God 89, 99. Of God 119, 13th part.
 Flattery and deceit complained of 12, 36.
 Formal worship 50.
 Frailty of man 89, 90, 144.
 Fretfulness discouraged 37.
 Friendship, its blessings 133.
 Funeral Psalm 89, 90.

G ENTILES given to Christ 2, 22, 72. Church 45, 65, 72, 87. Owning the true God 47, 96, 98,

Glorification of Christ 8, 45.
 Glory of God in our salvation 69. And grace promised 84, 89, 97.

INDEX TO THE PSALMS.

Glutton 78. And drunkard 107.

God all in all 127. All-sufficient 16, 33. His being, attributes, and providence 36, 65, 147. His care of saints 7, 34. His creation and providence 33, 104, &c. Our defence and salvation 3, 33, 61, 115. Eternal, and sovereign and holy 93. Eternal and man mortal 90, 102. Faithfulness 89, 105, 111. Glorified, and sinners saved 69. Goodness and mercy 103, 145. Goodness & truth 145, 146. Governing power and goodness 66. Great and good 68, 144, 145, 147. The Judge 9, 50, 97. Kind to his people 145, 146. His majesty 97. And condescension 113, 114. Mercy and truth 36, 88, 103, 136, 145. Made man 8. Of nature and grace 65. His perfections 16, 111, 145, 147. Our portion, and Christ our hope 4. Our portion, here and hereafter 73. His power and majesty 68, 89, 93, 96. Praised by children 8. Our Preserver 121, 128. Present in his churches 46, 84. Our Shepherd 23. His sovereignty and Goodness to man 8, 113, 114. Our support and comfort 94. Supreme Governor 75, 82, 93. His vengeance and compassion 68, 97. Unchangeable 89, 111. His universal dominion 103. His wisdom in his works 111, 139. Worthy of all praise, 145, 146, 150.

Good works 15, 24, 112. Profit men, not God 16.

Goodness of God 8, 103, 111, 145, 146.

Gospel, its glory and success 19, 45, 110. Joyful sound 89, 98. Worship and order 48.

Government of Christ 45. From God 75.

Grace, its evidences, or self-examination 26, 129. Above riches 114. Without merit 16, 32. Of Christ 45, 72. And providence 33, 76, 115, 136, 147. Preserving and restoring 128. Truth and protection 37. Tried by affliction 17, 66, 125. And glory 84, 97. Pardonings 126.

Guilt of conscience relieved 32, 38, 51, 120.

HARVEST 65, 126, 147.

H Health, sickness, and recovery 6, 30, 31. Prayed for 6, 38, 39.

Heart known to God 1: 9.

Hearing of prayer and salvation 4, 10, 66, 102.

Heaven of separate souls 17. The saints, dwelling place 24.

Holiness, pardon, and comfort 4. Desired 119, 11th part.

Hope in darkness 24, 77, 142. Of resurrection 16, 71. And despair in death 17, 49. And prayer 27. For victory 20. And direction 42.

Hosanna of the children 8. For the Lord's day 118.

Humiliation day 10, 60.

Humility and submission 131, 139.

Hypocrites and hypocrisy 12, 50.

IDOLATRY reprieved 115, 135.

Jehovah 68, 83. Reigns 93, 96, 97.

Jews, see Israel.

Imprecations and charity 35.

Incarnation 96, 97, 98. And sacrifice of Christ 40.

Infants 139. See Children.

Instruction from God 25. From scripture 119, 4th and 7th parts. In piety 34.

Instructive afflictions 94.

Intemperance punished 78. And pardoned 107.

Joy of conversion 126.

Israel saved from the Assyrians 76. Saved from Egypt, and brought to Canaan 77, 105, 107, 135, 136. Rebellion

INDEX TO THE PSALMS.

and punishment 78. Punished and pardoned 106, 107.
 Travels in the wilderness 107, 114.
 Judgment and mercy 9, 68. Day 1, 50, 96, 97, 98, 149. Seat
 of God 9.
 Justice of Providence 9. And truth towards men 15.
 Justification free 32, 130.

KNOWLEDGE desired 19, 119, 9th part.

LAW of God, delight in it 119.

Liberality rewarded 41, 112.

Life and riches, their vanity 49. Short and feeble 89, 90,
 144.

Longing after God 42, 63.

Love to our neighbor 15. Of Christ to sinners 25. Of God
 better than life 63. Of God unchangeable 89, 106. To en-
 emies 35, 109. Brotherly 112.

Lord's day : psalm 29, 118. Morning 5, 19, 63.

Luxury punished 78. And pardoned 107.

MAGISTRATES warned 38, 82. Qualifications 101
 Raised and deposed 75.

Majesty of God, 68. See God.

Man, his vanity as mortal 29, 89, 90, 144. Dominion over
 creatures 8. Mortal, and Christ eternal 102. Wonderful
 formation 129.

Marriage, mystical 45.

Master of a family 101.

Melancholy reproved 42. And hope 77. Removed 126.

Mercies, common and special 68, 109. Spiritual and temporal
 103. Innumerable 1. 9. Everlasting 136. Recorded 107.
 And truth of God 16, 89, 103, 136, 145, 146.

Merit disclaimed 16.

Midnight thoughts 63. 119, 5th and 6th parts, 129.

Ministers ordained 12.

Miracles in the wilderness, 114.

Morning psalm 2, 141. Of a sabbath 5, 19, 63.

Mortality of man 19, 49, 90. And hope 89. God's eternity
 90, 102.

NATION'S safety is the Church 48. Prosperity 67, 144.
 Blessed and punished 107.

National deliverance 67, 75, 76, 124, 126. Desolations, the
 church's safety and triumph in them 46.

Nature of man 129.

OBEDIENCE sincere 18, 32, 129. Better than sacrifice
 50.

Old Age, death 90. And resurrection 17, 89.

PARDON, holiness and comfort 4. Of backsliding 78.
 And direction 25. And repentance prayed for 38. And
 confession 32. Of original and actual sin 51.

Patience under afflictions 19. Under persecutions 37, 44.
 In darkness 77, 120, 131.

Peace and holiness encouraged 34. With men desired 120.

Perfections of God 16, 111, 145, 147.

Persecuted saints 15, 44, 74, 80, 83.

Persecution deliverance from it 7, 33, 94. Courage in it
 119, 17th part.

Persecutors punished 7, 129, 149. Their folly 14. Complained
 of 15, 44, 74, 80, 82. Deliverance from them 9, 10, 94.

Perseverance 138. In trials 119, 17th part.

INDEX TO THE PSALMS.

- Pestilence, preservation in it 91.
 Piety, instructions therein 34.
 Pity to the afflicted 41. See Charity, God.
 Pleading without repining 39, 123. The promises 119, 10th part.
 Poor, charity to them 15, 37, 41, 112.
 Portion of saints and sinners, 11, 17, 37.
 Poverty confessed 16.
 Practical Atheism 14, 26.
 Praise to God from children 8. For creation and providence 33, 104. To our Creator 100. From all creatures 148. For eminent deliverance 34, 118. General 86, 145, 150, For the gospel 98. For health restored 20, 116. For hearing prayer 66, 102. To Jesus Christ 45. From all nations 117. And prayer, public 65. For protection, grace and truth 57. For providence and grace 36. For rain 65, 147. From the saints, 149, 150. For temporal blessings 68, 148.
 Prayer heard 4, 34, 65, 66. In time of war 20. Praise public 65. And hope 27. In the church's distress 80. Heard and Zion restored 102. And praise for deliverance 34.
 Preserving grace 128.
 Preservation in public dangers 46, 91, 112. Daily 121.
 Pride and atheism, and oppression punished 10, 12. And death 49.
 Priesthood of Christ 51, 110.
 Princes vain 62, 146.
 Profession of sincerity and repentance, &c. 119, 2d part, 139. False 50.
 Promises and threatenings 81. Pleading 119, 10th part.
 Prosperity dangerous 55, 73.
 Prosperous sinners cursed 37, 49, 73.
 Protection, truth, and grace 57. By day & night 121.
 Providence, its wisdom and equity 9. And creation 33, 135. 136. And grace 36, 147. And perfection of God 36. Its mystery unfolded 73. Recorded 77, 78, 107. In air, earth and sea 56, 65, 89, 104, 107, 147.
 Psalm for soldiers 18, 60. For old age 71. For husbandmen 65. For a funeral 89, 90. For the Lord's day 92. Before prayer 95. Before sermon *ibid.* For magistrates 101. For householders 101. For mariners 107. For gluttons and drunkards 107.
 Public praise for private mercies 116, 118. For deliverance 124. Worship attended on 122. Prayer and praise 65, 84.
 Punishment of sinners 1, 11, 37.
- Q**UALIFICATIONS of a christian 15, 24.
 Quickening grace 119, 16th part.
- R**AIN from heaven 65, 125, 147.
 Recovery from sickness, 6, 30, 116.
 Relative duties 15, 133.
 Religion and justice 15. In words and deed 37.
 Religious education 34, 78.
 Remembrance of former deliverances 77, 143.
 Repentance, confession and pardon 32. And faith in the blood of Christ 51.
 Reproach removed 31, 37.
 Resignation 19, 123, 131.
 Resolutions, holy 119, 15th part.
 Restoring grace 23, 128.

INDEX TO THE PSALMS.

- Resurrection and death of Christ** 2, 16. Of the saints 16, 17, 49, 71. And death 49, 71, 89.
Reverence in worship 89, 99.
Riches, their vanity 49. Compared with grace 144.
Righteousness from Christ 71.
- SACRIFICE** 40, 51, 69. Incarnation of Christ 40.
 Safety in public dangers 91. In God 61. And delight in the church 27.
Saints happy and sinners cursed 1, 11, 119, 1st part. The best company 16. Characterized 15, 24. Dwell in heaven 15, 24. Punished and saved 78, 106. God's care of them 34. Reward at last 50, 90, 92. Patience and world's hatred 37. Chastised and sinners destroyed 94. Die, but Christ lives 102. Punished and pardoned 106, 107. Conducted to heaven 106, 107. Afflictions moderated 125. Judging the world 149.
Salvation of saints 10. And triumph 48. And defence in God 62. By Christ 69, 85.
Sanctified afflictions 119, last part, 94.
Satan subdued 3, 6, 13.
Scripture compared with nature 19, 119, 7th part. Instruction from it 119, 4th part. Delight in it 119, 5th and 18th parts. Holiness and comfort from it 119, 6th part. Variety and excellency 119, 8th part.
Seasons of the year 65, 147.
Seaman's song 107.
Secret devotion 34, 119, 2d part.
Seeking God 27, 63.
Self-examination, or evidences of grace 26, 139.
Separate souls, heaven of 17.
Sick-bed devotion 6, 38, 29, 116.
Sickness healed 6, 30, 116.
Signs of Christ's coming 12, 96, &c.
Sin of nature 14. Original and actual, confessed and pardoned 51. Universal 14.
Sincerity 19, 26, 32, 139. Proved and rewarded 18. Professed 119, 1d part.
Sins of the tongue 12, 34, 50.
Slander, deliverance from it 31, 120.
Souls in a separate state 17, 146, 150.
Spirit given at Christ's ascension 68. His teaching desired 51, 119, 9th part.
Spiritual enemies overcome 3, 18, 144. Blessings and punishment 81.
Spring of the year 65. And summer 65, 104. And winter 147.
Storm and thunder 29, 135, 148.
Strength, repentance, and pardon prayed for 38. Of grace 138.
Submission 123, 131. To Christ 2. To sickness 29.
Sufferings and death of Christ 22. And kingdom of Christ 2, 22, 69, 110.
Support and counsel from God 16. For the afflicted and tempted 55. And comfort in God 94, 119, 14th part.
- TEMPTATIONS** overcome 3, 18. In sickness 6.
 Thanks, public, for private mercies 116, 118.
Threatenings and promises 81.
Thunder and storm 29, 135, 136, 148.
Times, evil 11, 12.

INDEX TO THE PSALMS.

Tongue governed 34, 39.

Trust in the creatures vain 62, 146.

VANITY of man as mortal 39, 89, 144. Of life and riches 49.

Vengeance and compassion 68. Against the enemies of the church 76, 149.

Vineyard of God wasted 80.

Unbelief and envy cured 37. Punished 95.

Unchangeable God 89, 111.

Vows paid in the church 116. Of holiness 119, 15th part.

WAR, prayer in time of it 20. Disappointments therein 60. Victory 18. Spiritual 18, 144.

Warnings of God to his people 81.

Watchfulness 19, 141. Over the tongue 39.

Weather 65, 135, 147, 148.

Wickedness of man 14, 36, 51.

Winter and summer 147.

Wisdom and equity of Providence 9. Of God in his works 111.

Works of creation and Providence 104, 147, 148.

And grace 19, 33, 111, 135, 136. Good works profit men, not God 16.

World's hatred and saints' patience 37.

Worship and order of the gospel 48. Delight in it 84. With reverence 89, 99. Daily 55, 134, 141. In a family 133.

Public 63, 84, 122, 132. Absence from it 63.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment seat 9.

ZEAL and prudence 39.

Zion, its citizens 15.

A N I N D E X ,

*To find any Hymn by the Title or
Contents of it.*

Note.—The letters, i, ii, iii, signify the first, second, and third book: the figures direct to the Hymn. If you find not what hymn you seek under one word of the title, seek it under another, or by some word that is of the same signification, though perhaps not mentioned in the title of the hymn.

AARON & Christ, i, 145; Moses and Joshua, ii, 124, Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles, i, 60, 113, 114, ii, 134; offering his son, i, 129.

Absence and presence of God, ii, 93, 94, 100; from God for ever intolerable, ii, 107.

Access to the throne by a Mediator, ii, 108.

Adam, his fall, i, 107; corrupt nature from him, ii, 128; the first and the second, i, 57, 124.

Adoption, i, 64, 143; and election, i, 54.

Affections inconstant, ii, 20; unsanctified, ii, 165.

Afflicted, Christ's compassion to them, i, 125.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

- Afflictions removed**, i, 87; submitted to, i, 5, 129, ii, 109; support and comfort under them, ii, 50, 65; and death under providence, i, 83.
- Almost Christian**, ii, 158.
- Angels sinning**, ii, 24; standing and falling, ii, 27; praise ye the Lord, ii, 27; punished, and man saved, ii, 96, 97; their ministry to Christ and saints, ii, 18, 112, 113.
- Ambition, &c.** ii, 101.
- Anger of God**, see Wrath, Vengeance, Hell.
- Answer to the church's prayers**, i, 30.
- Antichrist, his ruin**, i, 29, 56, 59; see Enemies.
- Apostate**, ii, 158.
- Apostles' commission**, i, 128.
- Ascension and resurrection of Christ**, ii, 76.
- Assistance against temptations**, i, 15, 32, ii, 50, 65.
- Assurance of heaven**, i, 27, ii, 65; of the love of Christ, i, 14 73; of faith, i, 103.
- Attributes, see God.**
- BABYLON fallen**, i, 56, 59; see Enemies.
- Backsliding and returns**, ii, 20.
- Baptism**, i, 52; preaching and the Lord's supper, ii, 141; and circumcision, i, 121, ii, 127, 134.
- Burial with Christ**, i, 122.
- Beatitudes**, i, 102.
- Believe and be saved**, i, 100.
- Believer baptized**, i, 52, 122.
- Birth, first and second**, i, 95, 99; of Christ, miracles at it, ii, 136.
- Blessed are the dead in the Lord**, i, 18; society in heaven, ii, 33, 75.
- Blessedness and business of heaven**, i, 40, 41, ii, 86; only in God, ii, 93, 94, 100.
- Blessing of Abraham on the Gentiles**, i, 113, 114, ii, 134.
- Blood and flesh of Christ is our food**, iii, 17, 18; the seal of the New Testament, iii, 3; the Spirit and the water, iii, 9.
- Boasting excluded**, i, 96.
- Bodies frail**, see Life, Health, Flesh.
- Book of God's decrees**, ii, 99.
- Bread of life is Christ**, iii, 5.
- Breathing towards heaven**, ii, 23.
- Burial**, ii, 63; with Christ in baptism, i, 122; and death of a saint, ii, 3.
- CANAAN and heaven**, ii, 66, 124.
- Carnal joys parted with**, ii, 10, 11; reason humbled, i, 11, 12.
- Ceremonial**, see Law, Types, Priest.
- Characters of the children of God**, i, 143; of Christ i, 146, 150; of blessedness, i, 102.
- Charity & uncharitableness**, i, 126; and love, i, 130, 133.
- Children in the covenant of grace**, i, 113, 114; devoted to God, i, 121, ii, 127.
- Christ, see Lord, and Aaron**, i, 145; and Adam, i, 124; his ascension, ii, 76; beatific sight of him, ii, 75; beloved described, i, 75; the bread of life, iii, 5; his care of the young and feeble, i, 125, 128; and the church, seeking, finding, &c. see Church; coming to judge, i, 61; his commission, ii, 103, 104; communion with him, i, 67, 76, iii, 2; compared to inanimate things, i, 146; his coronation and espousals, i, 72; his cross not to be ashamed of, iii, 19; crucified. God's wisdom and power, ii, 10.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

- David's son, i, 16, 50; his death caused by sin, ii, 81; grace and glory by it, iii, 23; victory and kingdom, ii, 114; his divine nature, i, 2, 13, 92, ii, 51; dwells in heaven, visits the earth, i, 76.
- Enjoyment of him, ii, 15, 16; his eternity, i, 2, 92; example, ii, 139; excellencies, i, 52, ii, 47.
- Faith and knowledge of him, i, 103; his flesh and blood our food, iii, 17, 18; found and brought to the church, i, 71; his glory in heaven, ii, 91; God reconciled in him, ii, 148; grace given us in him, i, 137, ii, 40.
- High Priest and King, i, 61; his human and divine nature, i, 2, 13, 16; humiliation and exaltation, i, 1, 63, 141, 142, ii, 5, 43, 81, 83, 84, iii, 10, 16.
- His incarnation, i, 3, 13; intercession, ii, 36, 37, 118; invitation to sinners, i, 127.
- The King at his table, i, 66; his kingdom among men, i, 3, 21; knowledge and faith in him, i, 103.
- The Lamb of God, i, 1, 25, 62, 63; his love to the church, i, 14, 77; under desertion, ii, 50; shed abroad in the heart, 135; to men, i, 92; lifted up, i, 112.
- Ministered to by angels, ii, 112, 113; miracles at the birth of Christ, ii, 136; miracles in his life, death, and resurrection, ii, 137; and Moses, i, 49, 118.
- Names and titles, i, 147, 148, 149; nativity, i, 3, 13.
- Obedied or resisted, i, 93; his offices, i, 149, 150; ii, 122.
- Pardon and strength from him, iii, 24; our passover, ii, 155; his person glorious and gracious, i, 75, ii, 47; our physician, i, 122; his pity to the afflicted and tempted, i, 125; his priesthood, i, 145, ii, 113; his presence, see Presence, prophecies, and types of him, ii, 125; prophet, priest, and king, i, 25, ii, 132; our prophet and teacher, i, 93.
- Redemption, see Redeem, rejected by the Jews, i, 141; resurrection, ii, 72, 76; is our hope, i, 26; resurrection, life, and death miraculous, ii, 137; revealed to men, i, 10; to babes, i, 11, 12; righteousness and strength in him, i, 84, 85, 97; righteousness valuable, i, 109.
- His sacrifice, ii, 142; and intercession, ii, 118; salvation, righteousness, and strength in him, i, 15, 84, 85, 97, 98; our sanctification, 97, 98; Satan at enmity, i, 107; saints in his hand, i, 138; our Shepherd, i, 67, 142; the substance of the types, ii, 12, sent by the Father, i, 160, ii, 103, 104; his sufferings, iii, 16, and godly sorrow, ii, 9, 106; and glory, i, 1, 62, 63, ii, 43, 81, 83, 84, iii, 10.
- His titles and kingdom, i, 13. Triumph over our enemies, i, 28, 59; types and prophecies of him, ii, 135; victory over Satan, i, 58; ii, 89; death and hell, iii, 21; unseen and beloved, i, 108.
- Wisdom of God, i, 92; our wisdom and righteousness, i, 97, 98; worshipped by the creation, i, 62.
- Christian see Saints, Spiritual, &c. Religion, its excellency, ii, 131; almost, ii, 158; virtues, ii, 161.
- Church, see worship, Saints, Spiritual; its safety and protection, i, 8, 39, ii, 64, 92; its enemies slain by Christ, i, 28, 29; conversing with Christ, namely, seeking, finding, calling, answering, i, 66, 71; under God's care, i, 39; espousal with Christ, i, 72; beauty in the eyes of Christ, i, 73; the garden of Christ, i, 74.
- Circumcision abolished, ii, 134; and baptism, i, 121, ii, 127.
- Clothing spiritual, i, 7, 40.
- Comfort in the covenant with Christ, ii, 40; restored, ii, 73; see Pardon; in sorrows of mind and body, ii, 50, 65.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

- Communion with Christ and saints**, iii, 2, between Christ and the Church, i, 66, 71, ii, 15, 16.
Compassion of a dying Christ, iii, 22; to the afflicted, i, 125
Complaint of a hard heart, ii, 98; of desertion and temptations, ii, 163; of dulness, ii, 34; of indwelling sin, i, 115; of ingratitude, ii, 74; of sloth and negligence, ii, 25, 32.
Condemnation by the law, i, 94.
Condescension to our worship, ii, 45; affairs, ii, 46.
Confession and pardon, i, 131.
Conscience good, the pleasure of it, ii, 57; secure and awakened, i, 115.
Constancy in the gospel, ii, 4.
Contention and love, i, 130.
Conversion, i, 104, ii, 159; difficulty of it, ii, 161; delayed, i, 88, 91; the joy of heaven, i, 101.
Conviction of sin by the law, i, 94, 115; by the cross of Christ, ii, 81, 95.
Corrupt nature from Adam, i, 57, 107, ii, 128, 159.
Covenant of grace, i, 9; children therein, i, 113, 114; Sealed and sworn, i, 139, iii, 3; hope in it, i, 139; made with Christ, our comfort, ii, 40; of works, See Law and Gospel.
Covetousness, &c. i, 24, ii, 59, 101.
Courage and constancy, i, 14, 15, 48, ii, 4, 65.
Creation, i, 92, ii, 71, 147; new, ii, 130; preservation, &c. of this world, ii, 13.
Creatures praise the Lord, ii, 71; love dangerous, ii, 48; God above them, i, 82; their vanity, ii, 146.
Cross of Christ is our glory, iii, 19; repentance flowing from it, ii, 106; salvation in it, ii, 4, crucifixion to the world by it, iii, 7.
Curse and promise, i, 107.
Custom in sin, ii, 160.
DANGERS of our earthly pilgrimage, ii, 53; of death & hell, ii, 55; of love to the creatures, ii, 48.
Darkness dispelled by Christ's presence, ii, 54; of Providence, ii, 109.
Day of Grace and time of duty, i, 88; of judgment, i, 45, 61, 65, 89, 90.
Dead in the Lord, their blessedness, i, 18; to sin by the cross of Christ, i, 106.
Death, see Christ, and afflictions: under providence, i, 83; terrible to the unconverted, i, 91; made easy by the sight of Christ, iii, 14, ii, 31; by a sight of heaven, ii, 66; God's presence in it, ii, 117; our fear of it, ii, 31; desirable, i, 19, ii, 61; overcome, i, 17; triumphed over, i, 6, ii, 110; prepared for, i, 27, ii, 63; of a sinner, i, 24, ii, 2; and burial of a saint, i, 18; ii, 3; and eternity, ii, 28; and glory, i, 110; ii, 61; and the resurrection, ii, 3, 102, 110; of Moses at God's command, ii, 49; dreadful and delightful, ii, 52.
Deceitfulness of sin, ii, 150.
Decrees of God, i, 11, 12, 96, 117, ii, 99
Deity of Christ, i, 2, 13, 92, ii, 51.
Delay of conversion, i, 88, 91, ii, 25, 32.
Delight in worship, ii, 14; in God, ii, 42; in converse with Christ, ii, 15, 16.
Deliverance from death and the grave, ii, 3; see Enemies, Church, and Submission, i, 123; from spiritual enemies, i, 47, ii, 65, 82, 111.
Dependance, see Faith.
Desertion and temptation complained of, ii, 163.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

- Desire of Christ's presence, ii, 100; see more in **Heaven**,
 Christ, Love, &c.
 Despair and presumption, i, 115, ii, 156, 157.
 Devil vanquished, i, 58, see **Victory**.
 Devotion fervent, desired, ii, 34.
 Difficulty of conversion, ii, 161.
 Dissolution of this world, ii, 13, 164.
 Disease, see **sickness**.
 Distemper, folly, and madness of sin, ii, 152.
 Distinguishing love, i, 11, 12, 96, 117, ii, 96, 97:
 Divine, see **God**, **Deity**, &c.
 Dominion of God, and our deliverance, ii, 111; eternal, ii,
 67; over the sea, ii, 70.
 Doubts and fears suppressed, ii, 73.
 Doxologies, iii, 26-45.
 Dulness, spiritual, ii, 25.
EARTH, no rest on it, ii, 146; and heaven, iii, 10, 11, 53.
 Effusion of the Spirit, ii, 144.
 Election excludes boasting, i, 96; free, i, 11, 12, 54, 117; see
Decrees.
 End of the world, ii, 164.
 Enemies of the church disappointed, ii, 90, 92; salvation
 from them, ii, 82, 88; triumphed over by Christ, i, 28, 29;
 see **Church**, **Babylon**, **Michael**.
 Enjoyment of Christ, ii, 15, 16; see **Worship**.
 Enmity between Christ and Satan, i, 107.
 Envy and love, i, 120.
 Espousals of the church to Christ, i, 72.
 Established in grace, ii, 82.
 Eternity of God, ii, 17; of his dominion, ii, 67; and death,
 ii, 28; succeeding this life, ii, 55; see **Heaven**, **Death**.
 Evening and morning hymns, i, 79, 80, 81, ii, 6, 7, 8.
 Exaltation, see **Christ**, **Glory**, **Sufferings**, &c.
 Example of Christ, ii, 139; of saints, ii, 140.
 Excellency of the Christian religion, ii, 131.
FAITH in things unseen, i, 120, ii, 129; and knowledge
 of Christ, i, 103; love and joy, i, 168; and unbelief, ii,
 125; living and dead, i, 140; assisted by sense, ii, 141, its
 joy, ii, 162; in Christ our sacrifice, ii, 142, and salvation, i,
 100; of assurance, i, 103; and sight, i, 110; ii, 145; tri-
 umphing in Christ, i, 14; for pardon and sanctification, ii,
 90; faith and reason, ii, 87, 109.
 Faithfulness of God's promises, ii, 40, 60, 69.
 Fall of angels and men, ii, 24; and recovery of man, i, 107,
 ii, 78.
 Fears and doubts suppressed, ii, 73.
 Feast of love, i, 68; of triumph, iii, 21, of the gospel, i, 7, ii,
 12, 20; made, and guests invited, iii, 13.
 Fellowship, see **Communion**.
 Fervency of devotion desired, ii, 34.
 Few saved, ii, 158.
 Flesh and blood of Christ the best of food, iii, 17, 18; our
 tabernacle, i, 110; and spirit, ii, 143.
 Food spiritual, i, 79, 67, 68, 74, ii, 15, see **Feast**.
 Folly and madness of sin, ii, 153.
 Forbearance, see **Patience**.
 Forgiveness, see **Pardon**.
 Formality in worship, ii, 139.
 Frail, see **Life**, **Health**, **Forgetfulness**, ii, 165.
 Frailty and folly, ii, 32.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

Free, see Grace, Election.

Freedom from sin and misery in heaven, ii, 86.

Funeral thought, ii, 61, 63; see Death, Burial.

GARDEN of Christ is the Church, i, 74.

Garment of salvation, i, 7, 20.

Gentiles, Christ revealed to them. i, 10, 13, 50, iii, 13, 14;

Abraham's blessing on them, i, 113, 114, ii, 134.

Glorified martyrs and saints, i, 40, 41; body, ii, 110.

Glory and death, i, 110, ii, 61; see Heaven, of God above our reason, ii, 87; of Christ in heaven, ii, 91; see Christ, and grace by the death of Christ, iii, 23; Justification and sanctification, i, 3; to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, iii, 26-41; of God in the gospel, ii, 126, and grace in the person of Christ, ii, 47; and sufferings of Christ, ii, 43; see Sufferings.

Glorying in the cross of Christ, iii, 19.

God all and in all, ii, 93, 94; his absence, see Absence; his attributes, ii, 51, 166, 169; glorified by Christ, ii, 126, iii, 10; the avenger of his saints, ii, 115.

Care of his church, i, 39; condescension to human affairs, ii, 46; to our worship, ii, 45; the Creator and Redeemer, ii, 35.

Our delight, ii, 42; our defence, i, 47; dominion over the sea, ii, 70; dominion and our deliverance, ii, 111; dwells with the humble, i, 87.

Eternity. ii, 17; eternal dominion, ii, 67; everlasting absence intolerable, ii, 100, 107.

Far above his creatures, i, 82; the Father, Son, and Spirit, iii, 26-41; his faithfulness to his promises, ii, 60, 69.

Glory and defence of Zion, ii, 64; his glory above our reason, ii, 87; his goodness, ii, 58, 80; his grace, see Grace; government from him, ii, 149; holiness, justice and sovereignty, i, 86.

Invisible, ii, 26; incomprehensible, ii, 87, 170.

His kingdom supreme, ii, 115; his love in sending his Son. i, 100.

And our neighbor loved, i, 116.

Our portion or chief good, ii, 93, 94; his power, ii, 80; and goodness, ii, 6, 7, 8; his praise, see Praise: presence in life and at death, ii, 115; see Presence; preserver of our lives, ii, 6, 7, 8, 19; promise and truth unchangeable, i, 139.

Sight of him weans us from earth, ii, 41; sovereign, ii, 170.

Terrible Majesty, ii, 22; and mercy, ii, 80; his truth, ii, 60, 69.

Vengeance, ii, 44, 62; Unity and Trinity, iii, 26, 41.

His word, i, 53; wrath and mercy, i, 42.

Goodness of God, ii, 58, 74; see Grace, and power of God, i, 42, ii, 80.

Gospel feast, iii, 12; see Grace, Feast; invitation and provision, i, 7, iii, 20; times, their blessedness, i, 10; see Scripture; glorifies God, ii, 126; no liberty to sin, i, 106, 132, 140; not ashamed of it, i, 103, iii, 19; and law, i, 94, ii, 120, 121, 124; sinned against, i, 118, its different success, i, 119, ii, 144; ministry, i, 10; attested by miracles, i, 128, ii, 136, 137; its glorious effects, ii, 138.

Government from God, ii, 149.

Grace and glory by the death of Christ, iii, 23; of the Spirit, i, 102; converting, ii, 139; in exercise, iii, 25; justifies, i, 94; sanctifies and saves, i, 111; not conveyed by parents, i, 99; all-sufficient in duty and sufferings, i, 15, 32, 104; given in Christ, i, 137; covenant, i, 9; children in it, i, 113, 114; and holiness, i, 132; electing, i, 54; its freedom and

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

sovereignty, i, 11, 12, 96, 117: ii, 96, 97; and glory in the person of Christ, ii, 47, adopting, i, 64; preserving, i, 51; promises, i, 7, 9; throne accessible by Christ, ii, 36, 37, 108. Gratitude for divine favors, ii, 116.

HAPPINESS, see Blessed, Heaven.

Hardness of heart, ii, 98.

Hatred and love, i, 130.

Health preserved, ii, 6, 7, 8, 19, restored, i, 55.

Heaven and earth, ii, 10, 11, 53; and hell, i, 45; invisible and holy, i, 105; meditations of it, ii, 162; joy there for repenting sinners, i, 101; its blessedness and business, i, 40, 41; the hope of it our support, ii, 65; its prospect makes death easy, ii, 66; worship of it humble, ii, 68; freedom from sin and misery there, ii, 86; hoped for by Christ's resurrection, i, 26; ensured and prepared for, i, 27; Christ's dwelling-place, i, 76, ii, 91; sight of God and Christ there, ii, 23, blessed society there, ii, 33; desired, ii, 68.

Heavenly-mindedness, ii, 15; joy on earth, ii, 15, 30, 59.

Hell and death, ii, 2; and judgment, i, 45, 175, ii, 62; or the vengeance of God, ii, 22, 44; the holy fear of it, ii, 107.

Hezekiah's Song, i, 55.

Holy, see Spirit.

Holiness, see Grace, Spiritual, Sanctification, and sovereignty of God, i, 82, 85; and grace, i, 132, 140; its characters, i, 102.

Honor vain, i, 101; to magistrates, ii, 149.

Hope of the living, i, 88; gives light and strength, ii, 129; in the covenant, i, 139; of heaven by Christ's resurrection, i, 26; of heaven our support under trials, ii, 65; of the resurrection, ii, 3, 110.

Hosanna to Christ, i, 16, iii, 42, &c.

Human affairs condescended to by God, ii, 46; nature of Christ, i, 2, 3, 13, 60.

Humble, God's dwelling, i, 87; enlightened, i, 11, 12, 50; worship of heaven, ii, 68.

Humiliation, see Christ, Suffering, &c. and prayer public, i, 30.

Humility and pride, i, 157; and meekness, i, 102; in heaven, ii, 68.

Hypocrisy and sincerity, i, 136; hypocrite, or almost Christian, ii, 156.

JEALOUSY of our love to Christ, i, 78.

Jesus, see Lord, Christ.

Jews, see Moses, Gospel, Christ, Gentiles.

Ignorance enlightened, i, 11, 12.

Ignorance and unfruitfulness, ii, 165.

Impenitence, ii, 125.

Incarnation of Christ, i, 2, 3, 13, 60.

Incomprehensible God, ii, 87; and invisible, ii, 26.

Inconstancy of our love, ii, 20.

Infants, see Children.

Ingratitude, complained of, ii, 74.

Inspiration and prophecy, ii, 151.

Institution of the Lord's Supper, iii, 1.

Insufficiency of self-righteousness, ii, 154.

Intercession of Christ, ii, 36, 37, 118.

Invitation of Christ answered, i, 70; of the gospel, i, 79, 127, iii, 13, 20.

John the Baptist's message, i, 50.

Joshua, Aaron, and Moses, ii, 124.

Joy, faith, and love, i, 108; of faith, ii, 162; carnal parted

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

- with, ii, 10, 11; heavenly upon earth, i, 35, ii, 30, 59; spiritual restored, ii, 73; see more in Delight, Comfort.
- Judgment day, i, 45, 61, 65, 89, 90; and Hell, ii, 62; Christ coming to it, i, 61.
- Justice, &c. of God, i, 86.
- Justification, i, 14; see Pardon; by faith, not by works, i, 94, 109; sanctification, i, 7, 9, 20, 84, ii, 90; and glory, i, 3.
- K**INGDOM and titles of Christ, i, 13; of Christ among men, i, 21, 65; of God eternal, ii, 67; supreme, ii, 115.
- Knowledge and faith in Christ, i, 103; saving, from God, i, 11, 12, 93.
- L**AMB that was slain, i, 1, 25, 62; see Christ.
- Law convices of sin, i, 15; condemns, i, 91; and gospel, ii, 120, 121, 124; and gospel sinned against, i, 118.
- Levitical priesthood fulfilled in Christ, ii, 12.
- Life frail and succeeding eternity, ii, 55; preserved, ii, 6, 7, 8, 19; short, frail, miserable, i, 82, ii, 39, 58; the day of grace and hope, i, 88.
- Light and salvation by Jesus Christ, i, 50; in darkness by the presence of God, ii, 54; given to the blind, i, 11, 12.
- Long-sufferance, see Patience.
- Lord Jesus at his own table, i, 66, iii, 15; supper, preaching, and baptism, ii, 141; supper instituted, iii, 1; day, i, 72; delightful, ii, 14; table provided for, iii, 20; see more in Christ.
- Love of Christ unchangeable, i, 14, 39; shed abroad in the heart, i, 135; its banquet, i, 68; iii, 13; of Christ in words and deeds, i, 77; of Christ its strength, i, 78; unseen, i, 108; to Christ, ii, 100; to God pleasant and powerful, ii, 38; and hatred, i, 130; faith and joy, i, 108; and charity, i, 133; of God in sending his Son, i, 100; ii, 103, 104; to God and our neighbor, i, 116; religion vain without it, i, 134; peace and meekness, i, 102; of Christ dying, iii, 4, 22; to God inconstant, ii, 20; to the creatures dangerous, ii, 48; distinguishing, i, 11, 12, ii, 96, 97.
- M**ADNESS, folly, and distemper of sin, ii, 153.
- Magistrates honored, ii, 149.
- Majesty of God terrible, ii, 22, 62.
- Malice and love, i, 130.
- Man saved, and angels punished, ii, 96, 97; mortal and vain, i, 82; his fall and recovery, i, 107.
- Martyrdom, i, 14, ii, 4.
- Martyrs glorified, i, 40, 41.
- Mary the virgin's song, i, 60.
- Mediator the way to the throne of grace, ii, 108.
- Meditation of heaven, ii, 162; and retirement, ii, 12.
- Memory weak, ii, 165.
- Memorial of our absent Lord, iii, 6.
- Mercies national, ii, 111; see Grace, Wrath, Thanks.
- Messiah born, i, 60; come, ii, 12.
- Michael's war with the dragon, i, 58.
- Minister's commission, i, 128.
- Ministry of angels, ii, 18; of the gospel, i, 10.
- Misery and sin banished from heaven, ii, 83; and shortness of life, ii, 39; without God in the world, ii, 56; of sinners, see Sinner, Death, Hell.
- Morning and evening songs, i, 79, 80, 81, ii, 6, 7, 8.
- Mortality and vanity of man, i, 82.
- Mortification to the world by the sight of God, ii, 41; by the Cross of Christ, ii, 106, iii, 1.
- Moses and Christ, i, 49, 118.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

- Moses dying, ii, 48; Aaron and Joshua, ii, 124.
 Mourning, see Complaint, Repentance.
 Mysteries, revealed, i, 11, 12.
NATIONAL mercies and thanks, ii, 1, 111.
 Nativity of Christ, i, 2, 3, 13.
 Nature and grace, i, 104; corrupt from Adam, i, 57; ii, 128, 159.
 Neighbor and God loved, i, 116.
 New covenant sealed, iii, 3; promises, i, 7; song, i, 1; creature, i, 9; testament in the blood of Christ, iii, 3; creation, i, 95; ii, 130; birth, i, 9, 5.
OBEDIENCE evangelical, i, 140, 143.
 Old age and death of the unconverted, i, 91.
 Offence not to be given, i, 26.
 Offices and operations of the Holy Spirit, ii, 133; and of Christ, i, 146-150; ii, 132.
 Olive-tree, the wild and good, i, 114.
 Ordinances, see Worship, Lord's Supper.
 Original sin, i, 57; see Adam, Nature.
PAINS, comfort under them, ii, 50.
 Paradise on earth, ii, 30, 59.
 Pardon, sufficiency of it, ii, 85; and confession, i, 131; and strength from Christ, iii, 24; bought at a dear price, iii, 4; and sanctification by faith, i, 9, ii, 90; brought to our senses, iii, 11.
 Parents and children, i, 113, 114; convey not grace, i, 99.
 Passover, Christ is ours, ii, 155.
 Passions, see Christ, Sufferings, Anger, Love.
 Patience under afflictions, i, 5, 129, ii, 169; of God producing repentance, ii, 74, 105.
 Peace of conscience, ii, 57; and contention, i, 130; See Comfort, Joy.
 Perfections of God, ii, 166-169.
 Preserving grace, i, 26, 32, 48, 51, 138.
 Person of Christ glorious and gracious, i, 75, ii, 47.
 Persecution, courage under it, i, 14.
 Pharisee and publican, i, 131.
 Pilgrimage of the saints, ii, 53.
 Pleasures of a good conscience, ii, 57; of religion, ii, 30, 59; sinful forsaken, ii, 10, 11; their vanity and danger, ii, 101.
 Poverty of spirit, i, 102, 127.
 Power of God, i, 86; and wisdom in Christ crucified, ii, 126, iii, 10; and goodness of God awful, i, 42, ii, 80.
 Praise imperfect on earth, ii, 5; for daily protection and preservation, ii, 6, 7, 8; from angels, ii, 27; from the creation, ii, 71; to the Redeemer, ii, 5, 21; 29, 35, 70; to the Trinity, iii, 26-41; for creation, and redemption, ii, 35.
 Prayer and praise, i, 1, for deliverance answered, i, 30.
 Preaching, baptism, and the Lord's supper, ii, 140.
 Predestination, see Election.
 Preparation for death, i, 27; see Death.
 Presumption and despair, i, 115, ii, 156, 157.
 Presence of God in worship, ii, 45; light in darkness, ii, 54; in death, i, 19, ii, 31, 49; iii, 14; in life and death, ii, 117; or absence of Christ, ii, 50; of Christ in worship, i, 66, ii, 15, 16, iii, 15; of God our life, ii, 93, 94, 100.
 Preservation of this world, ii, 13; of our graces, i, 51, of our lives, ii, 6, 7, 8, 19.
 Pride and humility, i, 11, 12, 127.
 Priesthood Levitical ending in Christ, ii, 12; of Christ, ii, 118.
 Prodigal repenting, i, 123.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

- Profit and unprofitableness, i, 118, ii, 165.
 Promised Messiah born, i, 60, 107.
 Promises of the covenant, i, 9, 39, 107; see Scripture, and truth of God unchangeable, i, 129; our security, ii, 40, 60, 69.
 Prophecies and types of Christ, i, 135; and inspiration, ii, 150.
 Prosperity and adversity i, 5; vain, ii, 56, 101.
 Protection from spiritual enemies, ii, 82; of the church, i, 8, 22, 28; see Church.
 Providence, ii, 46; executed by Christ, i, 1; over afflictions and death, i, 83, its darkness, ii, 109; prosperous and afflictive, i, 5.
 Provisions, see Gospel, Lord's Table.
 Public ordinances, see Worship.
 Publican and Pharisee, i, 131.
 Punishment for sin, see Hell, i, 100, 118.
RACE, Christian, i, 48, ii, 53.
 Reason feeble, ii, 87; carnal, humbled, i, 11, 12.
 Recovery from sickness, i, 55.
 Reconciliation to God in Christ, ii, 148.
 Redemption in Christ, i, 97, 98, ii, 78; and protection, ii, 82; by price, iii, 4; and by power, ii, 29; see Christ.
 Regeneration, i, 85, ii, 130; see Election, Adoption, Sanctification.
 Religion neglected, ii, 32; vain without love, i, 134; Christianity, the excellency of it, ii, 131; revealed, see Gospel, Scripture.
 Remembrance of Christ, iii, 6.
 Repenting prodigal, i, 123.
 Repentance from God's goodness and patience, ii, 74, 105; and humiliation, i, 87; at the cross of Christ, ii, 9, 106; and impenitence, ii, 125; gives joy to heaven, i, 101.
 Resignation, see Submission.
 Resurrection, i, 6, ii, 102, 110; see Death. Christ, Heaven.
 Retirement and meditation, i, 122.
 Returns and backslidings, ii, 20.
 Revelation of Christ, see Gentile, Gospel.
 Revenge and love, i, 140.
 Rich sinner dying, i, 24, ii, 56.
 Riches, their vanity, ii, 56, 101.
 Righteousness and strength in Christ, i, 84, 85, 97, 98; of Christ valuable, i, 109, our robe, i, 7, 20; and self-righteousness, i, 131; our own insufficient, ii, 154.
SABBATH delightful, ii, 14.
 Sacrament, see Baptism, Lord's Supper.
 Sacrifice of Christ, ii, 142; and intercession, ii, 118.
 Safety of the Church, i, 8, ii, 64, 92.
 Saints, see Church, Spiritual, God their avenger, ii, 115; and hypocrites, i, 136, 140; their example, ii, 140; characters of them, i, 143; in the land of Christ, i, 138; security, ii, 64; beloved in Christ, 54; adopted, i, 64; death and burial, ii, 3; in glory, i, 40, 41; communion, iii, 2.
 Salvation, ii, 88; of the worst of sinners, i, 104; by grace, i, 111; in Christ, i, 137; see Christ, Cross, Grace, Heaven, Light, Redeem, Righteousness.
 Sanctification, Justification, and glory, i, 3; and pardon, i, 9; through faith, ii, 90.
 Satan and Christ at enmity, i, 107; his various temptations, ii, 156, 157; conquered by Christ, ii, 89; see Devil.
 Scripture, i, 53, ii, 119; see Gospel.
 Sea under the dominion of God, ii, 70.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

- Sealing and witnessing Spirit, i, 144.
 Secure and awakened sinner, i, 115.
 Security in the promises, ii, 40, 60, 69.
 Seeking after Christ, i, 67, 71.
 Self-righteousness, i, 131; insufficient, ii, 154.
 Sense assisting our faith, ii, 141.
 Sensual delights dangerous, ii, 10, 11, 48.
 Serpent brazen, i, 112.
 Shepherd, Christ and his pastures, i, 67.
 Shortness, frailty and misery of life, ii, 32, 39, 58.
 Sickness and recovery, i, 55.
 Sight of God mortifies us to the world, ii, 41; of Christ beatific, ii, 16, 75; and faith, i, 110, 120, ii, 129, 145; of Christ makes death easy, iii, 14.
 Simeon's song, i, 19, iii, 14.
 Sinai and Sion, ii, 152.
 Sincerity and hypocrisy, i, 136.
 Sin the cause of Christ's death, ii, 81; and misery banished from heaven, i, 105, ii, 86; original, i, 57; pardoned and subdued, i, 9, 104, ii, 90; in dwelling, i, 115; its power, i, 115, ii, 85; the ruin of angels and men, ii, 24; custom in it, ii, 160; folly, madness, and distemper of it, ii, 153; conviction of it by the law, i, 115; against the law and gospel, i, 118; crucified, i, 106; deceitfulness of it, ii, 150.
 Sinning and repenting, ii, 20.
 Sinful pleasures forsaken, ii, 10, 11.
 Sinner, the vilest saved, i, 104; and saint's death, ii, 2, 3, 52; invited to Christ, i, 127; excluded heaven, i, 104, 105; his death terrible, i, 91, ii, 2.
 Sloth spiritual complained of, ii, 25.
 Society in heaven blessed, ii, 53.
 Son equal with the Father, ii, 51; see Christ.
 Sons of God, i, 64, 143; elect and new-born, i, 54.
 Song of Angels, i, 3; of Simeon, i, 19, iii, 14; of Zacharias, i, 50; of Moses and the Lamb, i, 49, 56; of Hezekiah, i, 55, of Solomon paraphrased, i, 66, 78; of the Virgin Mary, 60.
 Sorrow, see Repentance, comfort under it, ii, 50, 69; for the dead, relieved, ii, 3.
 Sovereignty, i, 86; see Grace, Election, God.
 Souls separate, see Death, Heaven, Hell.
 Spirit breathed after, i, 74, ii, 34; water and blood, iii, 9; his offices, ii, 133; witnessing and sealing, i, 144; its fruits, i, 102.
 Spiritual enemies, deliverance, i, 47, ii, 65, 82; warfare, ii, 77; pilgrimage, ii, 53; apparel, i, 7, 20; race, i, 48; sloth and dullness, ii, 25, 34; joy, ii, 73, 75; meat, drink, and clothing, i, 7; food, see Feast.
 State of nature and grace, i, 104.
 Storm, see Thunder.
 Strength from heaven, i, 15, 32, 48; righteousness and pardon in Christ, i, 84, 85, iii, 24.
 Submission and deliverance, i, 129; to afflictions, i, 5, ii, 109.
 Success of the gospel, i, 11, 12, 119, ii, 144.
 Sufferings for Christ, i, 102, see Christ.
 Supper of the Lord instituted, iii, 1; baptism and preaching, ii, 141.
 Support under trials, ii, 50, 65.
 Sympathy of Christ, i, 125.
TABLE of the Lord, see Lord.
 Temptations, hope under them, i, 39; of the world, ii, 101; of the devil, ii, 65, 156, 157; and desertion complained of, ii, 163.

INDEX TO THE HYMNS.

- Tempted**, Christ's compassion to them, i, 125.
Terrors of death to the unconverted, i, 91.
Testament new in the blood of Christ, iii, 3.
Thanksgivings for victory, ii, 111; for mercies, ii, 116; national ii, 1.
Throne of Grace, see Grace.
Thunderer, God, ii, 62.
Time redeemed, i, 88; ours, and eternity God's ii, 67.
Tree of life, iii, 8; and river of love, iii, 20.
Trinity praised, iii, 26-41.
Trials on earth, and hope of heaven, ii, 63.
Triumph over death, i. 6, ii, 110; of faith in Christ, i, 14; at a feast, iii, 21; of Christ over our enemies, i, 82.
Trust, see Faith.
Truth and promises of God unchangeable, i, 139; ii, 60, 69.
Types, ii, 12; and prophecies of Christ, ii, 135.
VAIN prosperity, ii, 56, 101.
Value of Christ and his righteousness, i, 109.
Vanity and mortality of man, i, 82; of youth, i, 89, 90, of the creatures, ii, 146.
Victory, a thanksgiving for it, ii, 111; over death, i, 17; sin and sorrow, i, 14; of Christ over Satan, i, 58, ii, 89; see enemies.
Virtues Christian, ii, 161; see Holiness, Love, Saints, Spiritual.
Unbelief and faith, i, 100, ii, 125; punished, i, 118.
Uncharitableness and charity, i, 126.
Unconverted state, ii, 159; death terrible to them, i, 91.
Unfruitfulness, ii, 165.
Unsanctified affections, ii, 165.
Unseen things, faith in them, i, 120.
WANDERING affections, ii, 20; thoughts in worship, i, 37.
Warfare, Christian, ii, 77.
Water, the spirit, and the blood, iii, 9.
Weak saints encouraged by Christ, i, 125; by the church, i, 126.
Weakness our own, and Christ our strength, i, 15.
Wisdom and power of God, in Christ crucified, iii, 10; carnal humbled, i, 11, 42.
Witnessing and sealing Spirit, i, 144.
Word of God, i, 53; preached, i, 10, 119; see Gospel Scripture.
World, crucifixion to it by the cross, iii, 7; the temptations of it, ii, 101; its end, ii, 164; mortification to it by the sight of God, ii, 41; its creation, ii, 147; and preservation, ii, 13.
Worship of heaven humble, ii, 68; profitable ii, 123; condescended to by God, ii, 35; Christ present at it, i, 66, ii, 15, 16, iii, 15; accepted through Christ, ii, 36, 37; formality in it i, 126; delightful, ii, 14, 15, 16, 42.
Wrath and mercy of God, i, 42, ii, 80; see God, Hell.
Y **YOKE of Christ easy**, i, 127.
Youth, its vanities, i, 89, 90; advised, i, 91.
ZACHARIAS' song, and John's message, i, 50.
Zeal in the Christian race, i, 48, ii, 129; and love, i, 14; for the gospel, i, 103, ii, 3; the want of it, ii, 25; against sin, ii, 106; for God, ii, 116.
Zion, her glory and defence, ii, 64; see Church.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS, TO SELECT HYMNS.

A DAM, the first and second, 19.

Anxious inquiry, 116.

Awakening, 117.

Affliction sanctified, 119.

Accepted time, 116.

Apostacy, 198.

Ascension, 213.

B ELIEVER encouraged, 96 — happy, 101.

Bartimeus, 102.

Better world in prospect, 158.

Blessing without, 163.

C HRISTIAN soldier, 98. race, 130. warfare, 131. spiritu-
al voyage, 132. temptation, a proof of God's fidelity, 133.
request, 135. travelers, 141 and 142. union, 150. confer-
ence, 174. encouraged, 205.

Choice, happy, 111.

Chariot, 248.

Christ, head of church, 14. union to, 31. communion with,
33. security of His sheep, 36. at the door, 47. nativity, 59.
riches of, 62. incarnation, 64, 65. message of, 66. humili-
ation and exaltation, 67, 68. intercession, 69, 70, 71. a
friend, 72. coronation, 73. life and light, 74, 75. righteous-
ness, 76. Saviour, 77. shepherd, 78. way, 80. all, 81. on
cross, 82. description of, 84, 85, 86. longing for, 87. the
sinner's refuge, 146. the ship head, 178. not ashamed of,
200, dying, &c., 207. praise to, 211. crucified, 214. a guide
to glory, 226.

Cross, looking at, 120. bearing, 126.

Concert, monthly, 193.

Communion, 33.

Confidence in the Lord, 122, 123. looking beyond present
appearances, 124.

Church on earth and heaven the same, 231.

Conversion, praise for, 197.

D EATH, preparation for, 225. of a sister, 232. triumph
over, 233. of the righteous, 234. judgment, 237.

Dawning, latter day, 195.

Delight in God, 103.

Difficulties in the way of duties, 199.

Dedication of a church, 159.

Dismission, 170.

Day spring, 194.

E NCOURAGEMENT to the Christian, 205.

Election, 27.

Eternity, joyful and tremendous, 223 — 230.

Exultation, 157.

End of the year, reflections on, 229.

Evening twilight, 175 hymn, 217.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

- F** AITH, 93. in Christ, 94. triumphant, 95. connected with salvation, 97, review and expectation, 168.
Fortitude, 98.
Fear not, 127.
Forms, vain without religion, 162.
Funeral hymn, 236, 237, 235, 234, 233 and 232.
- G**OD, supreme, 1. infinite, 2. incomprehensible, 3. sovereignty, 4. exaltation, 5. loving kindness, 6. mercy, 7. grace, 8. goodness, 9 and 11. wisdom, 10. power, 18. close walk with, 34. refuge, 134. nearness to, 145.
Gospel, hope from, 20. jubilee, 24. trumpet of, 26. feast, 209.
Gratitude, 15 and 16.
Grace, free, 25. distinguishing, 38, 39. salvation by, 40. and glory, 196.
Glorious mystery, 157. things of Zion spoken, 180.
- H**ARD heart lamented, 152.
Heaven longed for, 151. sanctified, 172 — 202. supremely durable, 218. perpetual, 252.
Heavenly country, 140.
Hell, the sinner's own place, 249.
Holiness, desired, 28.
Hope, rejoicing in, 63. of believer, 109, 115. of an immortal crown, 235.
Holy city, 204.
Humiliation and exaltation, 67, 68.
- I**NCREASE of the church promised, 181.
Israel, restoration of, 192.
Invitations of the gospel, 206. to Christ, 46, 47, 48, 50, 51, 52, 55, 56.
Intercession, 69, 70, 91.
Infinite, 2.
Incomprehensible, 3.
Imperfect, 100.
I would not live alway, 227.
- J**UBILEE, 24 — 25.
Judgment, final sentence, 238 — 239, 240. day of, 241. the last, 242 — 243. a day of wrath, 245. awful doom of the sinner at the, 244. last account, 247.
- K**INGDOM of Christ, 68.
Knowledge, imperfect, 100.
- L**OVE, eternal, 27. pardoning, 32. to Christ, 105, 106. to brethren, 101. pleasures of, 110. to the church, 171.
Leper healed, 35.
Life's pleasures, 89.
Lord will provide, 155.
Lovest thou me, 104, 108.
Loving kindness, 6.
Land promise, 250.
- M**AN, fall of, 19, 10, 21.
Mercy, 181. sent, 143 and 144.
Meekness, 112.
Missionary meetings, 180, 182, 183, 185, 186. farewell, 190. associations, 191.
Mission to Palestine, 187.
Morning hymn, 216.
Mercies, divine in succession, 221 — 222
Midnight cry, 224.
Mysteries of Providence, 13, 17.

INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

NEW and living way, 248.

PROVIDENCE, 12. mysteries of, 13 and 17.
Penitent, 114.

Promises, precious, 54.

Pilgrim's song, 82. lot, 129. farewell. 203.

Prayer answered by crosses, 137. importunate, 167 benefit of, 215.

REFLECTIONS on the end of the year, 229.

Rising to God, 138.

Resolution, grateful, 212.

Redemption, 29. wonders of, 203.

Resolve, successful, 164.

Remember me, 88.

Revival prayed for, 184.

Repentance, 113, 114, 115.

Redeemer, praise to, 210.

Restoration of Israel, 192.

SAINT, afflicted, 53. happy in God, 220.

Star of Bethlehem, 44.

Salvation, free, 25. method of, 37 — 43.

Sanctified afflictions, 119.

Sovereignty, 4.

Sinner's refuge, 146.

Sin, original, 19. bewailed, 125.

Sinner, weighed, 41. saved, 42. invited, 46 — 49 — 50 — 51 —
52 — 55 — 56. welcome to Christ, 48. — warned, 58 — 60 —
61. return to Christ, 121.

Scriptures, inspiration of, 22. excellence, 23.

Saviour found, 149. merit, 154. ascension, 213.

Supplication, 169.

Spirit, grieved, 57. influences, 90, 91, 92.

TEMPTATIONS of the Christian, 153.

Triumph over death, 233. final, 246

Trumpet, 26.

Teacher's hymn, 179.

Thief, converted, 30.

Time and eternity, 228.

Trust, and not afraid, 128.

UNION, 150.

WAY to Canaan, 79. way to Christ. 80. ways of God,
99. way God has led me on, 139. to Zion, 153

Watchfulness and prayer, 136.

Watchman, 189.

World unsanctified, 147. we have not seen, 253.

Worship, pleasures of social, 160. humble, 161.

Wept over the city, 165.

Welcome to Christian friends, 201.

Wisdom of redeeming time, 219.

Wheat and tares, 251.

ZION encouraged, 188.



THE
PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM 1. C. M.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- y 3 [He, like a plant of generous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
- e 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- u 5 Not so the impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
— Their hopes are blown away, like dust
Or chaff before the storm.
- u 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM 1. S. M

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

- 1 THE man is ever bless'd,
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place:

- 2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heavenly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints, at Christ's right hand,
In full assembly meet?
- 6 He knows, and he approves,
The way the righteous go:
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM 1. L. M.

The difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way where sinners go;
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t' employ his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.
- i 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
y And heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.
- a 4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
u When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
a The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides him to a different place.

- 6 "Straight is the way my saints have trode,
 "I bless'd the path, and drew it plain:
 "But you would choose the crooked road;
 "And down it leads to endless pain."

PSALM 2. S. M. *Acts iv. 24, &c.*

Christ Dying, Rising, Interceding, and Reigning.

- 1 [MAKER and sovereign Lord
 Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
 Thy providence confirms thy word,
 And answers thy decrees
- 2 The things so long foretold
 By David, are fulfill'd;
 u When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
 Jesus, thine holy Child.]
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
 And Jews with one accord,
 Join all their counsels to destroy
 Th' anointed of the Lord?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree
 To form a vain design;
 Against the Lord their powers unite,
 Against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,
 And will support his throne;
 He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
 Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

- e 6 Now he's ascended high,
 To rule the subject earth;
 The merit of his blood he pleads,
 And pleads his heavenly birth.
- 7 Beneath his sov'reign sway
 The Gentile nations bend;
 u Far as the world's remotest bounds
 His kingdom shall extend.
- a 8 The nations that rebel
 Must feel his iron rod:
 o He'll vindicate those honors well
 Which he receiv'd from God.
- u 9 [Be wise, ye rulers, now,
 And worship at his throne;
 With trembling joy, ye people bow
 To God's exalted Son.

- 10 If once his wrath arise,
 Ye perish on the place;
 e Then blessed is the soul that flies
 For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM 2. C. M.

The same.

- u 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay
 The Lord's anointed Son?
 Why did they cast his laws away,
 And tread his gospel down?
- 2 The Lord that sits above the skies,
 Derides their rage below;
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
 And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 "I call him my eternal Son,
 "And raise him from the dead;
 "I make my holy hill his throne,
 "And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
 "The utmost heathen lands:
 "Thy rod of iron shall destroy
 "The rebel that withstands."
- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth;
 Obey th' anointed Lord;
 Adore the King of heavenly birth,
 And tremble at his word.
- e 6 With humble love address his throne;
 For if he frown, ye die:
 — Those are secure, and those alone,
 Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 2. L. M.

Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

- 1 **W**HY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
 The Romans why their sword employ
 Against the Lord? their powers engage,
 His dear Anointed to destroy!
- 2 "Come, let us break his bands," they say;
 "This man shall never give us laws:"
 And thus they cast his yoke away,
 And nail'd the Monarch to the cross.
- u 3 But God who high in glory reigns,
 Laughs at their pride, their rage controls:
 He'll smite their hearts with inward pains,
 And speak in thunder to their souls.

—4 “I will maintain the King I made,
 “On Zion’s everlasting hill;
 “My hand shall bring him from the dead,
 “And he shall stand your Sovereign still.”

e 5 [His wondrous rising from the earth
 Makes his eternal Godhead known:
 o The Lord declares his heavenly birth;
 — “This day have I begot my Son.
 6 “Ascend, my Son, to my right hand;
 “There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
 “The utmost bounds of heathen land:
 “To thee their suppliant tribes shall bow.”]

a 7 But nations that resist his grace
 Shall fall beneath his lifted rod;
 His arm shall crush the impious race
 That dare provoke th’ avenging God.

PAUSE.

—8 Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
 Now, to his feet submit your crowns;
 Rejoice and tremble at his name.

i 9 With humble love address the Son,
 Lest he grow angry, and ye die:
 a His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
 His love gives life above the sky

u 10 His storms shall quell the stubborn foe,
 And sink his honors in the dust:
 e Happy the souls, their God that know
 And make his grace their only trust.

PSALM 3. C. M.

*Doubts and fears suppressed; or, God our defence from sin
 and Satan.*

u 1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears;
 How fast my foes increase;
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.

a 2 The lying tempter would persuade
 There’s no relief in heaven,
 And all my growing sins appear
 Too great to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
 Shalt on the tempter tread;
 Shalt silence all my threat’ning guilt
 And raise my drooping head.

- b 4 [I cried, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear;
I call'd my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.
- 5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes.
In spite of all my foes;
I woke and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]
- u 6 What tho' the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood:
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.
- e 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God hath broke the serpent's teeth,
And death hath lost his sting.
- o 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM 3. v. 1—5, 8. L. M.

A Morning Psalm.

- 1 O LORD, how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose;
But my defence and hope is God.
- i 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry;
Thou heardest when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.
- e 4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

PSALM 4. v. 1—7. L. M.

Hearing of prayer; or, God our Portion, and Christ our Hope.

- 1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain:
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress;
Bow down a gracious ear again.

- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
 To turn my glory into shame:
 i How long will scoffers love to lie,
 And dare reproach my Saviour's name?
- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
 From all the tribes of men beside;
 i He hears and pities their complaints,
 For the dear sake of Christ that died.
- 4 When our obedient hands have done
 A thousand works of righteousness,
 o We put our trust in God alone,
 And glory in his pard'ning grace.
- 5 Let the unthinking many say,
 i "Who will bestow some earthly good?"
 — But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
 Our souls desire this heavenly food.
- y 6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
 — At grace divine, and love so great:
 Nor will I change my happy choice,
 For all their wealth and boasted state.

PSALM 4. v. 3—5, 8. C. M.

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
 I am forever thine;
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.
- i 2 And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and bus'ness free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
 With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith and hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM 5. C. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear;
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my pray'r,
 To thee lift up mine eye:

- 2 Up to the hills where Christ has gone,
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting, at his Father's throne,
 Our songs and our complaints.
- a 3 Thou art a God, before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- e 4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thine holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
 In ways of righteousness,
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

- 6 My watchful enemies combine
 To tempt my feet astray;
 They flatter with a base design,
 To make my soul their prey.
- 7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
 And all his plots destroy;
 While those that in thy mercy trust,
 For ever shout for joy.
- 8 The men that love and fear thy name,
 Shall see their hopes fulfilled:
 The mighty God will compass them
 With favor, as a shield.

PSALM 6. C. M.

Complaint in Sickness; or, Diseases healed.

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, do not chastise,
 Withdraw the dreadful storm;
 Nor let thy awful wrath arise
 Against a feeble worm.
- u 2 My soul bow'd down with heavy cares,
 My flesh with pain oppress'd;
 My couch is witness to my tears,
 My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and grief wear out my days:
 I waste the night with cries,
 And count the minutes as they pass,
 Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
 My eyes consumed with grief?
 How long, my God, how long before
 Thine hand affords relief?

—5 He hears his mourning children speak,
 He pities all our groans;
 He saves us for his mercy's sake,
 And heals our broken bones.

e 6 The virtue of his sovereign word,
 Restores our fainting breath;

a For silent graves praise not the Lord,
 Nor is he known in death.

PSALM 6. L. M.

Temptations in sickness Overcome.

1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
 When thou with kindness dost chastise;
 But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
 O let it not against me rise!

2 Pity my languishing estate,
 And ease the sorrows that I feel;
 The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
 O let thy gentler touches heal!

3 See how in sighs I pass my days,
 And waste in groans the weary night;
 My bed is water'd with my tears;
 My grief consumes, and dims my sight.

4 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
 How long, Almighty God, how long?
 When shall thine hour of grace return?
 When shall I make thy grace my song?

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
 My thoughts are tempted to despair:
 But graves can never praise the Lord,
 For all is dust and silence there.

6 Depart ye tempters, from my soul,
 And all despairing thoughts depart;
 My God, who hears my humble moan,
 Will ease my flesh and cheer my heart.

PSALM 7. C. M.

God's care of his People, and punishment of Persecutors.

1 **M**Y trust is in my heavenly Friend,
 My hope in thee, my God:
 o Rise, and my helpless life defend
 From those that seek my blood.

- i 2 With insolence and fury they
 My soul in pieces tear,
 As hungry lions rend the prey,
 When no deliverer's near.
- 3 If e'er my pride provok'd them first,
 Or once abus'd my foe,
 Then let them tread my life to dust,
 And lay my honor low.
- i 4 If there be malice found in me,
 I know thy piercing eyes ;
 I should not dare appeal to thee,
 Nor ask my God to rise.
- o 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
 Their pride and power control ;
 Awake to judgment, and command
 Deliverance for my soul.

PAUSE.

- 6 [Let sinners, and their wicked rage,
 Be humbled to the dust :
 Shall not the God of truth engage
 To vindicate the just ?
- 7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
 He will defend th' upright :
 His sharpest arrows he ordains
 Against the sons of spite.
- 8 Tho' leagu'd in guile, their malice spread
 A snare before my way,
 Their mischiefs on their impious head,
 His vengeance shall repay.]
- a 9 That cruel, persecuting race
 Must feel his dreadful sword :
- o Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
 And justice of the Lord.

PSALM 8. S. M.

*God's Sovereignty and Goodness; and Man's Dominion
 over the Creatures.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our heavenly King,
 Thy name is all divine ;
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high
 I raise my wondering eyes,
 And see the moon, complete in light,
 Adorn the darksome skies :

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?

u Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.

—5 Thine honors crown his head,
While beasts, like slaves, obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

e 6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways;

o Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

—7 [From mouths of feeble babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honors to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine:

u Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

PSALM 8. C. M.

Christ's Condescension and Glorification; or, God made Man.

1 **O** LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!

o The glories of thy heavenly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

—2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And shining stars, that grace the sky,
Those moving worlds of light:

i 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so!

4 That thy eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;

u Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

—5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Behold obedient nature own
o His godhead and his power.

u 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net;
Bring tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son,
Shone through the fleshy cloud;
a Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

e 8 Let him with majesty be crown'd
Who bow'd his head to death;
o And his eternal honors sound,
From all things that have breath.

i 9 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
u The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM 8. *First Part.* L. M.

Verse 1, 2, paraphrased.

The Hosanna of the Children; or, Infants praising God

1 **A**L MIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread
u And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.

—2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honor raise;
i And babes with uninstructed tongue,
o Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

e 4 Children amidst thy temple throng,
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

a 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring:
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
o While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

PSALM 8. *Second Part.* L. M.*Verse 3, &c. paraphrased.**Adam and Christ, Lords of the old and new Creation.*

- i 1 **L**ORD, what was man, when made at first:
 Adam, the offspring of the dust;
 That thou shouldst set him and his race,
 But just below an angel's place?
- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
 And make him lord of all below;
 Make every beast and bird submit,
 And lay the fishes at his feet?
- e 3 But O! what brighter glories wait
 To crown the second Adam's state!
- o What honors shall thy Son adorn,
 Who condescended to be born?
- i 4 See him below his angels made;
 u Behold him number'd with the dead!
 — To save a ruin'd world from sin:
 o But he shall reign with power divine.
- u 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
 The mis'ries that attend the fall,
 New made and glorious, shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM 9. *First Part.* C. M.*Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.*

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
 Thou sovereign Judge of right and wrong
 Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
 My God prepares his throne,
 To judge the world in righteousness,
 And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
 For all the poor oppress'd;
 To save the people of his love,
 And give the weary rest.
- i 4 The men that know thy name will trust
 In thine abundant grace;
 For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
 Who humbly seek thy face.
- o 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
 Who dwells on Zion's hill;
 Who executes his threat'ning word,
 Whose works his grace fulfil.

PSALM 9. *Second part.* C. M.*Verse 12.**The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.*

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
 Shall once inquire for blood;
 The humble souls, that mourn in dust,
 Shall find a faithful God.
- e 2 He, from the dreadful gates of death,
 Does his own children raise:
 In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
 They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet,
 Into the pit they made;
 And sinners perish in the net
 That their own hands have spread.
- 4 Thus, by thy judgment, mighty God,
 Are thy deep counsels known;
 When men of mischief are destroy'd
 In snares that were their own.

PAUSE.

- 3 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
 Thy wrath devour the lands
 That dare forget thee, or rebel
 Against thy known commands.
- 6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
 And wait, and long complain;
 Their cries shall never be forgot,
 Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- e 7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
 To judge and save the poor;
 u Let nations tremble at thy feet,
 And man prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud
 And put their hearts to pain;
 Make them confess that thou art God,
 u And they but feeble men.]

PSALM 10. C. M.

*Prayer heard, and Saints saved; or, Pride, Atheism and Oppression punished.**For a day of humiliation.*

- u 1 **W**HY doth the Lord depart so far?
 And why conceal his face,
 When great calamities appear,
 And times of deep distress?

- i 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
 Thy justice and thy laws?
 Shall they advance their heads in pride,
 And slight thy righteous cause?
- 3 They cast thy judgments from their sight,
 And then insult the poor:
 They boast in their exalted height,
 That they shall fall no more.
- o 4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
 Attend our humble cry;
 No enemy shall dare to stand,
 When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

- 5 Why do the men of malice rage,
 And say with foolish pride,
 “The God of heaven will ne’er engage
 “To fight on Zion’s side!”
- 6 But thou forever art our Lord;
 And powerful is thine hand,
 As when the heathens felt thy sword,
 And perish’d from thy land.
- e 7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
 And cause thine ear to hear;
 Accept the vows thy children pay,
 And free thy saints from fear.
- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
 No more despise the just;
 And mighty sinners shall confess,
 They are but earth and dust.

PSALM 11. L. M.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

- 1 MY refuge is the God of love:
 Why do my foes insult, and cry,
 “Fly like a timorous trembling dove,
 “To distant woods or mountains fly?”
- a 2 If government be once destroy’d,
 (That firm foundation of our peace,)
 And violence make justice void,
 Where shall the righteous seek redress?
- u 3 The Lord in heaven has fix’d his throne;
 His eye surveys the world below:
 To him all mortal things are known;
 His eyelids search our spirits through.

- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
 To prove their love and try their grace;
 What may the bold transgressors fear?
 His soul abhors their wicked ways.
- u 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
 Sulphureous flames of wasting death;
 Such as he kindled on the plain
 Of Sodom, with his angry breath.
- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
 Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
 And with a gracious eye beholds
 The men that his own image bear.

PSALM 12. L. M.

*The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil Times; or, Sins of
 the Tongue complained of, viz. Blasphemy, Falsehood, &c.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God, appear and save!
 For vice and vanity prevail;
 The godly perish in the grave,
 The just depart, the faithful fail.
- 2 The whole discourse, when crowds are met,
 Is filled with trifles, loose and vain;
 Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
 And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips, that with deceit abound,
 Shall not maintain their triumph long:
 The God of vengeance will confound
 The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 "Yet shall our words be free," they cry;
 "Our tongues shall be control'd by none:
 "Where is the Lord will ask us why?
 "Or say our lips are not our own?"
- 5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress'd,
 And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
 o Will rise to give his children rest,
 Nor shall they trust his word in vain.
- 6 Thy word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
 Void of deceit shall still appear:
 Not silver seven times purify'd
 From dross and mixture, shines so clear.
- e 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
 Defend from danger and surprise;
- a Though, when the vilest men have power,
 On every side oppressors rise,

PSALM 12. C. M.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners; or, the Promise and Signs of Christ's coming to Judgment.

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.
- a 2 Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.
- 3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
They scorn our faithful word:
— "Are not our lips our own," they cry,
"And who shall be our Lord?"
- a 4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of power and pride,
And bear the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

- 5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold;
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxing cold:
- e 6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
Hast thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?
- 7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
"And make oppressors flee:
"I shall appear to their surprise,
"And set my servants free."
- u 8 Thy word like silver seven times try'd,
Through ages shall endure:
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM 13. L. M.

Pleading with God under desertion; or, Hope in darkness.

- u 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one who seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray and be denied?
- 2 Shall I forever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?

- Still shall my soul thy absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?
- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death concludes my grief;
- a If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.
- 5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
- e But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.
- 6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
- o My heart shall feel thy love and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM 13. C. M.

Complaint under the Temptation of the Devil.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay!
When shall I feel those heavenly rays
That chase my fears away!
- 2 How long shall my poor laboring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain!
Thy word can all my foes control,
And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.
- e 4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep:
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud,
Should I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
To see thy long delay.
- o 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

- e 7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
 Whence all my comforts spring:
 I shall employ my lips in praise,
 And thy salvation sing.

PSALM 14. *First Part.* C. M.

By nature all Men are Sinners.

- 1 **F**OOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
 "That all religion's vain,
 "There is no God that reigns on high,
 "Or minds th' affairs of men."
 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
 Corrupt discourse proceeds;
 And in their impious hands are found
 Abominable deeds.
 3 The Lord from his celestial throne
 Look'd down on things below,
 To find the man that sought his grace,
 Or did his justice know.
 4 By nature all are gone astray,
 Their practice all the same;
 There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
 There's none that loves his name.
 5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
 Their slanders never cease;
 How swift to mischief are their feet,
 Nor know the paths of peace.
 6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root!)
 In every heart are found;
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
 Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM 14. *Second Part.* C. M.

The folly of Persecutors.

- 1 **A**RE sinners now so senseless grown
 That they the saints devour?
 And never worship at thy throne,
 Nor fear thine awful power?
 2 Great God, appear to their surprise,
 Reveal thy dreadful name;
 Let them no more thy wrath despise,
 Nor turn our hope to shame.
 i 3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
 — And yet our foes deride,
 That we should make thy name our trust:
 Great God, confound their pride.

- e 4 O that the joyful day was come
To finish our distress!
o When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM 15. C. M.

Character of a Saint; or, a Citizen of Zion; or, the qualifications of a Christian.

- 1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?
- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands,
That trusts his Maker's promis'd grace,
And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbor wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

PSALM 15. L. M.

Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth; or, Duties to God and man; or, the qualifications of a Christian.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the things they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.
- 3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Or vent it to his neighbor's hurt;
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honored in his eyes.]
- 4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good,

Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others scorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM 16. *First Part.* L. M.

*Confession of our Poverty; and Saints the best Company;
or, good works profit Men, not God.*

1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succor to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 **O**ft have my heart and tongue confess'd,
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee bless'd,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do:
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine!
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM 16. *Second Part.* L. M.
Christ's All-sufficiency.

1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offered up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
 By day his counsels guide me right;
 And be his name forever blest,
 Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes:
 At my right hand he stands prepar'd
 To keep my soul from all surprise,
 And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM 16. *Third Part.* L. M.

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

1 **W**HEN God is nigh my faith is strong;
 His arm is my almighty prop;
 e Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
 i My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
 My soul forever with the dead,
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

—3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
 Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
 Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
 Up to the throne above the sky.

e 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
 And full discoveries of thy grace
 (Which we but tasted here below)
 Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

PSALM 16. v. 1—3. *First Part.* C. M.

Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from every foe;
 In thee my trust I place,
 Though all the good that I can do
 Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
 The saints may still rejoice;
 The saints, the glory of the earth,
 The people of thy choice.

3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
 And worship wood or stone;
 But my delightful lot is cast
 Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food,
 He fills my daily cup;

Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy;
His counsels are my light;
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all seeing eye;
Nor death nor hell my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM 16. *Second Part.* C. M.

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 **I** SET the Lord before my face,
"He bears my courage up:
"My heart, my tongue, their joy express,
"My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 "My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
"Where souls departed are,
"Nor quit my body to the grave
"To see corruption there.

3 "Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
"And raise me to thy throne:
"Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
"Thy presence joys unknown."

[4 Thus, in the name of Christ the Lord,
The holy David sung,
And Providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

u 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain;
e Behold the tomb its prey restores,
Behold he lives again.

—6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heaven's eternal hills?
o There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM 17. v. 13, &c. S. M.

*Portion of Saints and Sinners; or, Hope and Despair in
Death.*

1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

- u 2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain,
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.
- a 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
— The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.
- e 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.
- y 5 There's a new heaven begun,
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

PSALM 17. L. M.

*The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope; or, the Heaven
of Separate Souls, and the Resurrection.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign,
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
e I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- u 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
— But the bright world, to which I go,
e Hath joys substantial and sincere;
i When shall I wake and find me there?
- 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- a 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
— Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
y Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise

PSALM 18. v. 1—9, 15—18. *First Part. L. M.**Deliverance from Despair; or, Temptation overcome.*

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
 My rock, my tower, my high defence:
 Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
 For I have found salvation thence.
- a 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
 Stood round me with their dismal shade;
 While floods of high temptation rose,
 And made my sinking soul afraid.
- i 3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
 With endless pains and sorrows there,
 (Which none but they that feel can tell)
 While I was hurry'd to despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd my God,
 When I could scarce believe him mine;
 — He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
 e And prov'd his saving grace divine.
- 5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
 As on a cherub's wing he rode;
 Awful, and bright as lightning, shone
 The face of my deliverer, God.
- o 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
 The blast of his almighty breath:
 He sent salvation from on high,
 And drew me from the deeps of death.]
- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
 Much was their strength and more their rage;
 But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,
 In all the wars the proud can wage.
- y 8 My song for ever shall record
 That terrible, that joyful hour;
 And give the glory to the Lord,
 Due to his mercy and his power.

PSALM 18. v. 20—26. *Second Part. L. M.**Sincerity Proved and Rewarded.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
 Hast made thy truth and love appear;
 Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
 And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
 I've walk'd upright before thy face;
 Or if my feet did e'er depart,
 Thy love reclaim'd my wandering heart

- u 3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
 a What wars and strugglings in my breast!
 — But through thy grace, that reigns within,
 I guard against my darling sin:
 4 That sin that close besets me still,
 That works and strives against my will:
 i When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
 Destroy it, that it rise no more?
 —5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
 Deals out to mortals their reward:
 The kind and faithful soul shall find
 A God as faithful and as kind.
 e 6 And men that love revenge shall know
 o God hath an arm of vengeance too:
 The just and pure shall ever say,
 Thou art more pure, more just than they.

PSALM 18. v. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c. *Third Part.*

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and Triumph.

- 1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
 a Great Rock of my secure abode:
 — Who is a God beside the Lord?
 n Or where's a refuge like our God?
 —2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
 Gives me his holy sword to wield;
 And while with sin and hell I fight,
 Spreads his salvation for my shield.
 e 3 He lives, and blessings crown his reign;
 The God of my salvation lives;
 The dark designs of hell are vain,
 i While heavenly peace my Father gives.
 —4 Before the scoffers of the age,
 I will exalt my Father's name,
 Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
 But meet reproach, and bear the shame.
 5 To David and his royal seed,
 Thy grace for ever shall extend;
 Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
 Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM 18. *First Part.* C. M.

Victory and Triumph over Temporal Enemies.

- 1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore;
 Now is thine arm reveal'd;
 Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
 Our bulwark and our shield.

- e 2 We fly to our eternal rock,
And find a sure defence;
— His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
- e 3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
u The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?
- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions, wait to know his mind,
e And, swift as flames, obey.
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
o Strikes all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.
- 7 Oft has the Lord whole nations bless'd
For his own church's sake;
The powers that give his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.

PSALM 18. *Second Part.* C. M.*The Conqueror's Song.*

- 1 **T**O thine almighty arm we owe
The Triumphs of the day:
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thy aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.
- 3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield:
But they no shelter found!
- a 4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood:
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God!
- e 5 The God of Israel ever lives:
His name be ever bless'd:

- o 'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people rest.

PSALM 19. *First Part.* S. M.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For the Lord's day morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker God;
And all the starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name,
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known:
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- e 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice;
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd
So much allures the sight.
- 8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM 19. *Second Part.* S. M.

God's Word most excellent; or, Sincerity and Watchfulness

For the Lord's day morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just,
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

PAUSE.

- i 5 I heard thy word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
- a Yet with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.
- 7 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 8 While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM 19. L. M.

The Books of Nature and Scripture compared; or, The Glory and success of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy goodness shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

- 4 Nor shall the spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

PSALM 19. To the tune of the 113th Psalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

- 1 GREAT God, the heaven's well ordered frame
G Declares the glories of thy name:
There thy rich works of wonder shine!
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless power, and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice.
The sun, like some young bridegroom dress'd,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his Maker, God:
All nature joins to show thy praise;
Thus God in every creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is the book of grace.

PAUSE.

- 5 I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy these leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress'd!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

- 6 From the discoveries of thy law
 The perfect rules of life I draw:
 These are my study and delight;
 Not honey so invites my taste,
 Nor gold that hath the furnace past
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies;
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free but large reward.
- 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts!
 My God, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain:
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read thy book of grace,
 And book of nature not in vain.

PSALM 20. L. M.

Prayer, and hope of Victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of power and grace,
 Attend his people's humble cry!
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
 And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
 When bucklers fail and brazen walls;
 He from his sanctuary sends
 Succour and strength when Zion calls.
- i 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
 His love exceeds our best deserts;
 His love accepts the sacrifice
 Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- o 4 In his salvation is our hope,
 And in the name of Israel's God
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses trained for war,
 And some of chariots make their boasts:
- e Our surest expectations are
 From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.
- 6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name,
 Inspire our armies for the fight!
 — Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
 Or quit the field with coward flight.]

- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
 Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
 e Till thy salvation shall appear,
 y And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM 21. C. M.

National Blessings acknowledged.

- 1 **I**N thee, great God, with songs of praise,
 Our favor'd states rejoice;
 And, bless'd with thy salvation, raise
 To heaven their cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence through nations round,
 Hath spread our rising name,
 And all our feeble efforts crown'd
 With freedom and with fame.
- 3 In deep distress our injur'd land
 Implor'd thy power to save;
 For life we prayed; thy bounteous hand
 The timely blessing gave.
- 4 Thy mighty arm, eternal Power,
 Oppos'd their deadly aim,
 In mercy swept them from our shore,
 And spread their sails with shame.
- 5 On thee, in want, in wo, or pain,
 Our hearts alone rely;
 Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
 And all our wants supply.
- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous powers declare
 And still exalt thy fame:
 While we glad songs of praise prepare,
 For thine Almighty name.

PSALM 21. v. 1—9. L M.

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God, his strength,
 Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
 e But Christ, the Son, appears at length,
 Fulfils the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great the bless'd Messiah's joy
 In the salvation of thy hand!
- u Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
 And given the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will;
 Nor doth the least request withhold:
 Blessings of love prevent him still,
 And crowns of glory, not of gold.

- u 4 Honor and majesty divine
 Around his sacred temples shine;
 Bless'd with the favor of thy face,
 And length of everlasting days.
- a 5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes;
 And, as a fiery oven glows
 With raging heat and living coals,
 So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM 22. v. 1—6. *First Part.* C. M.

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

- 1 **W**HY has my God my soul forsook,
 Nor will a smile afford?
 (Thus David once in anguish spoke,
 And thus our dying Lord.)
- 2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
 Among thy praising saints,
 Yet thou canst hear our groans as well,
 And pity our complaints.
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
 And great deliv'rance found;
 But I'm a worm, despis'd of men,
 And trodden to the ground.
- 4 With shaking head they pass me by,
 And laugh my soul to scorn:
 "In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
 "Neglected and forlorn."
- 5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh
 By thine almighty word;
 And since I hung upon the breast,
 My hope is in the Lord.
- 6 Why will my father hide his face,
 When foes stand threat'ning round,
 In the dark hour of deep distress,
 And not a helper found?

PAUSE.

- 7 Behold thy darling left among
 The cruel and the proud,
 By foes encompass'd, fierce and strong,
 As lions roaring loud.
- 8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
 To multiply the smart;
 They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
 And try to vex my heart.

- 9 Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loved so well?
- 10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.
- 11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown;
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand has brought me down,
Low as the dust of death.
- 12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

PSALM 22. v. 20, 21, 27—31. *Second Part. C. M*

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

- u 1 “**N**OW from the roaring lion's rage,
“O Lord, protect thy Son;
“Nor leave thy darling to engage
“The powers of hell alone.”
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
e God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship, or shall die.
- 4 A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.
- i 5 The meek and humble soul shall see
His table richly spread;
— And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- o 6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM 22. L. M.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

- u 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.
- a 2 The Jews behold him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn;
— “He rescu'd others from the grave;
“Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 “This is the man did once pretend
“God was his Father and his Friend;
“If God the blessed lov'd him so,
“Why doth he fail to help him now?”
- o 4 Oh savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.
- u 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 6 But God, his father, heard him cry:
o Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
— The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 23. L. M.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
His Providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest:
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely bless'd.
- u 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake:
— But he restores my soul to peace,
e And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- u 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are;
— My heart and hope shall never fail,
o For God my Shepherd's with me there.

- i 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
 — Thou art my comfort, thou my stay,
 e Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
 Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- a 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell,
 Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
 To see my table spread so well,
 With living bread and cheerful wine.
- 7 [How I rejoice, when on my head
 Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
 e 'Tis a divine anointing shed,
 Like oil of gladness at a feast.
- y 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
 Attend his household all their days;
 There will I dwell to hear his word,
 To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

PSALM 23. C. M.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need;
 Jehovah is his name;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.
- e 2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
 When I forsake his ways,
 And leads me for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.
- i 3 When I walk through the shades of death
 Thy presence is my stay;
 One word of thy supporting breath,
 Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
 Doth still my table spread;
 e My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days;
 i O may thy house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise!
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
 (While others go and come,)
 No more a stranger nor a guest;
 But like a child at home.

PSALM 23. S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is;
 I shall be well supply'd;
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- i 3 If e'er I go astray,
 — He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
 o I cannot yield to fear;
 a Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 e My Shepherd's with me there.
- y 5 Amid surrounding foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM 24. C. M.

Dwelling with God.

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,
 With Adam's numerous race;
 He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
 And built it on the seas.
- i 2 But who, among the sons of men,
 May visit thine abode?
 — He that has hands from mischief clean,
 Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take
 The blessings of his grace;
 This is the lot of those that seek
 The God of Jacob's face.
- e 4 Now let our souls' immortal powers
 To meet the Lord prepare,
 o Lift up their everlasting doors,
 The King of glory's near.

- i 5 The King of glory! Who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

PSALM 24. L. M.

Saints dwell in Heaven or, Christ's Ascension.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;
Who shall ascend that bless'd abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God?
- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean:
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour, bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face:
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.
- 7 Raised from the dead, in awful state,
He opens heaven's eternal gate,
To give his saints a bless'd abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM 25. v. 1—11. First Part. S. M.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

- 1 **I**LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
i Let not my foes, that seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.

- u 2 Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair;
— Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.
- a 3 From gleams of dawning light
Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever longing eyes.
- i 4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways,
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
- e 6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame,
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 25. v. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Second Part.* S. M

Divine Instruction.

- i 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
e The secrets of his heart,
o The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his power
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his cov'nant sure,
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
o Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

PSALM 25. v. 15—22. *Third Part.* S. M

Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and Desertion.

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promis'd grace,
And rest upon his word.

- e 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
i When will thy hand assist my feet
To 'scape the deadly snare!
- u 3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering feet have trod!
- a 4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
u My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.
- 5 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

- 6 Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.
- 7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.
- a 8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again:
e Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
— "He sought the Lord in vain."

PSALM 26. L. M.

Self-examination; or Evidences of Grace.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from the law my feet depart.
- a 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
- e 3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
Array'd in robes of innocence;
i But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
 The temple where thine honors dwell:
 i There shall I hear thy holy word,
 And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
 With men of treachery and blood,
 Since I my days on earth have pass'd
 Among the saints and near my God.

PSALM 27. v. 1—6. *First Part.* C. M.*The Church is our Delight and Safety.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too:
 o God is my strength; nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
 i O grant me an abode
 Among the churches of thy saints,
 The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
 And see thy beauty still;
 Shall hear thy messages of love,
 And there inquire thy will.
- a 4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
 — There may his children hide;
 o God has a strong pavilion, where
 He makes my soul abide.
- y 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my foes around,
 And songs of joy and victory
 Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 27. v. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part.* C. M.*Prayer and Hope.*

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,
 “Ye children, seek my grace,”
 My heart replied without delay,
 e “I’ll seek my Father’s face.”
- a 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away;
 i God of my life, I fly to thee
 In a distressing day.

- a 3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
 Leave me to want or die,
 e My God will make my life his care,
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
 Had not my soul believ'd,
 To see thy grace provide relief,
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up:
 e He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

PSALM 28. L. M.

God the Refuge of the Afflicted.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, I raise my cries;
 My fervent prayer in mercy hear;
 For ruin waits my trembling soul,
 If thou refuse a gracious ear.
- 2 When suppliant tow'rd's thy holy hill
 I lift my mournful hands to pray,
 Afford thy grace, nor drive me still
 With impious hypocrites, away.
- 3 To sons of falsehood, that despise
 The works and wonders of thy reign,
 Thy vengeance gives the due reward,
 And sinks their souls to endless pain,
- 4 But, ever blessed be the Lord,
 Whose mercy hears my mournful voice,
 My heart, that trusted in his word,
 In his salvation shall rejoice.
- 5 Let every saint, in sore distress,
 By faith approach his Saviour God;
 Then grant, O Lord, thy pard'ning grace,
 And feed thy church with heavenly food.

PSALM 29. L. M.

Storm and Thunder.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
 Give to the Lord, renown and power;
 Ascribe due honors to his name,
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
 Through every ocean, every land;
 His voice divides the watery cloud,
 And lightnings blaze at his command.

- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart, and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice;
And, lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King,
But makes his church his bless'd abode
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts:
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 30. *First Part.* L. M.

Sickness Healed, and Sorrows Removed.

- 1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
- e 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love;
Let all your powers rejoice, and trace
The wondrous records of his grace.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days:
a Though grief and tears the night employ,
e The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM 30. v. 6. *Second Part.* L. M.

Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

- 1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long:
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comfort died:
- 3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?"
"Deep in the dust can I declare
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"

- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
 "And bring me from among the dead;"
 Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
 Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
 Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
 And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
 Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
 For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

PSALM **31**. v. 5, 13, 19, 22, 23. *First Part.* C. M.

Deliverance from Death.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God of truth and love,
 My spirit I commit;
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
 And sav'd me from the pit.
- 2 Despair and comfort, hope and fear,
 Maintain a doubtful strife;
- e While sorrow, pain, and sin conspire
 To take away my life.
- 3 "My time is in thy hand," I cried,
 "Though I draw near the dust;"
 Thou art the refuge where I hide,
 The God in whom I trust.
- a 4 Oh make thy reconciled face
 Upon thy servant shine,
 And save me for thy mercy's sake,
 For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

- 5 'Twas in my haste my spirit said,
 "I must despair and die;
 I am cut off before thine eyes;"
- e But thou hast heard my cry.
- 6 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
 How sweet thy smiling face,
 To those that fear thy Majesty,
 And trust thy promised grace.
- e 7 Oh love the Lord, all ye his saints,
 And sing his praises loud;
- He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
 And recompense the proud.

PSALM 31. v. 7—33, 11—21. *Second Part. C. M.**Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.*

- 1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,
 My God, my heavenly trust;
 Thou hast preserv'd me free from shame,
 Mine honor from the dust.
- u 2 "My life is spent with grief," I cried,
 "My years consum'd in groans,
 "My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
 And sorrow wastes my bones."
- a 3 Among mine enemies my name
 A proverb vile was grown,
 While to my neighbors I became
 Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear on every side,
 Seiz'd and beset me round:
 — I to thy throne of grace apply'd,
 And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

- 5 How great deliv'rance hast thou wrought
 Before the sons of men!
 The lying lips to silence brought,
 And made their boasting vain!
- 6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
 Shall thy pavilion hide,
 Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
 And crush the sons of pride.
- 7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
 Let me forever dwell;
 o No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
 Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32. S. M.

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

- e 1 **O**H blessed souls are they
 Whose sins are covered o'er;
 Divinely bless'd, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives without deceit
 Shall prove their faith sincere.

- a 3 While I conceal'd my guilt
 I felt the festering wound,
 — Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne:
 Our help, in times of deep distress,
 Is found in God alone.

PSALM 32. C. M.

Free Pardon and Sincere Obedience; or, Confession and Forgiveness.

- e 1 **H**OW bless'd the man to whom his God
 No more imputes his sin;
 But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
 Hath made his garments clean.
- 2 And bless'd beyond expression he,
 Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
 While from the guilty bondage free
 He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
 His words are all sincere;
 He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
 To keep his conscience clear.
- i 4 While I my inward guilt suppress'd
 No quiet could I find:
 Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
 And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
 My secret sins reveal'd;
 o Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
 Thy grace my pardon seal'd.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
 When, like a raging flood,
 Temptations rise, our strength and stay
 Is a forgiving God.

PSALM 32. First Part. L. M.

Repentance and free Pardon; or, Justification and Sanctification.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man, forever bless'd,
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 Before his judgment seat the Lord
 No more permits his crimes to rise;
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 And not on works but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
 His humble joy, his holy fear,
 With deep repentance well agree,
 And join to prove his faith sincere.

e 4 How glorious is that righteousness
 That hides and cancels all his sins!
 While a bright evidence of grace
 Through all his life appears and shines.

PSALM 32. *Second Part.* L. M.

A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Pardon.

i 1 **W**HILE I keep silence, and conceal
 My heavy guilt within my heart,
 What torments doth my conscience feel!
 What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
 And all my secret faults confess:

— Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
 e Thine holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
 Make swift addresses to thy seat:

a When floods of huge temptations roll,
 — There shall they find a bless'd retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,

a When days grow dark, and storms appear!
 — And when I walk, thy watchful eye
 Shall guide me safe from every snare.

PSALM 33. *First Part.* C. M.

Works of Creation and Providence.

e 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 This work belongs to you;
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
 How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
 Let heaven and earth proclaim;

— His works of nature and of grace
 Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His word, with energy divine,
 Those heavenly arches spread,
 Bade starry hosts around them shine,
 And light the heavens pervade.

- 4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep;
Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their station keep.
- a 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
- u He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM **33**. *Second part.* C. M.

Creatures Vain, and God All-sufficient.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.
- 2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed nor courage of a horse
Can his bold rider save.
- i 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
Nor springs our safety thence:
- o But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.
- i 5 God is their fear, and God their trust:
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.
- e 6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM **33**. As the 113th Psalm. *First Part.*

Works of Creation and Providence.

- e 1 **Y**E holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice:
Great is your theme, your songs be new;

Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

- 2 Behold, to earth's remotest ends,
His goodness flows, his truth extends;
His pow'r the heavenly arches spread;
- a His word, with energy divine,
- Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the circling heavens pervade.
- 3 His hand collects the flowing seas;
Those watery treasures know their place,
And fill the storehouse of the deep:
- u He spake, and gave all nature birth;
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.
- a 4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage;
- Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
- u But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM 33. As the 113th Psalm. *Second Part.*

Creatures Vain, and God All-sufficient.

- e 1 **O**H happy nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
- His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God, their Maker, is unknown.
- 2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed or courage of a horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.
- i 3 The arm of our almighty Lord
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threat'ning stand;
- o Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Our great Physician and our shield
Shall send salvation from his throne:

- We wait to see thy goodness shine;
 e Let us rejoice in help divine,
 For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM **34.** *First Part.* L. M.

God's Care of the Saints; or, Deliverance by Prayer.

- e 1 **L**ORD, I will bless thee all my days,
 Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue,
 My soul shall glory in thy grace,
 While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
 Let every heart exalt his name;
 I sought th' eternal God, and he
 Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- i 3 I told him all my secret grief,
 My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
 He gave my inward pains relief,
 And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
 With heavenly joy their faces shine,
 A beam of mercy from the skies
 Fills them with light and love divine.
- e 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
 Around the men that serve the Lord:
- O fear and love him, all his saints,
 Taste of his grace, and trust his word.
- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
 And hunger, roar through all the wood;
 e But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
 Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM **34.** v. 11—22. *Second Part.* L. M.

Religious Education; or, Instructions of Piety.

- 1 **C**HILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
 Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
 Attend the counsels of my tongue;
 Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,
 And peace to crown your mortal state,
 Restrain your feet from impious ways,
 Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
 His ears are open to their cries:
 He sets his frowning face against
 The sons of violence and lies.

- 4 To humble souls and broken hearts
 God with his grace is ever nigh:
 Pardon and hope his love imparts,
 When men in deep contrition lie.
- 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
 His Son redeems their souls from death,
 His Spirit heals their broken bones,
 His praise employs their tuneful breath.

PSALM 34. v 1—10. *First Part. C. M.*

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.

- 1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
 How good are all his ways!
 Ye humble souls that used to pray,
 Come help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honor of his name,
 How a poor sufferer cried;
 Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
 Nor was his suit deny'd.
- a 3 When threatening sorrows round me stood,
 And endless fears arose,
 Like the loud billows of a flood,
 Redoubling all my woes:
- i 4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
 With heavy groans and tears;
 — He gave my sharpest torments ease,
 And silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

- e 5 [O sinners, come and taste his love;
 Come learn his pleasant ways;
 And let your own experience prove
 The sweetness of his grace.
- 6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
 Round where his children dwell;
 What ills their heavenly care prevents
 No earthly tongue can tell.]
- e 7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
 His eye regards the just:
 How richly bless'd their portion is,
 Who make the Lord their trust!
- 8 Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, roar,
 And famish in the wood:
 e But God supplies his holy poor
 With every needful good.]

PSALM 34. v. 11—22. *Second Part. C. M.**Exhortation to Peace and Holiness.*

- 1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord;
 And, that your days be long,
 Let not a false or spiteful word
 Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practice love,
 Pursue the works of peace;
 So shall the Lord your ways approve,
 And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
 His ears attend their cry;
 When broken spirits dwell in dust,
 The God of grace is nigh.
- a 4 What tho' the sorrows here they taste
 Are sharp and tedious too,
 e The Lord, who saves them all at last,
 Is their supporter now.
- a 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
 But God secures his own,
 Prevents the mischief when they slide,
 Or heals the broken bone.
- i 6 When desolation, like a flood,
 O'er the proud sinner rolls,
 o Saints find a refuge in their God,
 For he redeem'd their souls.

PSALM 35. v. 12—14. C. M.

Love to enemies; or, the Love of Christ to Sinners, typified in David.

- i 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the generous love,
 That holy David shows;
 Behold his kind compassion move
 For his afflicted foes.
- 2 When they are sick his soul complains,
 And seems to feel the smart;
 The spirit of the gospel reigns,
 And melts his pious heart.
- i 3 How did his flowing tears condole
 As for a brother dead!
 And fasting, mortified his soul,
 While for their life he pray'd.
- 4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,
 i Yet still he pleads and mourns:

- And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.
- e 5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
- While Sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
i And pities them with tears.
- 6 He, the true David, Israel's King,
Bless'd and belov'd of God,
- u To save us rebels dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36. v. 5—9. L. M.

The Perfections and Providence of God; or, General Providence and Special Grace.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep,
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share,
The whole creation is thy charge,
e But saints are thy peculiar care.
- i 4 My God, how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs:
— The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
i There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM 36. v. 1, 2, 5—7, 9. C. M.

Practical Atheism exposed; or, God's Being and Attributes Asserted.

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
“Their thoughts believe there's none.”

- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
 (Whate'er their lips profess)
 God hath no wrath for them to fear,
 Nor will they seek his grace.
- a 3 How strange self-flattery blinds their eyes!
 u But there's a hastening hour,
 When they shall see with sore surprise,
 The terrors of thy power.
- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
 Though mountains melt away:
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,
 A deep, unfathom'd sea.
- 5 Above the heavens' created rounds,
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend:
 o Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
 Where time and nature end.
- 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
 Nor overlooks the beast:
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings
 Thy children choose to rest.
- i 7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low
 And mortal comforts die,
 e Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise our pleasures high.
- a 8 Though all created light decay,
 And death close up our eyes,
 e Thy presence makes eternal day,
 Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM 36. v. 1—7. S. M.

The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God; or, Practical Atheism exposed.

- 1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,
 My heart within me cries,
 "He hath no faith of God within,
 "Nor fear before his eyes."
- 2 [He walks awhile conceal'd
 In a self-flatt'ring dream,
 Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
 Expose his hateful name.]
- 3 His heart is false and foul,
 His words are smooth and fair:
 Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
 And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
 New mischief to fulfil,
 He sets his heart, and hands, and head
 To practise all that's ill.

a 5 But there's a dreadful God,
 Though men renounce his fear;
 His justice, hid behind the cloud,
 Shall one great day appear.

e 6 His truth transcends the sky,
 In heaven his mercies dwell;
 a Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
 a His anger burns to hell.

e 7 How excellent his love,
 Whence all our safety springs!
 i O never let my soul remove
 From underneath his wings.

PSALM 37. v. 1—15. *First Part. C. M.*

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness and Unbelief; or, the Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked.

i 1 **W**HY should I vex my soul, and fret
 To see the wicked rise?
 Or envy sinners, waxing great
 By violence and lies?

a 2 As flowery grass, cut down at noon,
 Before the evening fades,
 So shall their glories vanish soon,
 In everlasting shades.

—3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
 And practise all that's good;
 e So shall I dwell among the just,
 And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
 And cheerful wait his will;
 Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
 Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
 And make thy judgments known,
 Fair as the light of dawning day,
 o And glorious as the noon.

—6 The meek at last the earth possess,
 And are the heirs of heaven;
 True riches, with abundant peace,
 To humble souls are given.

PAUSE.

- 7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.
- 8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them; for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.
- 9 They have drawn out the threatening sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.
- 10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pierce their stubborn hearts.

PSALM 37. v. 16, 21, 26 — 31. *Second Part. C. M.**Charity to the Poor; or, Religion in Words and Deeds.*

- 1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Among the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.
- 4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide:
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.
- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd from every snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM 37. v. 23 — 37. *Third Part.* C. M.*The way and end of the Righteous and the Wicked.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will:
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtues he approves:
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feasts them now and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- e 4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

- 5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad:
- 6 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
a Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.
- 7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
e True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM 38. C. M.

*Guilt of Conscience and Relief; or, Repentance and Prayer
for Pardon and Health.*

- a 1 **A**MIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord:
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely press'd;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

- i 3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
u Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.
- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea
That sink my comforts down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.
- 5 Lord, I am weaken'd and dismay'd,
None of my powers are whole;
My wounds with piercing anguish bleed,
The anguish of my soul.
- 6 All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh and every groan
Is notic'd by thine ear.
- o 7 Thou art my God, my only hope:
My God will hear my cry;
My God will bear my spirit up
When Satan bids me die.
- 8 [My foes rejoice whene'er I slide,
To see my virtue fail;
They raise their pleasure and their pride
Whene'er their wiles prevail.
- a 9 But I'll confess my guilty ways,
And grieve for all my sin;
u I'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace,
And beg support divine.
- i 10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh:
O Lord of my salvation, haste
Before thy servant die.]

PSALM 39. v. 1—3. *First Part.* C. M.

Watchfulness over the Tongue; or, Prudence and Zeal

- 1 **T**HUS I resolved before the Lord:
“Now will I watch my tongue;
“Lest I let slip one sinful word,
“Or do my neighbor wrong.”
- 2 Whene'er constrain'd awhile to stay
With men of lives profane,
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel,
 Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.

e 4 Yet, if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be overaw'd,
 o But let the scoffing sinners hear
 That I can speak for God.

PSALM 39. v. 4—7. *Second Part. C. M.*

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame:
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

a 2 A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time;
 Man is but vanity and dust,
 In all his flower and prime.

i 3 See the vain race of mortals move,
 Like shadows o'er the plain:
 e They rage and strive, desire and love,
 — But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
 Some dig for golden ore;
 They toil for heirs they know not who,
 And straight are seen no more.

i 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
 From creatures, earth, and dust?
 a They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.

—6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desires recall;
 I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all.

PSALM 39. v. 9—13. *Third Part. C. M.*

Sick-bed Devotion; or, Pleading without Repining.

u 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
 Behold the pains I feel:
 i But I am dumb before thy throne,
 Nor dare dispute thy will.

—2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
 They come at thy command;

- I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against thy chastening hand.
- a 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.
- u 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were:
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I thy summons hear!
- 6 But if my life be spar'd awhile
Before my last remove,
o Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM 40. v. 1—3, 5, 17. *First Part. C. M.*

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress

- i 1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- e 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand
In a new thankful song.
- o 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- i 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words, nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,

- o My God beholds my heavy wo,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 40. v. 6—9. *Second Part. C. M.*

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord; "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt-offerings o'er;
"In dying goats and bullocks slain
"My soul delights no more."
2 Then spake the Saviour; Lo, I'm here,
"My God, to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
"Thy servant shall fulfil.
3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
"I keep it near my heart;
"Mine ears are open'd with delight
"To what thy lips impart."
4 And see! the bless'd Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.
5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he show'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.
6 His Father's honor touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

- 7 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.
8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook;
Thus, by the woman's promis'd seed,
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM 40. v. 5—10. *L. M.*

Christ our Sacrifice.

- 1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.
- 3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy designs he bows his ears;
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 "Behold I come," (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes,)
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of sins, and do thy will, my God.
- 5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
"I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
"And, lo! thy law is in my heart.
- 6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my cross I'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the sky.
- 7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
"What thou hast done and what I do;
"The wondering world shall learn thy grace
"And all creation tune thy praise."

PSALM 41. v. 1—3. L. M.

Charity to the Poor; or, Pity to the Afflicted.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man, whose breast can move
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

PSALM 42. v. 1—9. C. M.

Desertion and Hope; or, complaint of Absence from Public Worship.

i 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,
 i My God, to thee I look;
 — So pants the hunted hart to find
 And taste the cooling brook.

i 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
 And meet my God again?

a So long an absence from thy face
 My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
 And tears are my repast;
 — The foe insults without control;
 “And where’s your God at last?”

u 4 ’Tis with a mournful pleasure now
 I think on ancient days;
 Then to thy house did numbers go,
 And all our work was praise.

i 5 But why, my soul, sink down so far
 Beneath this heavy load!
 My spirits, why indulge despair,
 And sin against my God!

—6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
 Can all thy woes remove;
 o For I shall yet before him stand,
 And sing restoring love.

PSALM 42. v. 6—11. L. M.

Melancholy Thoughts reprov'd; or, Hope in Affliction.

u 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord,
 — But I will call thy name to mind,
 And times of past distress record,
 When I have found my God was kind.

i 2 Huge troubles with tumultuous noise,
 Swell, like a sea, and round me spread;
 The rising waves drown all my joys,
 And roll tremendous o’er my head.

—3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
 When I address his throne by day;
 Nor in the night his grace remove;
 The night shall hear me sing and pray.

i 4 I’ll cast myself before his feet,
 — And say, “My God, my heavenly rock,

- u "Why doth thy love so long forget
 "The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"
- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
 i Why should my soul indulge her grief?
 e Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
 He is my rest, my sure relief.
- o 6 My God, my most exceeding joy,
 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
 Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
 And lead me to thine heavenly hill.

PSALM 43. C. M.

Safety in Divine Protection.

- 1 JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause
 Against a sinful race;
 From vile oppression and deceit
 Secure me by thy grace.
- 2 On thee my steadfast hope depends;
 And am I left to mourn?
 To sink in sorrows, and in vain
 Implore thy kind return?
- 3 O send thy light to guide my feet,
 And bid thy truth appear;
 Conduct me to thy holy hill,
 To taste thy mercies there.
- 4 Then to thy altar, O my God,
 My joyful feet shall rise,
 And my triumphant songs shall praise
 The God that rules the skies.
- 5 Sink not, my soul, beneath thy fear,
 Nor yield to weak despair;
 For I shall live to praise the Lord,
 And bless his guardian care.

PSALM 44. v. 1—3, 8, 15, 26. C. M.

The Church's complaint in Persecution.

- 1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
 Thy works of power and grace,
 When to our ears our fathers told
 The wonders of their days.
- 2 They saw thy beauteous churches rise,
 The spreading gospel run;
 o While light and glory from the skies
 Through all their temples shone.

- e 3 In God they boasted all the day,
 And in a cheerful throng
 Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
 And grace was all their song.
- i 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
 Confusion fills our face,
 To hear the enemy blaspheme,
 And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
 Nor falsely dealt with heaven,
 Nor have our steps declin'd the road
 Of duty thou hast given.
- a 6 Though dragons all around us roar
 With their destructive breath,
 And thine own hand has bruised us sore,
 Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

- 7 We are expos'd all day to die,
 As martyrs for thy name;
 As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,
 And wait the kindling flame.
- 8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
 Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
 Why should we seem like men abhorr'd,
 Or banish'd from thy face?
- 9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
 And still neglect our cries?
 For ever hide thine heavenly love
 From our afflicted eyes?
- u 10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
 And dies upon the ground;
 — Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
 And all their powers confound.
- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
 Our Saviour and our God:
 We plead the honors of thy name,
 The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45. S. M.

*The Glory of Christ; the Success of the Gospel, and the
 Gentile Church.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,
 Thy beauties are divine;
 Thy lips with blessings overflow,
 And every grace is thine.

- o 2 Now make thy glory know,
 — Gird on thy dreadful sword,
 And ride in majesty to spread
 The conquests of thy word.
- 3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
 i Or make their hearts obey,
 — While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
 Attend thy glorious way.
- e 4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
 Thy throne shall ever stand;
 And thy victorious gospel prove
 A sceptre in thy hand.
- i 5 [Thy Father, and thy God,
 — Hath, without measure, shed
 His Spirit, like a grateful oil,
 T' anoint thy sacred head.]
- i 6 [Behold at thy right hand
 The Gentile church is seen,
 A beauteous bride, in rich attire,
 — And princes guard the queen.]
- 7 Fair bride, receive his love,
 Forget thy Father's house:
 Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
 And pay the Lord thy vows.
- e 8 O let thy God and King
 Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
 o Thy children shall his honor sing,
 And taste the heavenly joy.

PSALM 45. C. M.

The personal Glories and Government of Christ.

- 1 I'LL speak the honors of my King,
 His form divinely fair;
 None of the sons of mortal race
 May with the Lord compare.
- y 2 Sweet is thy speech; and heavenly grace
 Upon thy lips is shed:
 — Thy God with blessings infinite
 Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- w 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
 Ride with majestic sway;
 Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
 And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
 Thy word of grace shall prove
 A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
 To rule thy saints by love.

—5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
 i But mercy is thy choice;
 e And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
 With most peculiar joys.

PSALM 45. *First Part.* L. M.

The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing
 i The glories of my Saviour King,
 e Jesus, the Lord; how heavenly fair
 His form! how bright his beauties are!

—2 O'er all the sons of human race
 He shines with far superior grace;
 e Love from his lips divinely flows,
 And blessings all his state compose.

u 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord;
 Gird on the terror of thy sword:
 In majesty and glory ride,
 With truth and meekness at thy side.

a 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
 Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
 i Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
 Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

u 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands:
 Thy laws and works are just and right,
 But grace and justice thy delight.

—6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
 His oil of gladness on thy head;
 o And with his sacred Spirit bless'd
 His first-born Son above the rest.

PSALM 45. *Second Part.* L. M.

Christ and his Church; or, the mystical Marriage.

i 1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,
 e Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations to his love.

u 2 At his right hand our eyes behold
 The queen, array'd in purest gold;

- The world admires her heavenly dress;
Her robes of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne;
- u Fair stranger, let thine heart forget,
The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- y 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train,)
Each, like a prince, in glory reign.
- u 6 Let endless honors crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
- While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM 46. *First Part.* L. M.

The Church's safety and triumph among the national Desolations.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- o 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- o 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
i In sacred peace our souls abide,
— While every nation, every shore,
i Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- a 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God!
- u Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- u 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;

Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

PSALM 46. *Second Part.* L. M.

God fights for his Church.

- e 1 **L**ET Zion in her King rejoice,
u Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise
i He utters his almighty voice,
i The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- e 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
i Behold the works his hand has wrought,
i What desolations he has made.
- e 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
u When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- y 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;
u Let earth in silent wonder hear
The sound and glory of his name.
- u 5 "Be still, and learn that I am God;
"I reign exalted o'er the lands;
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But still my throne in Zion stands."
- a 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
i While we so near thy presence dwell,
— Our faith shall sit secure and sing,
o Nor fear the raging powers of hell.

PSALM 47. L. M.

Christ Ascending and Reigning.

- e 1 **O**FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- o 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honors sing:
O'er all the earth he reigns.

- a 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
 Let knowledge guide the song;
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
 He lov'd that chosen race;
- o But now he calls the world his own,
 And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The gentile nations are the Lord's,
 There Abraham's God is known:
- u While powers and princes, shields and swords,
 Submit before his throne.

PSALM 48. v. 1—3. *First Part. S. M.*
The Church is the Honor and Safety of a Nation.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
 G And let his praise be great,
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.
- y 2 [These temples of his grace,
 How beautiful they stand!
- The honors of our native place,
 o And bulwarks of our land.]
- 3 In Zion God is known
 A refuge in distress;
- a How bright has his salvation shone,
 How fair his heavenly grace!
- 4 When kings against her join'd
 And saw the Lord was there,
 In wild confusion of the mind
- o They fled with hasty fear.
- a 5 When navies, tall and proud,
 Attempt to spoil our peace,
- o He sends his tempest, roaring loud,
 And sinks them in the seas.
- 6 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where his own flocks have been.
- 7 In every new distress
 We'll to his house repair,
 Recall to mind his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliverance there.

PSALM 48. v. 10—14. *Second Part.* S. M.*The Beauty of the Church; or, Gospel Worship and Order.*

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known
 The world declares thy praise;
 Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
 Their songs of honor raise.
- e 2 With joy thy people stand
 On Zion's chosen hill,
- o Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
 And counsels of thy will.
- a 3 Let strangers walk around
 The city where we dwell,
 Compass and view thine holy ground,
 And mark the building well:
- i 4 The orders of thy house,
 The worship of thy court,
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
 — And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise!
 How glorious to behold!
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorn'd with gold.
- e 6 The God we worship now,
 Will guide us till we die;
 Will be our God while here below,
 And ours above the sky.

PSALM 49. v. 6—14. *First Part.* C. M.*Pride and Death; or, the Vanity of Life and Riches.*

- 1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow
 To insolence and pride,
 To see his wealth and honors flow
 With every rising tide?
- 2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
 Made of the self same clay;
 And boast, as though his flesh were born
 Of better dust than they?]
- 3 Not all his treasures can procure
 His soul a short reprieve,
 Redeem from death one guilty hour,
 Or make his brother live.
- 4 [Eternal life can ne'er be sold,
 The ransom is too high:

Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride.
"My house shall ever stand;
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

a 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost;
How soon his mem'ry dies!
— His name is buried in the dust
Where his own body lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9 Men, void of wisdom and of grace,
Though honor raise them high,
a Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
a And like the beast they die.

10 [Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death triumphs o'er them there,
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
And wakes them in despair.]

PSALM 49. v. 14—15. *Second Part. C. M.*

Death and the Resurrection.

1 **Y**E sons of pride, that hate the just,
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust
u Your pomp shall rise no more.

e 2 The last great day shall change the scene;
i When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here?

—3 God will my naked soul receive,
Call'd from the world away,
o And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my mouldering clay.

- y 4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
 Th' inheritance is sure;
 — Let men of pride their rage resume,
 i But I'll repine no more.

PSALM 49. L. M.

The Rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

- 1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,
 And boast the large estates they have?
 How vain are riches to secure
 Their haughty owners from the grave!
- 2 They can't redeem an hour from death
 With all the wealth in which they trust;
 Nor give a dying brother breath
 When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
 Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
 That flesh so delicately fed
 Lies cold and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
 And leaves his glories in the tomb:
 e The saints shall in the morning rise
 And hear th' oppressor's awful doom.
- a 5 His honors perish in the dust,
 And pomp and beauty, birth and blood;
 e That glorious day exalts the just
 To full dominion o'er the proud.
- o 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
 And raise me from my dark abode;
 My flesh and soul shall part no more,
 But dwell forever near my God.

PSALM 50. v. 1—6. First Part. C. M.

The last Judgment; or, the Saints Rewarded.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
 The nations near the rising sun,
 And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
 "Judgment will ne'er begin;"
 No more abuse his long delay
 To impudence and sin.
- u 3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come:
 Bright flames prepare his way;

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

- 4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
u And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

- 5 “But gather all my saints, (he cries,)
“That made their peace with God,
“By the Redeemer’s sacrifice,
“And sealed it with his blood.

- 6 “Their faith and works, brought forth to light
“Shall make the world confess
“My sentence of reward is right,
“And heaven adore my grace.”

PSALM 50. v. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.

Second Part. C. M.

Obedience is better than Sacrifices.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord; “The spacious fields
“And flocks and herds are mine;
“O’er all the cattle of the hills
“I claim a right divine.
- 2 “I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
“Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
“To hope and love, to pray and praise,
“Is all that I require.
- 3 “Invoke my name when trouble’s near,
“My hand shall set thee free:
“Then shall thy thankful lips declare
“The honor due to me.
- 4 “The man that offers humble praise,
“Declares my glory best;
“And those that tread my holy ways,
“Shall my salvation taste.”

PSALM 50. v. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *Third Part. C. M.*

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

- 1 **W**HEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround the Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.
- 2 “Not for the want of bullocks slain
“Will I the world reprove;
“Altars, and rites, and forms are vain
“Without the fire of love.

- 3 "And what have hypocrites to do
 "To bring their sacrifice?
 "They call my statutes just and true,
 "But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight
 "And sin without control?
 "But I shall bring your crimes to light,
 "With anguish in your soul."
- a 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
 Before his wrath appear;
 a If once you fall beneath his sword,
 There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM 50. L. M.

Hypocrisy exposed.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their hope in rites and forms,
 But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name,
 With lips of falsehood and deceit;
 A friend or brother they defame,
 And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbors wrong,
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's face:
 They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
 Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood:
 By night they practise every sin,
 By day their mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his judgments long delay,
 They grow secure and sin the more;
 They think he sleeps as well as they,
 And put far off the dreadful hour.
- a 6 Oh dreadful hour! when God draws near,
 And sets their crimes before their eyes!
 His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
 And no deliverer dare to rise.

PSALM 50. To a new tune.

The last Judgment.

THE Lord, the sov'reign, sends his summons
 forth,
 Calls the south nations, and awakes the north.

From east to west the sounding orders spread
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead.
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day.

2 Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky;
Heaven, earth and hell, draw near; let all things
come

To hear his justice and the sinner's doom;
But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands,)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd by all their names, the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new:
There's no distinction here, prepare the thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

4 I, the almighty Saviour, and their God,
I am their Judge; ye heavens proclaim abroad
My just, eternal sentence, and declare,
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flame of love; in vain the store
Of brutal offerings that were mine before:
Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they
feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or taste the victim's blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'rings, and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7 Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to
please

A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit and dost thy brother wrong,
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited, with long-suffering love;
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?

And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the Righteous would indulge thy sin?
Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works
amend,

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend,
Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

PSALM 50. To the old proper tune.

The last Judgment.

1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations and awakes the north:
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead.
*The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!
Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh:
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
*When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

3 "Heaven, earth and hell, draw near; let all
things come
"To hear my justice and the sinner's doom;
"But gather first my saints, the Judge commands,
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
*When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*

4 "Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,
"Seal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood;
"And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the
Jew,
"That paid the ancient worship or the new.
*There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoicēs.*

5 "Here, (saith the Lord,) ye angels, spread their
thrones.
"And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons:
"Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
"Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward.

*When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6 "I am the Saviour; I th' almighty God,
"The sovereign Judge: ye heavens proclaim abroad
"My just, eternal sentence, and declare
"Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear.
*When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane;
"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings
vain:
"Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in saint's attire,
"I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire.
*Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
"Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
"Without the flame of love; in vain the store
"Of brutal offerings that were mine before.
*Earth is the Lord's; all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
"When did I thirst or drink thy bullock's blood?
"Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
"Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they
feed.
*All is the Lord's; he rules the wide creation;
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.*

10 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
"Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
"Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
"Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?
*God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to
please
"A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
"While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
"Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong.
*Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends:
 "Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends:
 "While the false flatt'rer at mine altar waits,
 "His harden'd soul divine instruction hates.
*God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

13 "Silent I waited with long-suffering love;
 "But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
 "And cherish such an impious thought within,
 "That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?
*See, God appears, all nations join to adore him;
 Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.*

14 "Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
 "And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul:
 "Now, like a lion, shall my vengeance tear
 Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near.
*Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heaven rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

Epiphonema.

15 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
 Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works
 amend,
 Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.
*Then join, ye saints, wake every cheerful passion;
 When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.*

PSALM 51. First Part. L. M.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

u 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
 i Let a repenting rebel live:
 i Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?

—2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;

v Great God, thy nature hath no bound;
 — So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 v Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.

a 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

- o 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 i I must pronounce thee just in death;
 a And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
 i 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 — Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
 e Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

PSALM 51. *Second Part.* L. M.

Original and actual Sin confessed.

- i 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
 The seeds of sin grow up for death;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart;
 But we're defiled in every part.
 3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
 And form my spirit pure and true;
 Oh make me wise betimes, to spy
 My danger and my remedy.]
 4 Behold I fall before thy face,
 My only refuge is thy grace:
 No outward forms can make me clean;
 The leprosy lies deep within.
 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
 Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
 Can wash the dismal stain away.
 —6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
 Hath power sufficient to atone;
 e Thy blood can make me white as snow:
 No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
 a 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
 Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease:
 Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
 And make my broken heart rejoice.

PSALM 51. *Third Part.* L. M.

The Backslider restored; or, Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

- i 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their memory from thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- a 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
— Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- a 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
— Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
e The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- u 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways:
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
e I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
o Salvation shall be all my song;
y And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

PSALM 51. v. 3—13. *First Part.* C. M.

Original and actual Sin confessed and pardoned.

- 1 **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
a Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!
- 2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.
- 3 I from the stock of Adam came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath;

And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.

i 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
Oh make my broken spirit whole;
And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.

e 7 Then will I make thy mercy known.
Before the sons of men;
o Backsliders shall address thy throne
And turn to God again.

PSALM 51. v. 14 — 17. *Second Part.* C. M

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

i 1 **O** GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

—2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
e Then my rejoicing tongue
o Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

i 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
o The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

—4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM 52. C. M.

The Disappointment of the Wicked.

u 1 **W**HY should the mighty make their boast
And heavenly grace despise?

— In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.

2 But God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

u 3 But like a cultur'd olive grove,
Dress'd in immortal green,
Thy children, blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.

y 4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy saints shall rest secure,
And all who trust thy holy word,
Shall find salvation sure.

PSALM 52. L. M.

The Folly of Self-dependence.

- 1 **W**HY should the haughty hero boast
His vengeful arm, his warlike host?
While blood defiles his cruel hand,
And desolation wastes the land.
- 2 He joys to hear the captive's cry,
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh,
And when the wearied sword would spare,
His falsehood spreads the fatal share.
- 3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,
And arms with rage his impious tongue:
With pride proclaims his dreadful power,
And bids the trembling world adore.
- o 4 But God beholds, and with a frown
Casts to the dust his honors down;
— The righteous freed, their hopes recall,
And hail the proud oppressor's fall.
- 5 How long th' insulting tyrant lies,
Who dar'd the eternal Power despise;
And vainly deem'd with envious joy,
His arm almighty to destroy.
- o 6 We praise thee, Lord, who heard our cries,
And sent salvation from the skies;
— The saints who saw our mournful days,
Shall join our grateful songs of praise.

PSALM 53. v. 4 — 6. C. M.

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus destroy her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?
- 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's avenging arm
Shall crush the hand that dares arise
To do his children harm.

- 3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.
- 4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Thy joyful saints thy praise shall sing,
And Israel weep no more.

PSALM 54. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne ascend,
Cast thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.
- 2 For slaughtering foes insult us round,
Oppressive, proud, and vain;
They cast thy temples to the ground,
And all our rites profane.
- 3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in thy power rejoice;
Thine arm shall crush our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.
- 4 Be thou with those whose friendly hand
Upheld us in distress;
Extend thy truth through every land,
And still thy people bless.

PSALM 55. v. 1--8. 16--18, 22. C. M.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

- 1 **O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.
- 2 Their rage is levell'd at my life;
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.
- 3 What inward pains my heart-strings wound!
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round,
Among the shades of death.
- i 4 Oh, were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
— I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

a 5 Let me to some wild desert go,
 And find a peaceful home,
 Where storms of malice never blow,
 Temptations never come.

—6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
 a To 'scape the rage of hell!
 — The mighty God, on whom I call,
 Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

e 7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
 At noon repeat my cry;
 The night shall hear me ask his grace,
 Nor will he long deny.

o 8 God shall preserve my soul from fears
 Or shield me when afraid;
 Ten thousand angels must appear,
 If he command their aid.

—9 I cast my burdens on the Lord;
 The Lord sustains them all;
 My courage rests upon his word,
 That saints shall never fall.

e 10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
 My lips shall spread his praise;
 a While cruel and deceitful men
 Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM 55. v 15—17, 19, 22. S. M.

i 1 **L**ET sinners take their course,
 And choose the road to death;
 — But in the worship of my God
 I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
 When morning brings the light;
 I seek his blessing every noon,
 And pay my vows at night.

e 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God,
 a While sinners perish in surprise,
 Beneath thine angry rod.

u 4 Because they dwell at ease,
 And no sad changes feel,
 They neither fear, nor trust thy name,
 Nor learn to do thy will.

- 5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm
And rest upon his word.
- e 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love:
- u The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

PSALM 56. C. M.

*Deliverance from oppression and Falsehood; or, God's
Care of his people, in answer to Faith and Prayer.*

- a 1 **O** THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.
- 2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.
- 3 In God, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.
- 4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
For mischiefs all their counsels fill
And malice all their thoughts.
- 5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
Oh cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand.

PAUSE.

- 6 God sees the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thy mercy counts my just complaints,
And numbers all my tears.
- 7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
- e So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.
- 8 In thee, most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
 Thou shalt receive my praise;
 I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word!
 "How righteous all thy ways!"

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;
 i O set thy pris'ner free,
 e That heart and hand, and life and breath,
 May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM 57. L. M.

Praise for Protection; Grace and Truth.

1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs
 i Of boundless love and grace unknown,
 Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
 Till the dark cloud is overblown.

—2 Up to the heavens I send my cry;
 The Lord will my desires perform:
 e He sends his angel from the sky,
 And saves me from the threatening storm.

o 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heavens where angels dwell;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

—4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
 Immortal honors to thy name;
 o Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise;
 My tongue the glory of my frame.

u 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
 And reaches to the utmost sky;
 His truth to endless years remains,
 When lower worlds dissolve and die.

y 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heavens, where angels dwell:
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM 58. As the 113th Psalm.

Warning to Magistrates.

1 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,
 Will ye despise the righteous cause?
 When vile oppression wastes the land,
 Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
 And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
 While gold and greatness bribe your hand?

- 2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
- u High in the heavens his justice reigns,
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.
- a 3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds;
You hear no counsels, cries, nor tears,
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of charming sounds.
- 4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
Those teeth of lions, dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.
- e 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky;
— Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run;
- i Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time;
Vain births, that never see the sun.
- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford;
— And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their sufferings well repay.

PSALM 59. S. M.

Prayer for National Deliverance.

- 1 **F**ROM foes, that round us rise,
O God of heaven, defend;
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
And with thy saints contend.
- 2 Behold, from distant shores,
And desert wilds they come,
Combine for blood their barb'rous force,
And through thy cities roam.
- 3 Beneath the silent shade,
Their secret plots they lay;
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.

- 4 And will the God of grace,
 Regardless of our pain,
 Permit, secure, that impious race
 To riot in their reign?
- 5 In vain their secret guile,
 Or open force they prove;
 His eye can pierce the deepest veil,
 His hand their strength remove.
- 6 Yet save them, Lord, from death,
 Lest we forget their doom;
 But drive them, with thine angry breath,
 Through distant lands to roam.
- 7 Then shall our grateful voice
 Proclaim our guardian God;
 The nations round the earth rejoice,
 And sound thy praise abroad.

PSALM 60. C. M.

Looking to God in the Distress of War.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast scourg'd our guilty land,
 Behold thy people mourn;
 Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
 And mercy ne'er return?
- 2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye
 Earth's haughty towers decay;
 Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
 And mortals melt away.
- u 3 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
 And dreads thy lifted hand;
 Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
 And save the sinking land.
- e 4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
 For those that fear thy name:
 o From barb'rous hosts our nation shield,
 And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Attend our armies to the fight,
 And be their guardian God:
 In vain shall numerous powers unite
 Against thy lifted rod.
- e 6 Our troops beneath thy guiding hand,
 Shall gain a glad renown;
 u 'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
 And treads the mighty down.

PSALM 61. v. 1—6. S. M.

Safety in God.

u 1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies,
 Helpless and far from all relief,
 To heaven I lift mine eyes.

i 2 Oh lead me to the Rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.

—3 Within thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide;
 Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

e 4 Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear thy name;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

PSALM 62. v. 5—12. L. M.

No Trust in the Creature; or, Faith in Divine Grace and Power.

1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone,
 My rock and refuge is his throne;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before his face,
 i When helpers fail, and foes invade,
 o God is our all-sufficient aid.

a 3 False are the men of high degree,
 The baser sort are vanity;
 Laid in the balance, both appear
 Light as a puff of empty air.

—4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
 Nor set your hearts on glittering dust:
 Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
 And not believe what God has spoke?

a 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
 Once and again my ears have heard,
 e "All power is his eternal due;
 "He must be feared and trusted too."

—6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
 Grace is a partner of the throne:

Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM 63. v. 1—5. *First Part.* C. M.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

e 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without thy cheering grace.

i 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

u 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;

e My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

—4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

e 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions, move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

y 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;

— Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
e And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63. v. 6—10. C. M.

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

i 1 **T**WAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power;
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed;
My soul arose on high;

— “My God, my life, my hope,” I said,
“Bring thy salvation nigh.”

3 My spirit labors up thine hill,
And climbs the heavenly road;

e But thy right hand upholds me still
While I pursue my God.

- 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings:
o My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.
- 5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.
- a 6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or in the deeps of hell.

PSALM 63. L. M.

Longing after God; or, the Love of God better than Life

- i 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim;
— Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me bless'd.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise;
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- i 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- e 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face:
— Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sovereign grace.
- e 5 Nor fruits, nor wines, that tempt our taste,
No pleasures that to sense belong,
Could make me so divinely bless'd,
Or raise so high my cheerful song.
- 6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste or pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
e One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

- y 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

PSALM 63. S. M.

Seeking God.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail,
To taste thy love divine.
- a 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore:
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 4 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- e 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live,
Not the rich dainties of a feast,
Such food or pleasure give.
- i 6 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.
- e 8 The shadow of thy wings,
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM 64. L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping spirit faint;
When foes in secret spread the snare,
Let my salvation be thy care.

- 2 Shield me without, and guard within,
From treacherous foes and deadly sin:
May envy, lust, and pride depart,
And heavenly grace expand my heart.
- 3 Thy justice and thy power display,
And scatter far thy foes away;
While listening nations learn thy word,
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.
- 4 Then shall thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love thy name rejoice;
By faith approach thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of thy Son.

PSALM 65. v. 1—5. *First Part.* L. M.

Public Prayer and Praise.

- 1 **T**HE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.
- 2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies,
To save, when humble sinners pray;
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And every yielding heart obey.
- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,
— But grace shall purge away the stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.
- 4 Bless'd is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

- 5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
Babel prepare for long distress,
When Zion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.
- 6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.
- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM 65. v. 5—13. *Second Part. L. M.*

Divine Providence in Air, Earth, and Sea; or, the God of Nature and Grace.

- 1 **T**HE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.
- 2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.
- 3 Sailors that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the wind, and loud as waves.
- 5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.
- 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
- 7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day:
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and dress'd in flowers.
- 9 'Tis from his watery stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the valleys yield:
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.
- 11 The pastures smile in green array;
There lambs and larger cattle play;

The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each, in his language, speaks thy name.

- 12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year!

PSALM 65. *First Part.* C. M.

A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

- 1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee;
There shall our vows be paid;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- a 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
— But pard'ning grace is thine;
e And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.
- 3 Bless'd are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.
- a 4 In answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness,
— Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wandering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
e And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.
- u 6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
e But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM 65. *Second Part.* C. M.

The Providence of God, in Air, Earth, and Sea; or, the Blessings of Rain.

- '1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- e 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

- 3 Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
Whose watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- e 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65. *Third Part.* C. M.*The blessings of the Spring; or, God gives Rain.**A psalm for the husbandman.*

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at his command,
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills, on every side,
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dress'd in beauteous pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The barren clouds refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How beauteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM 66. *First Part.* C. M.*Governing Power and Goodness; or, our Grace tried by afflictions.*

- y 1 **S**ING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honors and your joys.

—2 Say to the Power that form'd the sky,
 i "How terrible art thou!
 "Sinners before thy presence fly,
 "Or at thy feet they bow."

3 [Come, see the wonders of our God;
 How glorious are his ways!
 In Moses' hand he put the rod,
 And clave the frightened seas.

—4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
 While Israel pass'd the flood;
 e There did the church begin their joy,
 And triumph in their God.]

u 5 He rules by his resistless might;
 a Will rebel mortals dare
 Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
 And tempt that dreadful war?

e 6 O bless our God, and never cease;
 Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways.

—7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls
 To make our graces shine;
 So silver bears the burning coals,
 The metal to refine.

u 8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways
 We march at thy command,
 Led to possess the promis'd place
 By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 66. v. 13—20. *Second Part. C. M.*
Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid
 To that almighty Power,
 That heard the low request I made
 In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
 To make his mercies known:
 Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
 The wonders he has done.

u 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
 I sought the heavenly aid;
 He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
 And death's eternal shade.

a 4 If sin lay covered in my heart
 While prayer employ'd my tongue,

The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

- e 5 But God, (his name be ever bless'd,)
Has set my spirit free;
— Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM 67. - C. M.

The Nation's Prosperity and the Church's Increase.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace :
a Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 [Amidst our realm, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.]
- i 3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad ?
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God ?
- e 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
o Sing loud with solemn voice ;
y Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.
- u 5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
In wisdom rules the worlds he made,
And bids them taste his love.
- 6 Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield a full increase :
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.
- e 7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favors here,
u While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68. v. 1 — 6, 32 — 35. First Part. L. M.

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

- 1 LET God arise in all his might,
L And put the troops of hell to flight ;
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.

- a 2 [He comes, array'd in burning flames;
Justice and Vengeance are his names:
i Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]
- u 3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high:
y Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.
- i 4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
a But rebels that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
o Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers rehearse,
His honors shall enrich your verse.
- u 7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms;
— In Israel are his mercies known;
Israel is his peculiar throne.
- e 8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him bless'd;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
u When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

PSALM 68. v. 17, 18. *Second Part.* L. M.

Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- u 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law;
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- e 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

- y 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
 He sent his promis'd Spirit down
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 u That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 68. v. 19, 9, 20—22. *Third Part. L. M.*
Praise for temporal Blessings; or, common and special
Mercies.

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good,
 Who fills our hearts with heavenly food,
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,
 And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
 To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
 He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
 Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
 And all our near escapes from death:
 Safety and health to God belong;
 He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
 The common blessings of his love;
 a But the wide difference that remains,
 a Is endless joy, or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
 On all the serpent's seed shall tread!
 The stubborn sinner's heart confound,
 And smite him with a lasting wound.
- o 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
 From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
 And bring them to his courts above;
 There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM 69. v. 1—14. *First Part. C. M.*
The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.

- 1 " **S**AVE me, O God, the swelling floods
 " Break in upon my soul:
 " I sink, and sorrows o'er my head,
 " Like mighty waters, roll.
- 2 " I cry till all my voice be gone;
 " In tears I waste the day:
 " My God, behold my longing eyes,
 " And shorten thy delay.
- 3 " They hate my soul without a cause,
 " And still their number grows;

- "More than the hairs around my head,
 "And mighty are my foes.
 4 " 'Twas then I paid the dreadful debt
 "That men could never pay,
 "And gave those honors to thy law,
 "Which sinners took away."
 5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
 The royal prophet mourns;
 Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
 And gives us joy by turns.
 6 "Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
 "Salvation in my name;
 "For I have borne their heavy load
 "Of sorrow, pain, and shame.
 7 "Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round,
 "And sackcloth was my dress,
 "While I procur'd for naked souls,
 "A robe of righteousness.
 8 "Among my brethren and the Jews,
 "I, like a stranger, stood,
 "And bore their vile reproach, to bring
 "The Gentiles near to God.
 9 "I came in sinful mortals' stead,
 "To do my Father's will:
 "Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,
 "They scandaliz'd my zeal.
 10 "My fastings and my holy groans
 "Were made the drunkard's song:
 "But God, from his celestial throne,
 "Heard my complaining tongue.
 11 "He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
 "Where fears beset me round;
 "He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
 "On well establish'd ground.
 12 " 'Twas in a most accepted hour,
 "My prayer arose on high;
 "And for my sake my God shall hear
 "The dying sinner's cry."

PSALM 69. v. 14, 21, 26, 29, 32. *Second Part. C. M.*

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW let our lips, with holy fear
 And mournful pleasure, sing
 The sufferings of our great High Priest,
 The sorrows of our King.

- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress,
How high the waters rise!
While to his heavenly Father's ear,
He sends perpetual cries.
- 3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
"Nor hide thy shining face,
"Why should thy Favorite look like one
"Forsaken of thy grace?
- 4 "With rage they persecute the man
"That groans beneath thy wound,
"While, for a sacrifice, I pour
"My life upon the ground.
- 5 "They tread my honor to the dust,
"And laugh when I complain;
"Their sharp, insulting slanders add
"Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 "All my reproach is known to thee,
"The scandal and the shame;
"Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
"And lies defil'd my name.
- 7 "I look'd for pity, but in vain;
"My kindred are my grief;
"I ask my friends for comfort round,
"But meet with no relief.
- 8 "With vinegar they mock my thirst,
"They give me gall for food;
"And sporting with my dying groans,
"They triumph in my blood.
- 9 "Shine into my distressed soul,
"Let thy compassion save;
"And, though my flesh sink down to death,
"Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 "I shall arise to praise thy name,
"Shall reign in worlds unknown;
"And thy salvation, O my God,
"Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM **69.** *Third Part.* C. M.

Christ's Obedience and Death; or, God glorified and Sinners saved.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He brought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

- e 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.
- e 4 This shall his humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest;
— They, by his death, draw near to thee,
And live for ever bless'd.
- y 5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.
- u 6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Israel waits.

PSALM 69. *First Part.* L. M.

Christ's Passion, and Sinners' Salvation.

- a 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record,
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
a Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his holy soul.
- a 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
— While hosts of hell, and powers of death
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.
- e 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
— Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for crimes which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honors of thy law restor'd;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
- u 5 Oh for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
e The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM 69. v. 7, &c. Second Part. L. M.

Christ's Sufferings and Zeal.

- 1 **I** WAS for our sake, eternal God,
 Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
 Of base reproach, and sore disgrace,
 While shame deni'd his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
 Abus'd the man that check'd their sin;
 While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
 They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 ["My Father's house," said he, "was made
 "A place for worship, not for trade;"
 Then, scatt'ring all their gold and brass,
 He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]
- 4 [Zeal for the temple of his God,
 Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
 Reproaches at thy glory thrown,
 He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]
- a 5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
 While foes and arms surround his head!
 They curse him with a slanderous tongue
 And the false judge maintains the wrong.]
- 6 His life they load with hateful lies,
 And charge his lips with blasphemies:
 y They nail him to the shameful tree;
 u There hung the man that died for me.]
- 7 But God beheld, and from his throne
 Marks out the men that hate his Son:
 e The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
 Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

PSALM 70. C. M.

Protection against personal Enemies.

- 1 **I**N haste, O God, attend my call,
 Nor hear my cries in vain;
 Oh let thy speed prevent my fall,
 And still my hopes sustain.
- 2 When foes insidious wound my name,
 And tempt my soul astray,
 Then let them fall with lasting shame,
 To their own plots a prey.
- 3 While all that love thy name rejoice,
 And glory in thy word,

In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.

- 4 O thou, my help in time of need,
Behold my sore dismay :
In pity hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

PSALM 71. v. 5—9. *First Part.* C. M.

The aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth ;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine ;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine..
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every year ;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- u 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
— And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- e 5 Then, in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

PSALM 71. v. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.

Second Part. C. M.

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
1 Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- e 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

- u 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
 For some surprising sin,
 — I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but thine.
- e 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The victories of my King!
 My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,
 Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
 My Saviour and my God,
 His death has brought my foes to shame,
 And sav'd me by his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.]

PSALM 71. v. 17 — 21. *Third Part.* C. M.

*The aged Christian's Prayer and Song; or, Old Age, Death,
 and the Resurrection.*

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood, and my youth,
 The guide of all my days,
 I have declar'd thy heavenly truth
 And told thy wondrous ways.
- u 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years,
 If God, my strength, depart?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 Before the rising age,
 And leave a savor of thy name
 When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove;
 — Oh may these poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

- 5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
 Unsearchable thy deeds:
 Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all my praise exceeds.
- 6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
 And oft endur'd the grief;
 But when thy hand has press'd me sore,
 Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
 Thy sovereign power to save;
 At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.

i 8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
 — My flesh shall be thy care;
 a These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
 o To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM 72. *First Part.* L. M.

The Kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
 All heaven submits to his commands;
 His justice shall avenge the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.

o 3 With power he vindicates the just,
 And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
 a His worship and his fear shall last,
 Till hours and years, and time be past.

y 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
 So shall he send his influence down:
 His grace on fainting souls distils,
 Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

—5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death,
 e Revive at his first dawning light,
 And deserts blossom at the sight.

o 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
 Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
 u Peace, like a river, from his throne,
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM 72. *Second Part.* L. M.

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more

i 2 [Behold the nations with their kings!
 There Europe her best tribute brings;

From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

- u 3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
And India shines in eastern gold;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.]
- 4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- y 5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- e 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns:
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.
- 7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- u 8 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.]

PSALM 73. *First Part.* C. M.

Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners cursed.

- 1 **N**OW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.
- 2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death!
- 3 "With well fed flesh and haughty eyes,
"They lay their fears to sleep;
"Against the heavens their slanders rise,
"While saints in silence weep.
- 4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain,
"For I am chasten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain."

- 5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove:
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
"And grieve the men I love."
- 6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.
- 7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner sit
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,
Beside a fiery pit.
- 8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honors in a dream were lost,
And he awak'd in hell.
- 9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked bless'd.
- 10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by power unknown:
That blessed hand that broke the snare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM **73**. v. 23—28. *Second Part. C. M.*

God our Portion here and hereafter.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- a 3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.
- i 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
- o God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- u 5 Behold the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die;

Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
o My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
o And tell the world my joy.

PSALM **73** v. 22, 3, 6, 17 — 20. L. M.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

- a 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride, and robes of honor, shine!
- u 2 But, O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
a Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- i 4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a prelude to their pain.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
e Lord, 't's enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God

PSALM **73**. S. M.

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

- 1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
In robes of honor shine.
- 3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

- 4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.
- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God!
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.
- 6 But I with flowing tears,
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"
- 7 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word with light and power,
Did my mistake amend:
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.
- u 9 On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
a And oh! that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!
- i 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine:
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

PSALM 74. C. M.

The Church pleading with God under sore Persecution.

- 1 **W**ILL God forever cast us off?
His wrath forever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?
- i 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood,
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.
- e 3 Lift up thy feet and march in haste;
Aloud our ruin calls;
- a See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.
- 4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,
Thy foes profanely rage;

Amid thy gates their ensigns hang,
And there their hosts engage.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear the buildings down;
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their rest;
"Come, let us burn at once," they cry,
"The temple and the priest."

7 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our grief,
But all in silence mourn:
Nor know the times of our relief,
The hour of thy return.

PAUSE.

u 9 How long, eternal God, how long,
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thy holy name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thy hand?

i 11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown,
In ages long before!
— And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy power form'd every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

- 15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand, that form'd them first,
Avenge thine injur'd name?
- 16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy trembling dove.
- a 17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM 75 L. M.

Praise to God for the return of Peace.

- 1 **T**O thee, most high and holy God,
To thee our thankful hearts we raise;
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wondrous works demand our praise.
- 2 To slav'ry doom'd thy chosen sons
Beheld their foes triumphant rise;
And sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
They sought the Sovereign of the skies.
- 3 'Twas then, great God, with equal power,
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of thy race.
- 4 Thy hand, that form'd the restless main,
And rear'd the mountain's awful head,
Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert wilds receive their dead.
- 5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor can the winds such blessings blow,
'Tis God the Judge, doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.
- 6 Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

PSALM 76. C. M.

Israel saved, and the Assurians destroyed; or, God's Vengeance against his Enemies proceeds from his Church.

- 1 **I**N Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

- 2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.
- e 3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke that threat'ning spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.
- i 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey?
— The hill on which Jehovah dwells
e Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands;
The men of might sleep fast in death,
That quells their warlike hands.
- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrors of thy rod!
Thy vengeance who can tell!
- a 7 What power can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears?
a When heav'n shines round with dreadful light
z The earth adores and fears.
- 8 When God, in his own sovereign ways,
Comes down to save th' opprest,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 9 [Vows to the Lord, and tribute bring:
Ye princes, fear his frown:
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And smite his armies down.
- 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
Our haughty foes shall feel;
For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.]

PSALM 77. *First Part.* C. M.*Melancholy assaulting; and Hope prevailing.*

- a 1 **T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad hour when trouble rose,
And fill'd my heart with fear.
- u 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;

- I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.
- 3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more:
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I call'd back years, and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.
- 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind,
His face appear no more?
- i 7 Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
- u Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?
- 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Remembering what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.
- e 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace
When flesh could hope no more.
- o 10 Grace dwelt with justice on the throne;
— And men that love thy word,
Have, in thy sanctuary, known
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77. *Second Part.* C. M.

Comfort derived from ancient Providence; or, Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

- a 1 “**H**OW awful is thy chastening rod!”
(May thy own children say;)
“The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
“How holy is his way!”
- 2 I'll meditate his works of old,
Who reigns in heaven above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

- 3 He saw the house of Joseph lie
 With Egypt's yoke oppress'd;
 Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
 Nor gave his people rest.
- 4 The sons of pious Jacob seem'd
 Abandon'd to their foes;
 i But his almighty arm redeem'd
 The nation that he chose.
- 5 From slavish chains he sets them free,
 They follow where he calls;
 He bade them venture through the sea,
 And made the waves their walls.
- i 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
 The waters saw thee come;
 e Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
 o To make thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
 Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown:
 Terrors attend the wondrous way
 That brings thy mercies down.
- 8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
 Through clouds and darkness broke;
 All heaven in lightnings shone around,
 And earth with thunder shook.
- 9 Thine arrows through the skies were hurl'd,
 How glorious is the Lord!
 Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
 And all the saints ador'd.
- 10 He gave them water from the rock;
 And safe, by Moses' hand,
 Through a dry desert led his flock
 To Canaan's promis'd land.]

PSALM 78. *First Part.* C. M.

Providence of God recorded; or, pious Education, and Instruction of Children.

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God perform'd of old;
 Which, in our younger years, we saw,
 And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known;
 His works of power and grace:
 And we'll convey his wonders down
 Through every rising race.

- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM 78. *Second Part.* C. M.

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment; or, the Sins and Chastisements of God's People.

- 1 **O**H what a stiff rebellious house,
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.
- 2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His power before their eyes!
- 3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his avenging hand:
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!
- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march with safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scap'd the foe.
- 5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.
- 6 He, from the rock, their thirst supplied;
The gushing waters flow'd,
And ran in rivers by their side,
Along the desert road.
- 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord Most High,
And dar'd distrust his hand;
— "Can he with bread our host supply
"Amidst this barren land?"
- 8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame:
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his name.

PSALM 78. *Third Part.* C. M.*The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance; or, Chastisement and Salvation.*

- 1 **W**HEN Israel sinn'd the Lord reprov'd,
And fill'd their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgave the men he lov'd,
And sent them heavenly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasure known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.
- 3 The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet;
The food of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.
- 4 But they, in murmuring language, said,
"Is manna all our feast?
"We loathe this light, this airy bread:
"We must have flesh to taste."
- 5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"
The Lord in wrath reply'd,
And sent them quails, like sand or dust,
Heap'd up on every side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire;
And, greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.
- 8 Oft he chastis'd and still forgave,
Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolv'd to save,
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM 78. v. 32, &c. L. M.

Backsliding and Forgiveness; or, Sin punished and Saints saved.

- 1 **G**REAT God, how oft did Israel prove
By turns thine anger and thy love?
There, in a glass, our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.
- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot,
The dreadful wonders God had wrought:

- Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.
- 3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain,
A tedious march through unknown ways
Wore out their strength, and spent their days
- 4 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.
- 5 Their prayers and vows before him rise
As flatt'ring words or solemn lies.
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.
- 6 Yet could his sovereign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.
- 7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of 'Abra'm lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM 79. L. M.

For the distress of War.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, O God, what cruel foes,
Thy peaceful heritage invade;
Thy holy temple stands defil'd,
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.
- 2 Wide o'er the valleys, drench'd in blood,
Thy people, full'n in death remain;
The fowls of heaven their flesh devour,
And savage beasts divide the slain.
- 3 Th' insulting foes, with impious rage,
Reproach thy c'hildren to their face;
"Where is your God of boasted power?
"And where the promise of his grace?"
- 4 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms,
O hear the mournful captives sigh,
And let thy sovereign power relieve,
The trembling souls condemn'd to die.
- 5 Let those, who dar'd insult thy reign,
Return dismay'd with endless shame,
While heathens, who thy grace despise,
Shall from thy vengeance learn thy name

- 6 So shall thy children, freed from death,
 Eternal songs of honor raise,
 And every future age shall tell
 Thy sovereign power and pard'ning grace.

PSALM 80. L. M.

*The Church's Prayer under Affliction; or, the Vineyard of
 God wasted.*

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
 Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
 And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
 Safe through the desert and the deep:
 a 2 Thy church is in the desert now,
 — Shine from on high and guide us through;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.
 3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
 How long shall we lament and pray,
 And wait in vain thy kind return?
 How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
 Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

- i 5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
 A lovely vine in heathen lands?
 Did not thy power defend it round,
 And heavenly dews enrich the ground?
 — 6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
 And bless the nations with the fruit;
 i But now, dear Lord, look down and see
 Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.
 7 Why is her beauty thus defac'd?
 Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
 — Strangers and foes against her join,
 And every beast devours thy vine.
 8 Return, Almighty God, return;
 u Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn.
 — Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 e We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
 Thou wast its strength and glory too;
 Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
 Till the fair Branch of promise rose.

- 10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
 From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
 Himself a noble Vine, and we
 The lesser branches of the tree.
- 11 'Tis thy own son, and he shall stand,
 Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;
 Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and bless'd,
 With power and grace above the rest.
- 12 Oh! for his sake attend our cry,
 Shine on thy churches lest they die;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

PSALM 81. v. 1, 8—16. S. M.

*The Warning of God to his people; or spiritual Blessings
 and Punishments.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord aloud,
 And make a joyful noise;
 o God is our strength, our Saviour God;
 Let Israel hear his voice.
- a 2 "From idols, false and vain,
 "Preserve my rites divine,
 "I am the Lord who broke thy chain
 "Of slav'ry and of sin."
- 3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
 "And I'll supply them well:
 a "But if ye will refuse your God,
 "If Israel will rebel;
- 4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
 "To their own lusts a prey,
 "And let them run the dangerous road;
 "'Tis their own chosen way.
- 5 "Yet O! that all my saints
 "Would hearken to my voice!
 "Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
 "And bid their hearts rejoice.
- o 6 "While I destroy their foes,
 "I'll richly feed my flock;
 "And they shall taste the stream that flows
 "From their eternal Rock."

PSALM 82. L. M.

God the supreme Governor; or, Magistrates warned.

- 1 **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great,
 A greater Ruler takes his seat;
 The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
 Those gods on earth, and all their ways

- i 2 Why will ye frame oppressive laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That foes may vex the saints no more?
- a 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.
- e 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
Possess his universal throne,
o And rule the nations with his rod:
u He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM 83. S. M.

A Complaint against Persecutors.

- 1 **A**ND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold his peace,
And let his vengeance sleep?
- 2 Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread;
The men that hate thy saints and thee,
Lift up their threat'ning head
- a 3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.
- 4 "Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground,
"Till not the name of saints remain,
"Nor mem'ry shall be found."
- 5 Awake, Almighty God,
And call thy wrath to mind;
Give them, like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.
- 6 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek thy name;
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.
- o 7 Then shall the nations know
Thy glorious, dreadful word,
u Jehovah is thy name alone,
And thou the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 84. *First Part.* L. M.*The Pleasure of Public Worship.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
 With long desire my spirit faints,
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- a 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
 My panting heart cries out for God;
 My God! my King! why should I be
 So far from all my joys and thee?
- 3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
 And for her young provides her nest;
 But will my God to sparrows grant
 That pleasure which his children want?
- e 4 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high,
 Around thy throne above the sky;
 o Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.
- e 5 Bless'd are the souls who find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 — There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- e 6 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate;
 o God is their strength; and through the road
 They lean upon their helper; God
- e 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
 y Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM 84. *Second Part.* L. M.*God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs,
 To spend one day with thee on earth
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 i Within thy house, O God of grace,
 — Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- o 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
 God is our shield, he guards our way
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without and foes within.

- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- u 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 84. v. 1, 2, 3—10, Paraphrased. C. M.
Delight in Ordinances of Worship; or, God present in his Churches.

- i 1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
— 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- o 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
e And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.
- y 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
Descends, and fills the place,
— While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- o 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
u When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?
- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
a O make me, like the sparrows, bless'd,
To dwell but where I love.
- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.
- a 8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state
Among the tents of sin.

- 9 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one bless'd hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM 84. As the 148th Psalm.

Longing for the House of God.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow, for her young,
With pleasure seeks her nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.
- e 3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still
And happy they,
That love the way
To Zion's hill.
- 4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
- o O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!
- PAUSE.
- i 5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more

To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

—6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd;
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace,
And glory too.

a 7 The Lord his people loves
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls:
e Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PSALM 85. v. 1—8. *First Part.* L. M.

Waiting for an answer to prayer; or, Deliverance begun and completed.

1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom;
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And our salvation be complete.

i 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

—4 We wait to hear what God will say:
e He'll speak, and give his people peace;
— But let them run no more astray,
a Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM 85. v. 9. &c. *Second Part.* L. M.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

- y 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met, [heaven,
 Since Christ the Lord came down from
 By his obedience so complete
 Justice is pleas'd and peace is given.
- e 3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
 Religion dwell on earth again,
 And heavenly influence bless the ground
 In our Redeemer's gentler reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
 To give us free access to God;
 Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
 But mark his steps and keep the road.

PSALM 86. v. 8—13. C. M.

A General Song of Praise to God.

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
 There's none hath power divine;
 Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
 Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring
 Their offerings round thy throne;
 For thou alone dost wondrous things,
 For thou art God alone.
- i 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet,
 Teach me thine heavenly ways,
 And all my wandering thoughts unite
 In God my Father's praise.
- o 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
 Shall those sweet wonders tell,
 How by thy grace my sinking soul
 Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 87. L. M.

The Church the birth-place of the Saints; or Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian Church.

- 1 **G**OD, in his earthly temple, lays
 Foundation for his heavenly praise:
- i He likes the tents of Jacob well,
 o But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- i 2 His mercy visits every house
 That pay their night and morning vows;
 o But makes a more delightful stay,
 Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- i 3 What glories were described of old?
 What wonders are in Zion told?

- o Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- e 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
- y Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born and nourish'd there.

PSALM 88. As the 113th psalm.

Loss of Friends, and absence of Divine Grace.

- 1 O GOD of my salvation, hear
My nightly groan, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sovereign power to save
From dark despair and lasting death.
- 2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrow o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom;
My friends, belov'd in happier days,
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.
- 3 As lost in lonely grief, I tread
The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some throng'd assembly go;
Through all alike I rove alone,
While here forgotten, there unknown,
The change renews my piercing wo.
- 4 And why will God neglect my call!
Or who shall profit by my fall,
When life departs and love expires?
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord?
Or wake, or brighten, at his word,
And tune the harp with heavenly choirs?
- 5 Yet, through each melancholy day,
I've pray'd to thee, and still will pray,
Imploring still thy kind return:
But oh! my friends, my comforts fled,
And all my kindred of the dead
Recall my wandering thoughts to mourn.

PSALM 89. *First Part.* L. M.*The Covenant made with Christ; or, the true David.*

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my song record
 The truth and mercy of the Lord :
 o Mercy and truth for ever stand,
 Like heaven, establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
 “ With thee my cov'nant first is made:
 “ In thee shall dying sinners live ;
 “ Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 “ Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest ;
 “ Thy children shall be ever bless'd ;
 “ Thou art my chosen King, thy throne
 “ Shall stand eternal, like my own.
- 4 “ There's none of all my sons above
 “ So much my image or my love ;
 “ Celestial powers thy subjects are,
 “ Then what can earth to thee compare?
- 5 “ David, my servant, whom I chose,
 “ To guard my flock, to crush my foes ;
 “ And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
 “ Was but a shadow of my Son.”
- e 6 Now let the church rejoice and sing
 Jesus, her Saviour and her King :
 y Angels his heavenly wonders show,
 And saints declare his works below.

PSALM 89. *First Part.* C. M.*The faithfulness of God.*

- 1 **M**Y never ceasing song shall show
 The mercies of the Lord ;
 And make succeeding ages know
 How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
 Shall firm as heaven endure ;
 And if he speaks a promise once,
 Th' eternal grace is sure.
- i 3 How long the race of David held
 The promis'd Jewish throne !
 o But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
 To David's greater Son.
- e 4 His seed for ever shall possess
 A throne above the skies ;
 The meanest subject of his grace
 Shall to that glory rise.

u 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
 Are sung by saints above:
 And saints on earth their honors raise
 To thy unchanging love.

PSALM 89. v. 7, &c. *Second Part. C. M.*
The Power and Majesty of God; or, Reverential Worship.

i 1 **W**ITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
 And bow before the Lord;
 His high commands with rev'rence hear,
 And tremble at his word.

i 2 How terrible thy glories rise!
 — How bright thine armies shine!
 i Where is the power with thee that vies,
 Or truth compar'd with thine?

u 3 The northern pole and southern rest
 On thy supporting hand;
 Darkness and day, from east to west,
 Move round at thy command.

o 4 Thy words the raging winds control,
 And rule the boist'rous deep;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 The rolling billows sleep.

—5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea, are thine,
 a And the dark world of hell;
 a They saw thine arm in vengeance shine,
 When Egypt durst rebel.

u 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 — Yet wondrous is thy grace!
 e While truth and mercy join'd in one,
 Invites us near thy face.

PSALM 89. v. 15, &c. *Third Part. C. M.*
A blessed Gospel.

1 **B**LESS'D are the souls who hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound!
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
 Through their Redeemer's name:
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 And fills their foes with shame.

i 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives:
 u Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM 89. v. 19, &c. *Fourth Part. C. M.*
Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom; or, his Divine and Human Nature.

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,
 And made his mercies known;
 "Sinners, behold, your help is laid
 "On my Almighty Son.
- 2 "Behold the man, my wisdom chose
 "Among your mortal race:
 "His head my holy oil o'erflows,
 "With full supplies of grace.
- o 3 "High shall he reign on David's throne,
 "My people's better King;
 "My arm shall beat his rivals down,
 "And still new subjects bring.
- 4 "My truth shall guard him in his way,
 "With mercy by his side;
- e "While in my name, o'er earth and sea,
 "He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 "Me for his Father and his God,
 "He shall for ever own,
 "Call me his rock, his high abode,
- o "And I'll support my Son.
- u 6 "My first born Son, array'd in grace,
 "At my right hand shall sit;
 "Beneath him angels know their place,
 "And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 "My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
 "My promises are strong;
 "Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
 "His seed endure as long."

PSALM 89. v. 30, &c. *Fifth Part. C. M.*
The Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or, Affliction without Rejection.

- 1 "Y**E**T," saith the Lord, "if David's race,
 "The children of my Son,
 i "Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
 "And tempt mine anger down;
- 2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
 "And make their follies smart;
- "But I'll not cease to be their God,
 "Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 "My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
 "But keep my grace in mind;

"And what eternal love hath spoke,
 "Eternal truth shall bind.

a 4 "Once have I sworn, (I need no more,)
 "And pledg'd my holiness,
 "To seal the sacred promise sure
 "To David and his race.

o 5 "The sun shall see his offspring rise
 "And spread from sea to sea,
 "Long as he travels round the skies
 "To give the nations day.

u 6 "Sure as the moon that rules the night
 "His kingdom shall endure,
 "Till the fixed laws of shade and light
 "Shall be observ'd no more."

PSALM 89. v. 47. &c. *Second Part.* L. M.

Mortality and Hops.

A Funeral Psalm.

a 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
 u How frail our life, how short the date!
 Where is the man that draws his breath,
 Safe from disease, secure from death?

—2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
 Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
 u "Must death for ever rage and reign!
 "Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
 "Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"

— But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
 e And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
 Wipes the reproach of saints away;
 And clears the honor of thy word;

y Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM 89. v. 47, &c. *Last Part.*

As the 113th Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

a 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
 i How few his hours, how short his span!

— Short from the cradle to the grave:

i Who can secure his vital breath
 Against the bold demands of death,
 With skill to fly, or power to save?

—2. Lord, shall it be forever said,
 "The race of man was only made
 "For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"

- a Are not thy servants, day by day,
 Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
 i Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?
 —3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
 And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
 u But flesh and sense indulge despair;
 e For ever blessed be the Lord,
 That faith can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.
 o 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who gives his saints a long reward,
 — For all their toil, reproach, and pain;
 y Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
 u And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

PSALM 90. L. M.

Man Mortal, and God Eternal.

A Mournful Song at a Funeral.

- 1 **T**HROUGH every age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
 High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
 Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.
 2 Long hast thou reign'd ere time began,
 Or dust was fashion'd into man:
 And long thy kingdom shall endure
 When earth and time shall be no more.
 a 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
 Made up of guilt and vanity:
 a Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
 — "Return, ye sinners, to the dust."
 4 [A thousand of our years amount
 Scarce to a day in thy account;
 Like yesterday's departed light,
 Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

- 5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
 Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
 u An empty tale; a morning flower,
 Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
 6 [Our age to seventy years is set;
 How short the time! how frail the state!
 And if to eighty we arrive,
 We rather sigh, and groan, than live.

- 7 But oh! how oft thy wrath appears,
 And cuts off our expected years!
 Thy wrath awakes our humble dread!
 We fear the power that strikes us dead.]
- 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
 And kindly lengthen out the span,
 Till a wise care of piety
 Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM 90. v. 1—5. *First Part.* C. M.*Man Frail, and God Eternal.*

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And my defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
 "Return, ye sons of men;"
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising dawn.
- 6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their lives and cares,
 Are carried downwards by the flood,
 And lost in following years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the op'ning day.
- e 8 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
 Pleas'd with the morning light;
 a The flowers beneath the mower's hand
 Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,

Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM 90. v. 8, 11, 2, 10, 12. *Second Part. C. M.*
Infirmities and Mortality, the Effect of Sin; or, Life, Old
Age, and Preparation for Death.

- a 1 **L**ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
u By one offence to thee,
Adam with all his sons have lost
Their immortality.
- 3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
- a 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
u And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- a 5 [Our vitals, with laborious strife,
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]
- 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.
- 7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM 90. v. 13. &c. *Third Part. C. M.*
Breathing after heaven.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face?
- 2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And, in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
 Make thy own work complete;
 Then shall our souls thy glory know,
 And own thy love was great.
- e 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
 In all thy beauty, Lord;
 And the poor service we have done
 Meet a divine reward.

PSALM 90. v. 5, 10, 12. S. M.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
 Is this our mortal frame!
 i Our life! how poor a trifle 'tis,
 That scarce deserves the name!
- u 2 Alas, the brittle clay
 That built our body first!
 And every month and every day
 'Tis mouldering back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
 Our feeble powers decay,
 i Swift as a flood our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Yet if our days must fly,
 We'll keep their end in sight,
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,
 And let them speed their flight.
- e 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
 This life's tempestuous sea;
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
 Of bless'd eternity.

PSALM 91. v. 1—7. L. M.

Safety in public Diseases and Dangers.

- 1 **H**E that hath made his refuge God,
 Shall find a most secure abode;
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
 And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power
 "Shall be my fortress and my tower:
 "I, that am form'd of feeble dust,
 "Make thine almighty arm my trust."
- 3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
 Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
 From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
 Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood,
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
The Lord his faithful saints shall guard,
And endless life be their reward.
- i 5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
o God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.
- a 6 If vapors, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
e Israel is safe; the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there

PAUSE.

- 7 What though a thousand at thy side,
Around thy path ten thousand died?
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Among the dead, amidst the graves.
- 8 So, when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.
- 9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
o Their very pains and deaths are bless'd.
- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 91. v. 9—16. C. M.

Protection from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise the saints on high.
- 3 He'll give the angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
 And dash against the stones :
 Are they not servants at his call,
 And sent t' attend his sons ?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread :
 The tempter's wiles defeat ;
 He that hath bruis'd the serpent's head,
 Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 " Because on me they set their love,
 " I'll save them," saith the Lord,
 " I'll bear their joyful souls above
 " Destruction and the sword.
- 7 " My grace shall answer when they call,
 " In trouble I'll be nigh :
 " My power shall help them when they fall,
 " And raise them when they die.
- 8 " Those that on earth my name have known
 " I'll honor them in heaven ;
 " There my salvation shall be shown,
 " And endless life be given."

PSALM 92. *First Part.* L. M.*A Psalm for the Lord's Day.*

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praisethy name, give thanks, and sing,
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truths at night.
- i 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest :
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
 — O may my heart in tune be found
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- y 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word :
 i Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 a How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
 — 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;
 a Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
 — Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
 Blasts them in everlasting death.
- e 5 But I shall share a glorious part
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin, (my worst enemy before,)
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;

My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

- u 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92. v. 12, &c. *Second Part.* L. M.

The Church is the Garden of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand:
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive;)
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. *First Metre.* As the 100th Psalm

The Eternal and the Sovereign God.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.
- i 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- o 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
i Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM 93. *Second Metre.* As the old 50th Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
 His robes of state are strength and majesty;
 This wide creation rose at his command,
 Built by his word, establish'd by his hand:
u Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
 And his own Godhead, is the firm foundation.
- 1 2 God is th' eternal King; thy foes in vain
 Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign;
 In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
 And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
 Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild commotion,
 But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.
- 3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
 And thou, mad world, submissive to his will:
 Built on his truth his church must ever stand:
 Firm are his promises and strong his hand;
 See his own sons, when they appear before him,
 Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM 93. *Third Metre.* As the old 122d Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crown'd:
 Array'd in robes of light,
 Begirt with sovereign might,
 And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,
 The world securely stands,
 And skies and stars obey thy word;
 Thy throne was fix'd on high
 Ere stars adorn'd the sky:
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- a* 3 In vain the noisy crowd,
 Like billows fierce and loud,
 Against thine empire rage and roar;
 In vain, with angry spite,
 The surly nations fight,
 And dash like waves against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their power engage,
 Let swelling tides assault the sky;
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down:
 Thy throne for ever stands on high.

- “ 5 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new;
 There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove,
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

[Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.]

PSALM 94. v. 1, 2, 7—14. *First Part. C. M*
Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed; or, instructive
Afflictions.

- 1 **O** GOD! to whom revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
 Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
 Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, “The Lord nor sees nor hears;”
 When will the vain be wise?
 Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears?
 Or blind, who made their eyes?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
 And they shall feel his power:
 His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
 In some surprising hour.
- 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
 Thou hast a gentler rod:
 Thy providence, thy sacred book,
 Shall make them know their God.
- 5 Bless'd is the man thy hands chastise,
 And to his duty draw;
 Thy scourges make thy children wise,
 When they forget thy law.
- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
 Nor his own promise break;
 He pardons his inheritance
 For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM 94. v. 16—23. *Second Part. C. M.*
God our Support and Comfort; or, Deliverance from Temptations and Persecution.

- 1 **W**HO will arise and plead my right
 Against my num'rous foes?
 While earth and hell their force unite,
 And all my hopes oppose.
- 2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
 Sustain'd my fainting head,
 a My life had now in silence dwelt,
 My soul among the dead.

- u 3 "Alas! my sliding feet!" I cry'd,
 — Thy promise bore me up:
 Thy grace stood constant by my side,
 o And rais'd my sinking hope.
- a 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
 Within my bosom roll,
 e Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
 Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
 And frame pernicious laws;
 o But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
 He will defend my cause.
- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
 Let bold blasphemers scoff;
 u The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
 And cut the sinners off.

PSALM 95. C. M.

A Psalm before Prayer.

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight
 And psalms of honor sing;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
 How mean their natures seem,
 Those gods on high, and gods below,
 When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand;
 He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.
- i 5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
 Come, kneel before his face;
 O may the creatures of his power,
 Be children of his grace!
- e 6 Now is the time; he bends his ear,
 And waits for your request;
 o Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear
 "Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM 95. S. M.

A Psalm before Sermon.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- i 3 Come, worship at his throne:
Come, bow before the Lord;
— We are his works and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance dress'd,
Will lift his hands, and swear,
“You that despise my promis'd rest,
“Shall have no portion there.”

PSALM 95. v. 1, 2, 3, 6 — 11. L. M.

Canaan lost through unbelief; or, a Warning to Delaying Sinners.

- 1 **C**OME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sovereign King: rehearse
His honor in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our natures with his word;
e He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.

- 5 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove,
 "Forget my power, abuse my love;
 "Since they despise my rest, I swear,
 "Their feet shall never enter there."
 a 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
 And view those ancient rebels dead;
 — Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
 Nor lose the blessing by delay.
 e 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
 And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
 Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
 Obey, and be for ever bless'd.]

PSALM 96. v. 2, 10, &c. C. M.

Christ's first and second coming.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 S Ye tribes of every tongue;
 His new discover'd grace demands
 A new and nobler song.
 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
 God's own almighty Son;
 o His power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.
 —3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
 e Joy through the earth be seen;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.
 4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
 His glorious train display;
 y Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
 Prepare the Lord his way.
 e 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
 The nations as their God;
 o To show the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.
 u 6 His voice shall raise the slumb'ring dead,
 And bid the world draw near;
 a But how will guilty nations dread,
 To see their Judge appear!

PSALM 96. As the 113th psalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
 L To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name:

- His glory let the heathens know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
 The wondering nations read thy word,
 e But here Jehovah's name is known;
 Nor shall our worship e'er be paid
 To gods which mortal hands have made;
 o Our Maker is our God alone.
- 3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there;
 — His beams are majesty and light,
 y His beauties how divinely bright!
 His temple how divinely fair!
- u 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving power,
 And barb'rous nations fear his name:
 Then shall the race of man confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM 97. v. 1—5. First Part. L. M.

Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

- 1 **H**E reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
 Praise him in evangelic strains;
 o Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
 And distant islands join their voice.
- a 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown;
 e But grace and truth support his throne;
 a Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
 — Justice is their eternal ground.
- u 3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
 Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;
 Before him burns devouring fire,
 The mountains melt, the seas retire;
- 4 His enemies with sore dismay,
 Fly from the sight and shun the day;
 e Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
 o And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM 97. v. 6—9. Second Part. L. M.

Christ's Incarnation.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
 His birth; the nations learn his name;
 An unknown star directs the road
 Of eastern sages to their God.

- u 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
- e But Zion shall his glories sing,
— And earth confess her sovereign King.

PSALM 97. *Third Part.* L. M.*Grace and Glory.*

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
a Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
e His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O, ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- e 3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- o 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord:
— None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM 97. v. 3, 5—7, 11. C. M.

Christ's Incarnation, and the last Judgment.

- 1 **L**ET earth, with every isle and sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns:
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- o 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills
And makes the valleys rise,
— The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
a The haughty sinner dies.
- e 3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim,
i The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known:

- u Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.
- o 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire ;
- e His children take their unknown flight,
— And leave the world on fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
- e Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM 98. *First Part.* C. M.

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 **T**O our Almighty Maker, God,
New honors be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations bless'd.
- 2 To Abra'm first he spoke the word,
And taught his numerous race;
The Gentiles own him sovereign Lord,
And learn to trust his grace.
- o 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues;
- o And spread the honor of his name
In melody and songs.

PSALM 98. *Second Part.* C. M.

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

- 1 **J**OY to the world—the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
- e Let every heart prepare him room,
o And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns
Let men their songs employ;
- o While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- a 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
- e He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.
- u 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99. *First Part.* S. M.*Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.*

- 1 **T**HE God, Jehovah, reigns,
 Let all the nations fear;
 a Let sinners tremble at his throne,
 i And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
 Let earth adore its Lord;
 e Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
 Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion stands his throne,
 His honors are divine;
 His church shall make his wonders known,
 For there his glories shine.
- i 4 How holy is his name!
 How terrible his praise!
 Justice, and truth, and judgment join
 In all his works of grace.

PSALM 99. *Second Part.* S. M.*A Holy God worshipped with Reverence.*

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,
 And worship at his feet;
 His nature is all holiness,
 And mercy is his seat.
- i 2 When Israel was his church,
 When Aaron was his priest,
 When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
 He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
 Nor would destroy their race:
 And oft he made his vengeance known,
 When they abus'd his grace.
- i 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
 Whose grace is still the same,
 Still he's a God of holiness,
 And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100. *First Metre.* A plain translation.*Praise to our Creator.*

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
 Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
 e Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
 o With all your tongues his glory sing.

- i 2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
 Doth life, and breath, and being give:
 We are his work and not our own;
 The sheep that on his pastures live.
- e 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair:
 And make it your divine employ,
 To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind:
 o Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
 u And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM 100. *Second Metre. A Paraphrase.*

- i 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay and form'd us men;
 a And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
 e He brought us to his fold again.
- i 3 We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
 o What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- y 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise
- u 5 Wide—as the world, is thy command,
 Vast—as eternity, thy love;
 Firm—as a rock, thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM 101. L. M.

The Magistrate's Psalm.

- 1 **M**ERCY and judgment are my song,
 And since they both to thee belong,
 My gracious God, my righteous King,
 To thee my songs and vows I bring.
- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
 I'll take my counsel from thy word;
 Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
 Shall be the pattern of my ways.

- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside :
No wicked thing shall dwell with me
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage and strife,
Shall be companions of my life :
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the land and raise the just
To posts of honor, wealth, and trust :
The men that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies ;
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spar'd.
- 7 The impious crew, (that factious band,)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land ;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be suppress'd

PSALM 101. C. M.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows :
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make thy servant wise ;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbor wrong
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
I'll banish from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy ;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night ;
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee ;

So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM **102**. v. 1—13, 20, 21. *First Part. C.M.*

A prayer of the Afflicted.

- 1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry?
- 2 My days are wasted, like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag like withering grass,
Burnt with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.
- y 5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
Where the sad raven finds her place,
And where, the screaming owl.
- 6 Dark, dismal thoughts and boding fears,
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread, like ashes, grows
Unpleasant to my taste.
- 8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint, as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.
- 10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God;
- o Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

- e 11 Thou wilt arise, and show thy face,
 Nor will my Lord delay,
 Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
 That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
 And, by mysterious ways,
 Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,
 And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM 102. v. 13—21. *Second Part.* C. M.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- 1 **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice,
 Behold the promis'd hour:
 Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
 And comes t' exalt her power.
- i 2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
 Are precious in our eyes;
 Those ruins shall be built again,
 And all that dust shall rise.
- u 3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
 And stand in glory there;
 Nations shall bow before his name,
 And kings attend with fear.
- u 4 He sits a Sovereign on his throne,
 With pity in his eyes:
 He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
 And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
 And when his saints complain,
 It shan't be said, "that praying breath
 "Was ever spent in vain."
- o 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
 And left on long record;
 That ages yet unborn may read,
 And trust and praise the Lord.

PSALM 102. v. 23—28. L. M.

*Man's Mortality, and Christ's Eternity; or, Saints die, but
 Christ and the Church live.*

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand
 Weakens our strength amidst the race;
 a Disease and death, at his command,
 Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- e 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
 Nor let our sun go down at noon;

- o Thy years are one eternal day,
 i And must thy children die so soon?
 --3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
 This thought our sorrow shall assuage;
 "Our Father and our Saviour live;
 "Christ is the same through every age."
 u 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid:
 Heaven is the building of his hand;
 a This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade
 And all be chang'd at his command.
 --5 The starry curtains of the sky,
 Like garments, shall be laid aside:
 But still thy throne stands firm and high;
 Thy church for ever must abide.
 e 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
 And on thy throne thy children reign;
 o This dying world shall they survive,
 And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM **103**. v. 1 — 7. *First Part.* L. M.

Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad
 o Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.
 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
 His favors claim thy highest praise;
 Why should the wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in silence and forgot?
 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes, which thou hast done!
 e He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.
 --4 The vices of the mind he heals,
 And cures the pains that nature feels;
 o Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
 Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.
 --5 Our youth decay'd his power repairs,
 His mercy crowns our growing years:
 He fills our store with every good:
 And feeds our souls with heavenly food.
 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,
 And often gives the sufferers rest;
 u But will his justice more display
 In the last great rewarding day.

- 7 [His power he show'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands:
i But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.]
- 8 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
e The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

PSALM **103.** *Second Part.* L. M.

God's gentle Chastisement; or, his Tender Mercy to his People.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wondrous are his ways!
How firm his truth! how large his grace!
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Nor half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.
- i 4 How slow his awful wrath to rise!
e On swifter wings salvation flies!
i And if he lets his anger burn,
e How soon his frowns to pity turn!
- 5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines,
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And, while his rod corrects his saints
His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

- 7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will not heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
As morning flowers that fade at noon.

- 9 But his eternal love is sure
 To all the saints, and shall endure:
 From age to age his truth shall reign,
 Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM 103. v. 1—7. *First Part. S. M.*

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favors are divine.
- o 2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness;
 And without praises die.
- y 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain,
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransom'd from the grave;
- o He that redeem'd my soul from hell
 Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
 He gives the suff'ers rest;
- o The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for th' oppress'd.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known;
- e But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103. v. 8—18. *Second Part. S. M.*

Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in the midst of Judgment.

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.
- i 2 God will not always chide;
 And, when his strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.
- o 3 High as the heavens are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- i 5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
- a His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- u 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower!
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- e 8 But thy compassion, Lord,
To endless years endure;
- o And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 103. v. 19 — 22. *Third Part.* S. M.

God's Universal Dominion; or, Angels praise the Lord.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.
- 2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches, when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.
- 4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom, show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM 104:

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

Note. This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th psalm, by adding these two lines to every stanza, viz.

Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame
An equal honor to his name!

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th psalm.

- 2 The heavens are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And, swift as thought, his armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.
- 4 The world's foundation by his hand
Is pois'd, and shall for ever stand:
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.
- 5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd, to its appointed bed.
- 6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Refreshing streams, by secret veins,
Break from the hills and drench the plains.
- 7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
There gentle herds their thirst allay,
And for the stream will asses Bray.
- 8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 9 God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man, of various power,
To nourish nature or to cure.
- 11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a pleasing juice;

Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
His gifts proclaim his love divine.

- 12 His bounteous hands our tables spread;
He fills our cheerful stores with bread;
While food our vital strength imparts,
Let daily praise inspire our hearts.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And, when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.
- 17 Then man to daily labor goes;
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.
- 18 How strange thy works! How great thy skill!
While every land thy riches fill;
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.
- 19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.
- 20 There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
The huge leviathan resides,
And, fearless, sports amid the tides.

PAUSE THE THIRD.

- 21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

- 22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
 Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
 Eagles and bears, and whales, and worms,
 Rejoice, and praise in diff'rent forms.
- 23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
 And, dying, to their dust return;
 Both man and beast their souls resign;
 Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.
- 24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
 And fill the world with beasts and men;
 A word of thy creating breath
 Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 25 His works, the wonders of his might,
 Are honor'd with his own delight;
 a How awful are his glorious ways!
 The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- u 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
 And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
 y Yet humble souls may see thy face,
 And tell their wants to sovereign grace.
- 27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
 And make my meditations sweet;
 o Thy praises shall my breath employ,
 Till it expires in endless joy.
- a 28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
 Their glory bury'd with their dust,
 e I, to my God, my heavenly King,
 o Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM 105. Abridged. C. M.

God's Conduct to Israel, and the Plagues of Egypt.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
 And tell the world his grace;
 o Sound through the earth his deeds of fame.
 That all may seek his face.
- e 2 His cov'nant which he kept in mind
 For num'rous ages past,
 To num'rous ages yet behind
 In equal force shall last.
- 3 He sware to Abra'm and his seed,
 And made the blessing sure;
 Gentiles the ancient promise read,
 And find his truth endure.
- 4 "Thy seed shall make all nations bless'd,"
 Said the Almighty voice,

- “And Canaan’s land shall be their rest,
“The type of heavenly joys.”
- 5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan’s land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A small and feeble band!
- 6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
Securely they remov’d;
And haughty kings, that on them frown’d,
Severely he reprov’d:
- 7 “Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
“Shall soon avenge the wrong:
“The man that does my prophets harm
“Shall know their God is strong.”
- 8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th’ Almighty’s care.]

PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 9 When Pharaoh dar’d to vex the saints,
And thus provok’d their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm’d with his dreadful rod.
- 10 He call’d for darkness; darkness came,
Like an o’erwhelming flood;
He turn’d each lake, and every stream,
To lakes and streams of blood.
- 11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread;
And frogs, in baleful armies, rise
About the monarch’s bed.
- 12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew;
Locusts in swarms devour’d their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.
- 13 Then by an angel’s midnight stroke
The flower of Egypt died;
The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.
- 14 “Now let the world forbear its rage,
“Nor put the church in fear;
“Israel must live through every age,
“And be th’ Almighty’s care.”

PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 15 Thus were the tribes from bondage freed,
And left the hated ground;
Rich with Egyptian spoils they fled,
Nor was one feeble found.
- 16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journeys right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.
- 17 They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And, following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.
- e 18 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of overflowing grace!
- o So Christ our rock maintains our life,
And aids our wandering race.
- 19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- u 20 "Then let the world forbear its rage,
"The church renounce her fear;
"Israel must live through every age,
"And be th' Almighty's care."

PSALM 106. v. 1—L. M.

Praise to God; or, Communion with Saints.

- 1 **T**O God, the great, the ever bless'd,
Let songs of honor be address'd;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- i 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
- e Bless'd are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed:
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
- e 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
o And aid their triumphs with my voice;
— This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106. v. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48. S. M.

Israel punished and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable Love

- i 1 **G**OD of eternal love,
 How fickle are our ways;
 And yet how oft did Israel prove
 Thy constancy of grace!
- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
 o And then thy praise they sung;
 a But soon thy works of power forgot,
 And murmur'd with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe his word,
 o While rocks with rivers flow;
 a Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
 And he reduc'd them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
 He hearken'd to their groans;
 Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
 And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book,
 He sav'd them from their foes,
 Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
 The people that he chose.
- e 6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
 Who lov'd their ancient race;
 o And Christians join the solemn word
 Amen, to all their praise.

PSALM 107. *First Part.* L. M.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, he reigns above:
 Kind are his thoughts, his name is love:
 His mercy ages past have known,
 And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
 The wonders of his grace record;
 Israel, the nation whom he chose,
 And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- 3 [When God's own arm their fetters broke,
 And freed them from th' Egyptian yoke,
 They trac'd the desert, wandering round,
 A wild and solitary ground!
- 4 There they could find no leading road,
 Nor city for their fix'd abode;
 Nor food, nor fountain, to assuage
 Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

- 5 In their distress, to God they cry'd,
 God was their Saviour and their guide,
 He led their wandering march around,
 And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground.
- 6 Thus, when our first release we gain
 From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
 We have this desert world to pass,
 A dangerous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
 He guides our footsteps, lest we stray,
 He guards us with a powerful hand,
 And brings us to the heavenly land.
- e 8 O let the saints with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord;
 i How great his works! how kind his ways!
 o Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM. 107. *Second Part.* L. M.

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

- 1 FROM age to age exalt his name,
 God and his grace are still the same;
 He fills the hungry soul with food,
 And feeds the poor with every good.
- u 2 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
 Against the God who rules the skies;
 If they reject his heavenly word,
 And slight the counsels of the Lord:
- 3 He'll bring their spirit to the ground,
 And no deliverer shall be found;
 a Laden with grief, they waste their breath
 In darkness and the shades of death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
 e He makes the dawning light arise,
 And scatters all that dismal shade
 That hung so heavy round their head.
- 5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
 And lets the smiling prisoners through;
 Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
 And gives the laboring soul relief.
- o 6 O may the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
 i How great his works! how kind his ways!
 o Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107. *Third Part.* L. M.*Intemperance punished and pardoned; or, a Psalm for the Glutton and Drunkard.*

- 1 **V**AIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment,
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste,
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans, and loathes to eat;
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads oppress'd,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.
- 4 Then how the frighten'd sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No med'cines could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure;
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovereign word, and heals.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM 107. *Fourth Part.* L. M.*Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck; or, the Seaman's Song.*

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad!
With the bold mariner survey
The unknown regions of the sea.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
o Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- e 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,
a Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
— What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!
- a 4 When land is fur, and death is nigh,
u Lost to all hope, to God they cry;

- His mercy hears their loud address,
e And sends salvation in distress.
- o 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
- The gladsome train their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.
- e 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
- Let them their private offerings bring,
o And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM 107. C. M.

The Mariner's Psalm.

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rule the boisterous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt that dangerous way.
- o 2 At thy commands the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves!
- e The men, astonish'd mount the skies
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath;
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
- e He hears their loud request,
- u And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- e 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
- e 8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
- And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

PSALM 107. *Last Part.* L. M.*Colonies planted; or, Nations blessed and punished.*

- 1 **W**HEN God, provoked with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.
- 3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.
- 4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
- 5 Thus they are bless'd; but if they sin,
a He lets the heathen nations in:
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.
- a 6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.
- 7 Yet, if the humble nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns:
- e Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]
- 8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
BlaspHEME the God that saints adore.
- i 9 How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

PSALM 108. C. M.

A Song of Praise.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake my harp to sing;
Join all my powers the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

- 2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round;
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy reign.
- 4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

PSALM 109. v. 1—5, 31. C. M.

Love to Enemies, from the example of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song:
e Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When, in the form of mortal man,
Thy Son on earth was found,
a With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursu'd:
a They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
a Yet with his dying breath
— He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
And bless'd his foes in death.
- i 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before mine eyes?
— Give me a soul akin to thine,
To love mine enemies.
- e 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
And in my Saviour's name
o I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110. First Part. L. M.

Christ exalted and Multitudes converted; or, the Success of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HUS God th' eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
"At my right hand, till I shall make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

- e 2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed:
 "Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 "Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 "And bow their wills to thy command.
- u 3 "That day shall show thy power is great,
 "Whensaintsshall flock with willing minds,
 "And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
 "Where holiness in beauty shines."
- e 4 O glorious Power! O glorious day!
 What a large vict'ry shall ensue:
- o And converts, who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM 110. *Second Part.* L. M.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS the great Lord of earth and sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore;
 "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 "And change from hand to hand no more
- 2 "Aaron, and all his sons must die,
 "But everlasting life is thine,
 "To save for ever those that fly
 "For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 3 "By me Melchisedec was made
 "On earth a king and priest at once;
 "And thou, my heavenly Priest, shalt plead,
 "And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons."
- 4 Jesus the priest ascends his throne;
 Wh'le counsels of eternal peace,
 Between the Father and the Son,
 Proceed with honor and success.
- 5 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
 And crush the powers that dare rebel:
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,
 And send the guilty world to hell.
- 6 Though, while he trends his glorious way,
 He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
 The suff'rings of that dreadful day
 Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM 110. C. M.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
 And near thy Father sit;
- o In Zion shall thy power be known,
 And make thy foes submit.

- i 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do !
 e Thy converts shall surpass
 The num'rous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sovereign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore ;
 u "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 "When Aaron is no more.
- 4 "Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
 "That king of high degree,
 "That holy man, who Abra'm bless'd,
 "Was but a type of thee."
- e 5 Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives,
 To plead for us above ;
 e Jesus, our King for ever gives
 The blessings of his love.
- u 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain ;
 Shall strike the powers and princes dead,
 Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 111. *First Part.* C. M.

The Wisdom of God in his Works,

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God ;
 He has my heart, and he my tongue,
 To spread his name abroad.
- a 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought,
 How glorious in our sight !
 e And men in every age have sought
 His wonders with delight.
- i 3 How fair and beauteous nature's frame !
 How wise th' eternal mind !
 — His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
 He fix'd his cov'nant sure :
 u The orders that his lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;
 i What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name ?
- 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill !

And he's the wisest of our race
Who best obeys thy will.

PSALM 111. *Second Part.* C. M.

The Perfections of God.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord;
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cōv'nant sure:
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

PSALM 112. As the 113th Psalm.

The Blessings of the Liberal man.

- 1 THAT man is bless'd, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd:
His house the seat of wealth shall be
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honors crown'd.
- 2 His liberal favors he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.
- 3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
y The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.
- u 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground,
His conscience holds his courage up:

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night:
And sees, in darkness, beams of hope.

PAUSE.

- 5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fix'd on God relies,
Though waves and tempests roar around:
Safe on a rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.
- 6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations cross'd;
They and their envy, pride, and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

PSALM 112. L. M.

The blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

- 1 **T**HRICE happy man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- i 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd:
— He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- a 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
That fill his neighbors round with dread,
e His heart is arm'd against the fear;
o For God, with all his power, is there.
- u 4 His spirit, fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness, light shall rise,
To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God:
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners rage in vain.

PSALM 112. C. M.

Liberality Rewarded.

- 1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands:
Who lends the poor, without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need,
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind;
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of danger and distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM 113. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

- 1 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,
The honors of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.
- 2 Not time nor nature's narrow rounds,
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heavens are far below his height;
- a Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.
- i 3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do;
And bends his care to mortal things:
- His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And seats them on the thrones of kings.
- 4 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessings of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother, with a thankful voice,
Proclaims his praises and her joys;
Let every age advance his fame.

PSALM 113. L. M.

God Sovereign and Gracious.

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' almighty King,
In every age his praises sing;
Whene'er the sun shall rise and set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
His throne of glory stands on high;
Nor time nor place his power restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!
- 4 Behold his love, he stoops tó view
What saints above and angels do:
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honor of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.
- 6 [A word of his creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.
- 7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

PSALM 114. L. M.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- a 2 Across the deep their journey lay;
e The deep divides to make them way;
— Jordan beheld their march, and fled,
With backward current, to his head.
- o 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap!
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand

i 4 What power could make the deep divide?
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
 And whence the dread that Sinai feels?

u 5 Let every mountain, every flood,
 Retire and know th' approaching God,
 The King of Israel; see him here:
 Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
 The rock to standing pools he turns:
 Flints spring with fountains at his word,
 And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM 115. L. M.

The True God our refuge; or Idolatry Reproved.

1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,
 Not to ourselves is glory due;
 Eternal God, thou only just,
 Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

u 2 Display to earth thy dreadful name;
 i Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
 Insult us, and, to raise our shame, [long?]
 — Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so

o 3 The God we serve maintains his throne
 Above the clouds, beyond the skies;
 Through all the earth his will is done;
 He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

i 4 But the vain idols they adore
 Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
 At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
 A silver saint, or golden god.

—5 [With eyes and ears they carve the head;
 Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
 In vain are costly offerings made,
 And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
 Nor hands to save, when mortals pray;
 Mortals, that pay them fear or love,
 Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

u 7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
 Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
 The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
 And bless the people and the priest.

- a* 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
 They dwell in silence in the grave;
e But we shall live to sing thy grace,
e And tell the world thy power to save.

PSALM 115. As the new tune of the 50th Psalm.

Idolatry Reproved.

NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
 Not to our worthless names is glory due:
 Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
 Immortal honors to thy sovereign name;
 Shine thro' the earth, from heaven, thy bless'd abode;
 Nor let the heathen say, "Where is your God?"

- 2 Heaven is thine higher court: there stands thy throne,
 And through the lower worlds thy will is done;
 God fram'd this earth, the starry heavens he spread:
a But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
 —The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
 Their silver saviours and their saints of gold.

3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears:
 The molten image neither sees nor hears;
 Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
 They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love;
 Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
 To their deaf idols, and their lifeless saints.

4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold;
 The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
 With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
 Lopt from a tree or broken from a rock;
 People and priests drive on the solemn trade,
 And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

- a* 5 Be heaven and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say
 Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they.
e O Israel, trust the Lord: he hears and sees,
 He knows thy sorrows and restores thy peace;
 His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
 He is thine help, and he thine heavenly shield.
- o* 6 In God we trust, our impious foes in vain
 Attempt our ruin, and oppose his reign;
a Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,
 And death and silence had forbid his praise:
y But we are sav'd, and live; let songs arise,
 And Zion bless the God that built the skies.

PSALM 116. *First Part.* C. M.*Recovery from Sickness.*

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,
 And pity'd every groan:
 Long as I live, when troubles rise
 I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I lov'd the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
 And chas'd my griefs away:
 O let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray!
- a 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
 And I drew near the dead,
 While inward pangs and fears of hell
 Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 "My God," I cry'd, "thy servant save,
 "Thou ever good and just;
 "Thy power can rescue from the grave,
 "Thy power is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
 He bade my pains remove:
 Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.
- e 6 My God has sav'd my soul from death,
 And dry'd my falling tears:
 o Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

PSALM 116. v. 12. &c. *Second Part.* C. M.*Thanks for Private Deliverance.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown?
- e My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints, that fill thine house,
 My offerings shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows,
 My soul in anguish made.
- i 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God!
 How dear thy servants in thy sight!
 How precious is their blood!
- e 4 How happy all thy servants are!
 How great thy grace to me!
 My life, which thou hast made my care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.

- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move:
 Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record:
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM 117. C. M.

Praise to God from all Nations.

- e 1 **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
 Each with a diff'rent tongue!
 In every language learn his word,
 And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns through every land:
 Proclaim his grace abroad:
 For ever firm his truth shall stand:
 Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM 117. L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise:
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall set and rise no more.

PSALM 117. S. M.

- 1 **T**HY name, almighty I ord,
 Shall sound through distant lands:
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word:
 Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
 And long thy praise endure,
 Till morning light and evening shade
 Shall be chang'd no more.

PSALM 118. v. 6—15. First Part. C. M.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

- 1 **T**HE Lord appears my helper now,
 Nor is my faith afraid
 What all the sons of earth can do,
 Since Heaven affords its aid.

- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.
- 3 'Tis through the Lord our heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!
- 4 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze, and die.
- 5 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days:
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty-grace.

PSALM 118. v. 17—21. *Second Part. C. M.**Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die,
If God resolve to save.)
- 2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.
- e 3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.
- o 4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints,
Our thankful voice we raise;
— There we have told thee our complaints,
o And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM 118. v. 22, 23. *Third Part. C. M.**Christ the foundation of the Church.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation Stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- i 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
- o They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

- a 3 The foolish builders scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain ;
 Firm on this rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.
- u 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise:
 'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

PSALM 118. v. 24—26. *Fourth Part. C. M.*
Hosanna; the Lord's day; or, Christ's Resurrection, and
our Salvation.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 o Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.
- e 2 To-day he rose and left the dead;
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumph spread,
 And all his wonders tell.
- o 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son;
 — Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.
- e 4 Bless'd is the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes, in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
- o 5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 o The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM 118. v. 22—27. *S. M.*
An Hosanna for the Lord's Day; or, a new Song of Salva-
tion by Christ.

- 1 **S**EE what a living Stone
 The builders did refuse;
 e Yet God hath built his church thereon
 In spite of envious Jews.
- a 2 The scribe and angry priest
 Reject thine only Son;
 o Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
 As the chief corner-stone.

- e 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- o 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made:
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- y 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM 118. v. 22—27. L. M.

An Hosanna for the Lord's Day; or, a new Song of Salvation by Christ.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious Corner-Stone
The Jewish builders did refuse:
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- i 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
- e This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be bless'd;
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest!
- 4 In God's own name he comes, to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
- o Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

PSALM 119.

[I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a *Divine Song* upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connexion.

In some places, among the words *law, commands, judgments, testimonies*, I have used *gospel, word, truth, grace, promises*, &c. as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common language of Christians, and it equally answers the design of the *Psalmist*, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.]

PSALM 119. *First Part.* C. M.*The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.*

Verse 1, 2, 3.

- e 1 **B**LESS'D are the undefil'd in heart,
 Whose ways are right and clean;
 Who never from thy law depart,
 But fly from every sin.
- 2 Bless'd are the men that keep thy word,
 And practise thy commands;
- o With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
 And serve thee with their hands.

Verse 165.

- i 3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
 How firm their souls abide;
- Nor can a bold temptation draw
 Their steady feet aside.

Verse 6.

- y 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
 And keep my face from shame,
 When all thy statutes I obey,
 And honor all thy name.

Verse 21, 118.

- a 5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
 The proud shall die accursed;
 The sons of falsehood and deceit
 Are trodden to the dust.

Verse 119, 155.

- u 6 Vile as the dross the wicked are:
 And those that leave thy ways
 Shall see salvation from afar,
 But never taste thy grace.

PSALM 119. *Second Part.* C. M.*Secret Devotion and Spiritual Mindedness; or, Constant
 Converse with God.*

Verse 147, 55.

- 1 **T**O thee, before the dawning light,
 My gracious God, I pray;
 I meditate thy name by night,
 And keep thy law by day.

Verse 81.

- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
 Thy promise bears me up;
 And while salvation long delays,
 Thy word supports my hope.

Verse 164.

- 3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
 And pay my thanks to thee;
 Thy righteous providence demands
 Repeated praise from me.

Verse 62.

- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
 I call thy works to mind;
 My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
 And sweet acceptance find.

PSALM 119. *Third Part. C. M.**Profession of Sincerity, Repentance, and Obedience.*

Verse 57, 60.

- e 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God;
 Soon as I know thy way;
 My heart makes haste t' obey thy word
 And suffers no delay.

Verse 30, 14.

- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
 And glory in my choice;
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.

- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
 I set before my eyes;
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.

Verse 59.

- a 4 If once I wander from thy path,
 I think upon my ways;
 — Then turn my feet to thy commands,
 And trust thy pard'ning grace.

Verse 94, 112.

- a 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 i O save thy servant, Lord,
 e Thou art my shield, my hiding place;
 My hope is in thy word.

Verse 112.

- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
 Thy statutes to fulfil;
 o And thus till mortal life shall end,
 Would I perform thy will.

PSALM 119. *Fourth Part.* C. M.*Instruction from Scripture.*

Verse 9.

- y 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 — Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
 To keep the conscience clean.

Verse 130.

- e 2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

Verse 105.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

Verse 99, 100.

- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
 And meditate thy word,
 Grow wiser than their teachers are,
 And better know the Lord.

- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
 I hate the sinner's road;
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
 e But love thy law, my God.

Verse 89, 90, 91.

- u 6 [The starry heavens thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place,
 And these, thy servants, night and day,
 Thy skill and power express.

- y 7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine;

- u Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Verse 190, 140, 9, 119.

- 8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

PSALM 119. *Fifth Part.* C. M.*Delight in Scripture; or, the Word of God dwelling in us.*

Verse 97.

- 1 **O** HOW I love thy holy law!
 'Tis daily my delight;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.

Verse 148.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
 To meditate thy word ;
 My soul with longing melts away
 To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Verse 3, 13, 54.

- 3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
 And well employ my tongue ;
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
 Yield me a heavenly song.

Verse 19, 103.

- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home ?
 'Tis my perpetual feast ;
 Not honey, dropping from the comb,
 So much allures the taste.

Verse 72, 127.

- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
 Nor shall thy word be sold
 For loads of silver well refin'd,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Verse 28, 49, 175.

- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 " Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write thy praise.

PSALM 119. *Sixth Part.* C. M.*Holiness and Comfort from the Word.*

Verse 128.

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
 And all thy statutes just ;
 Thence I maintain a constant fight
 With every flattering lust.

Verse 97, 9.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey ;
 I keep thy law in sight
 Through all the business of the day,
 To form my actions right.

Verse 62.

- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
 "How sweet thy comforts be !"
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
 And bring their thanks to thee.

Verse 162.

- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill.
 At some good word of thine,

Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM 119. *Seventh Part. C. M.*

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture.

Verse 96. Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book:
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look.
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conduct to heaven.
- a 3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.
- i 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM 119. *Eighth Part. C. M.*

The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.

Verse 111. Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice
My lasting heritage;
- e There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- y 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
- o Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies

- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows bless'd;
u Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 119. *Ninth Part.* C. M.*Desire of knowledge.*

Verse 64, 68, 18.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Verse 73, 125.

- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties I must do.

Verse 19.

- a 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Thy path O do not hide;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Verse 26.

- u 4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Verse 33, 34.

- 5 If God to me his statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart,
o His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

Verse 50, 71.

- 6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief:
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Verse 51.

- 7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Verse 27, 171.

- 8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;

My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall sing aloud his praise.]

PSALM **119**. *Tenth Part.* C. M.

Pleading the Promises.

Verse 38, 49.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Verse 41, 58, 107.

- i 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays,

Verse 123, 42.

- u 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

Verse 49, 74.

- i 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
— Then let thy truth appear;
o Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

PSALM **119**. *Eleventh Part.* C. M.

Breathing after Holiness.

Verse 5, 33.

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Verse 29.

- 2 O send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Verse 37, 36.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Verse 133.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;

Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Verse 176.

- a 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Verse 35.

- u 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM 119. *Twelfth Part.* C. M.

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Verse 153.

- a 1 **M**Y God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I ne'er forget thy laws.

Verse 39, 116.

- u 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Verse 122, 135.

- 3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Verse 81.

- a 4 My eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
"And bid my comforts rise?"

Verse 132.

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same;
e Thy tender mercies still afford
To those that love thy name.

PSALM 119. *Thirteenth Part.* C. M.

Holy Fear and Tenderness of Conscience.

Verse 10.

- a **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

Verse 11.

- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

Verse 63, 53, 158.

- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
a My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Verse 161, 163.

- a 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
And loves thy righteous law.

Verse 161, 120.

- u 5 My heart, with sacred rev'rence, hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh, with holy trembling, fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Verse 166, 174.

- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
e While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM 119. *Fourteenth Part. C. M.*

Benefit of Afflictions, and support under them.

Verse 153, 81, 82.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?

Verse 71.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Verse 50.

- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins:
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Verse 92.

- 4 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,

My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

Verse 75.

- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Verse 67.

- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM 119. *Fifteenth Part.* C. M.

Holy Resolutions.

Verse 93.

- 1 O THAT thy statutes every hour,
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning power,
And daily peace I find.

Verse 15, 10.

- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
o Thy word is all my joy.

Verse 32.

- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

Verse 13, 46.

- o 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Verse 61, 69, 70.

- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Verse 115.

- e 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
o I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PSALM 119. *Sixteenth Part.* C. M.*Prayer for Quickening Grace.*

Verse 25, 37.

u 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust:
 Lord, give me life divine:
 From vain desires and every lust
 Turn off these eyes of mine.

a 2 I need the influence of thy grace,
 To speed me in thy way,
 Lest I should loiter in my race,
 Or turn my feet astray.

Verse 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
 I need thy quick'ning powers;
 Thy word that I have rested on,
 Shall help my heaviest hours.

Verse 156, 40.

i 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
 And thou a faithful God?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heavenly road?

Verse 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
 And long to see thy face?
 a And yet how slow my spirits move
 Without enlivening grace!

Verse 93.

—6 Then shall I love thy gospel more
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quick'ning power
 To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119. *Seventeenth Part.* L. M.*Grace Shining in Difficulties and Trials.*

Verse 143, 28.

1 **W**HEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
 All my support is from thy word:
 My soul dissolves for heaviness:
 Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

Verse 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
 They watch my feet with envious eyes,
 They tempt my soul to snares and sin;
 Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Verse 161, 78.

- 3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
 They hate to see me love thy laws!
 But I will trust and fear thy name,
 Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM 119. *Last Part.* L. M.*Sanctified Afflictions; or, Delight in the Word of God.*

Verse 67, 50.

- 1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
 How kind was thy chastising rod,
 That forced my conscience to a stand,
 And brought my wandering soul to God!

- a 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray
 Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
 u I left my guide, and lost my way:
 — But now I love and keep thy word.

Verse 71.

- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
 For pride is apt to rise and swell;
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
 That I might learn his statutes well.

Verse 72.

- e 4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
 Shall raise my cheerful passions more
 Than all the treasures of the south,
 Or richest hills of golden ore.

Verse 73.

- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
 Thy spirit form'd my soul within:
 Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
 And guard me safe from death and sin.

Verse 74.

- e 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
 At my salvation shall rejoice;
 For I have trusted in thy word,
 And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM 120. C. M.

*Complaint of quarrelsome Neighbors; or, a devout Wish
 for Peace.*

- 1 THOU God of love, thou ever bless'd,
 Pity my suff'ring state;
 When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
 From lips that love deceit?

- 2 Hard lot of mine! My days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing quarrels waste
My golden hours of life.
- 3 O might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!
- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!
- 6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 121. L. M.

Divine Protection.

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood:
The heavens, with all their host, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning smiles adorn the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- e 4 Israel, a name divinely bless'd,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber, nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

- o 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
 Still thou shalt go, and still return ;
 Safe in the Lord ! his heavenly care
 Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power :
 i And, in thy last departing hour,
 o Angels, that trace the airy road,
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM 121. C. M.

Preservation by Day and Night.

- 1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid ;
 The Lord, that built the earth and skies,
 Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
 Whom he designs to keep ;
 His ear attends the softest call ;
 His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
 With his almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel, rejoice, and rest secure,
 Thy keeper is the Lord ;
 His wakeful eyes employ his power
 For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have his leave to smite ;
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
 Where thickest dangers come :
 Go and return, secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

PSALM 121. As the 148th Psalm.

God our Preserver.

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes ;
 From God is all my aid ;
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made :
- e God is the tower
 To which I fly ;
 His grace is nigh
 In every hour.

—2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.

e Those wakeful eyes,
That never sleep,
Shall Israel keep,
When dangers rise.

—3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.

o Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

e 4 Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath:

y I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me home.

PSALM 122. C. M.

Going to Church.

e 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,

o "In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the solemn day!"

—2 I love her gates, I love the road;
u The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
a The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

—4 He hears our praises and complaints;
a And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

u 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants bless'd!

- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
 u There God, my Saviour reigns.

PSALM 122. Proper Tune.

Going to Church.

- u 1 **H**OW pleas'd and bless'd was I,
 o To hear the people cry,
 e "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round;
 In thee our tribes appear,
 To pray and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater Son
 Has fix'd his royal throne;
 He sits for grace and judgment there;
 e He bids the saints be glad,
 a He makes the sinner sad,
 — And humble souls rejoice with fear.
- u 4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of every guest;
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 i A thousand blessings on him rest!
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
 i "Peace to this sacred house!"
 — For here my friends and kindred dwell;
 o And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his bless'd abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

[Repeat the 4th stanza to complete the tune.]

PSALM 123. C. M.

Pleading with Submission.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose grace and justice reign
 Enthron'd above the skies,
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
 To thee we lift our eyes.

- 2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look;
- 3 So, for our sins, we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM 124. C. M.

God gives Victory.

- 1 **H**AD not the God of truth and love,
When hosts against us rose,
Display'd his vengeance from above,
And crush'd the conquering foes;
- 2 Their armies, like a raging flood,
Had swept the guardless land,
Destroy'd on earth his bless'd abode,
And 'whelm'd our feeble band.
- 3 But safe, beneath his spreading shield,
His sons securely rest,
Defy the dangers of the field,
And bare the fearless breast.
- 4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,
Who broke the deadly snare;
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives his care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the heavens above;
He that supports their wondrous frame,
Can guard his church by love.

PSALM 125. C. M.

The Saint's Trial and Safety.

- 1 **U**NSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That trusts th' Almighty hand.

- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
 Old Salem's happy ground,
 As those eternal arms of love,
 That every saint surround.
- a 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
 To drive them near to God,
 i Divine compassion will assuage
 The fury of the rod.
- u 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
 And lead them safely on
 To the bright gates of paradise,
 Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those crooked ways
 That the old serpent drew,
 a The wrath that drove him first to hell,
 Shall smite his followers too.

PSALM 125. S. M.

The Saint's Trial and Safety; or, moderated Afflictions.

- o 1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they
 That rest their souls on God:
 Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
 Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard
 The city's sacred ground,
 So God and his almighty love
 Embrace his saints around.
- a 3 What though the Father's rod
 Drop a chastising stroke;
 Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
 Its fury shall be broke.
- u 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
 Whose faith and pious fear,
 Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
 Proclaim their hearts sincere.
- 5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
 Too long oppress the saint;
 e The God of Israel will support
 His children, lest they faint.
- a 6 But if our slavish fear
 Will choose the road to hell,
 a We must expect our portion there,
 Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM 126. L. M.

Surprising Deliverance.

- 1 **W**HEN God restor'd our captive state
 Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
 The grace beyond our hopes so great,
 That joy appear'd a pleasing dream.
- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
 Unwilling honors to thy name;
 While we, with pleasure, shout thy praise,
 With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
- 3 When we review'd our dismal fears,
 'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
 With God we left our flowing tears;
 He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man that in his furrow'd field
 His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
 Will shout to see the harvest yield
 A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM 126. C. M.

The Joy of a remarkable Conversion; or, Melancholy removed.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
 And chang'd my mournful state,
 o My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess;
 e My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 o And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbors cry'd,
 And own'd thy power divine;
 "Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
 o "And be the glory thine."
- e 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
 Till the fair harvest come;
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 o And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Though seed lie bury'd long in dust,
 It sha'n't deceive their hope!
 o The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
 For grace ensures the crop.

PSALM 127. L. M.

The Blessing of God on the Business and Comforts of Life.

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost:
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What, though we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing, eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread:
- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath bless'd;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
On God, our Sovereign, still depends
The joy in children, and in friends.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love.

PSALM 127. C. M.

God all in all.

- 1 **I**F God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
A useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And, till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain, till God has bless'd:
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

PSALM 128. C. M.

Family Blessings.

- 1 **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe!
His lips to God their honors yield,
His life adorns the law.

- 2 A careful Providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labors of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each, like a plant of honor, shine
And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.
- 5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his church increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM 129. C. M.

Persecutors Punished.

- 1 **U**P from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But God preserv'd my life.
- 3 O'er all my frame their cruel dart
Its painful wounds impress'd;
Hourly they vex'd my fainting heart,
Nor let my sorrows rest.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischief they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was their insolence surpris'd,
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.
- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their prospects die.

7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.]

8 [So corn, that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.]

PSALM 130. C. M.

Pardoning Grace.

a 1 **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries, to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.

a 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and reverage iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

—3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

i 5 [Just as the guards, that keep the night,
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes:

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And more intent than they,
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

e 7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

o 8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
And Israel shall be sav'd.

PSALM 130. L. M.

Pardoning Grace.

- a 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
 To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries:
 If thou severely mark our faults,
 No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace
 Free, to dispense thy pardons there,
 That sinners may approach thy face,
 And hope, and love, as well as fear.
- a 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
 And look and wish for breaking day;
 So waits my soul before thy gate:
 When will my God his face display?
- o 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
 Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
 Let mourning souls address the Lord,
 And find relief from all their pain.
- u 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
 Through the redemption of his Son;
 He turns our feet from sinful ways,
 And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM 131. C. M.

Humility and Submission.

- i 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart?
 Search, gracious God, and see:
 Or do I act a haughty part?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.
- i 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild;
 Content, my Father, with thy will,
 And peaceful as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward;
 Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. v. 5, 13—18. L. M.

At the Settlement of a Church; or, the Ordination of a Minister.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we go to seek and find
 A habitation for our God?
 A dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
 Among the sons of flesh and blood?

- e 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
 Of Zion for his ancient rest;
 And Zion is his dwelling still;
 His church is with his presence bless'd.
- 3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
 "And reign for ever," saith the Lord;
- o "Here shall my power and love be known,
 "And blessings shall attend my word.
- i 4 "Here will I meet the hungry poor,
 "And fill their souls with living bread;
 "Sinners, that wait before my door,
 "With sweet provisions shall be fed.
- 5 "Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace,
 "My priests, my ministers, shall shine;
 "Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
 "Appears so glorious and divine.
- o 6 "The saints, unable to contain
 "Their inward joys, shall shout and sing
 "The Son of David here shall reign,
 "And Zion triumph in her King.
- 7 ["Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
 "Born here t' uphold his glorious name;
 "His crown shall flourish on his head,
 "While all his foes are cloth'd with shame."]

PSALM 132. v. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. C. M.

A Church established.

- 1 [N O sleep nor slumber to his eyes
 Good David would afford,
 Till he had found below the skies
 A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
 His ark was settled there:
 And there th' assembled nation came
 To worship thrice a year.
- 3 We trace no more those toilsome ways
 Nor wander far abroad;
 Where'er thy people meet for praise,
 There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

- e 4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest;
- a Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
 Thus to be own'd and bless'd.

- 1 5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.
- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- o 7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.
- u 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM 133. C. M.

Brotherly Love.

- 1 **L**O! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love!
- u 2 Where streams of bliss, from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head:
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.
- e 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM 133. S. M.

Communion of Saints; or, Love and Worship in a Family

- u 1 **B**LESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one:
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- c 2 Bless'd is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet.
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
 They poured the rich perfume,
 The oil through all his raiment spread,
 And pleasure fill'd the room.

o 4 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
 The saints are bless'd above,
 Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
 And all the air is love.

PSALM 133. As the 122d Psalm.

The Blessings of Friendship.

u 1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see
 Kindred and friends agree,
 Each in his proper station move;
 And each fulfil his part
 With sympathizing heart,
 In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
 On Aaron's sacred head;
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
 The oil through all the room
 Diffus'd a choice perfume,
 Ran through his robes and bless'd his feet.

o 3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
 That water all the plain,
 Descending from the neighb'ring hills
 Such streams of pleasure roll
 Through every friendly soul,
 Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

[Repeat the First Stanza to complete the tune.]

PSALM 134. C. M.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

1 **Y**E that obey th' immortal King,
 Attend his holy place;

a Bow to the glories of his power,
 And bless his wondrous grace.

e 2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
 And send your souls on high;

o Raise your admiring thoughts by night
 Above the starry sky.

e 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
 With rays of quick'ning grace;

u The God, that spreads the heavens abroad,
 And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM **135.** v. 1—4, 14, 19—21.*First Part. L. M.**The Church is God's House and Care.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate;
- 2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
- i 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- o 4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
u And will be known th' Almighty God.
- e 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priest exalt his name;
Among his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM **135.** v. 5—12. *Second Part. L. M.**The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel
and Destruction of Enemies.*

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and every throne;
Whate'er he please in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapors rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.
- a 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- o 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave.
- u 5 His power the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;

And heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM 135. C. M.

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.
- o 2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
- a But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
- u 3 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
He bids the vapors rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All power, that gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone;
- i But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.
- a 5 Which of the stocks and stones they trust,
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that speechless
Such as their makers gave; [prove,
Their feet were never form'd to move,
Nor hands have power to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals, that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
- o He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honors there.

PSALM 136. C. M.

*God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of
Israel, and Salvation of his People.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord;
"His mercies still endure,"
And be the King of kings ador'd,
"His truth is ever sure."

- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
 "How mighty is his hand!"
 Heaven, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone;
 "How wide is his command!"
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light;
 "How bright his counsels shine!"
 The moon and stars adorn the night;
 "His works are all divine!"
- 4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead:
 "How dreadful is his rod!"
 And thence with joy his people led:
 "How gracious is our God!"
- 5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
 "His arm is great in might:"
 He gave the tribes a passage through:
 "His power and grace unite."
- 6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd;
 "How glorious are his ways!"
 And brought his saints through desert ground;
 "Eternal be his praise."
- 7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
 "Victorious is his sword;"
 While Israel took the promis'd land;
 "And faithful is his word."]
- 8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
 "He felt his pity move;"
 How sad the state the world was in!
 "How boundless was his love!"
- 9 He sent to save us from our woe;
 "His goodness never fails;"
 From death and hell, and every foe;
 "And still his grace prevails."
- 10 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King,
 "His mercies still endure;"
 Let the whole earth his praises sing,
 "His truth is ever sure."

PSALM **136**. As the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord:
 The sovereign King of kings:
 And be his grace ador'd.
 "His power and grace
 "Are still the same:
 "And let his name
 "Have endless praise."

2 How mighty is his hand!
 What wonders hath he done!
 He form'd the earth and seas,
 And spread the heavens alone.
 "Thy mercy, Lord,
 "Shall still endure;
 "And ever sure
 "Abides thy word."

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun
 To crown the day with light:
 The moon and twinkling stars
 To cheer the darksome night.
 "His power and grace
 "Are still the same;
 "And let his name
 "Have endless praise."

4 [He smote the first-born sons,
 The flower of Egypt, dead;
 And thence his chosen tribes
 With joy and glory led.
 "Thy mercy, Lord,
 "Shall still endure;
 "And ever sure
 "Abides thy word."

5 His power and lifted rod
 Cleft the Red Sea in two;
 And for his people made
 A wondrous passage through.
 "His power and grace
 "Are still the same;
 "And let his name
 "Have endless praise."

o 6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
 With all his host, he drown'd;
 And brought his Israel safe
 Through a long desert ground.
 i "Thy mercy, Lord,
 "Shall still endure;
 "And ever sure
 "Abides thy word."]

PAUSE.

—7 The kings of Canaan fell
 Beneath his dreadful hand;
 While his own servants took
 Possession of their land.

“His power and grace
 “Are still the same;
 “And let his name
 “Have endless praise.”

i 8 He saw the nations lie
 All perishing in sin,
 And pity'd the sad state
 The ruin'd world was in.

i “Thy mercy, Lord,
 “Shall still endure;
 “And ever sure
 “Abides thy word.”

e 9 He sent his only Son,
 To save us from our wo,
 From Satan, sin, and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful foe.

i “His power and grace
 “Are still the same;
 “And let his name
 “Have endless praise.”

y 10 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heavenly King;
 And let the spacious earth
 His works and glories sing.

i “Thy mercy, Lord,
 “Shall still endure;
 “And ever sure
 “Abides thy word.”

PSALM **136**. Abridged. L. M.

1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise;
 Mercy and truth are all his ways:
 “Wonders of grace to God belong,
 “Repeat his mercies in your song.”

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown:
 “His mercies ever shall endure,
 “When lords and kings are known no more.”

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fix'd the starry lights on high:
 “Wonders of grace to God belong,
 “Repeat his mercies in your song.”

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night;
 “His mercies ever shall endure,
 “When suns and moons shall shine no more.”

- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land;
"Wonders of grace to God belong,
"Repeat his mercies in your song."
- a 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt his pity move within:
— "His mercies ever shall endure,
"When death and sin shall reign no more."
- e 7 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
— "Wonders of grace to God belong,
"Repeat his mercies in your song."
- 8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
"His mercies ever shall endure,
"When this vain world shall be no more."

PSALM 137.

Babylonian Captivity.

A LONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

3 The barb'rous tyrants, to increase the woe,
With taunting smiles, a song of Zion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

4 But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise.

5 If e'er my mem'ry lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect thy kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.

6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise his children to eternal day

PSALM 138. L. M.

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

- 1 **W**ITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
 I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.
- i 2 [Angels that make thy church their care,
 Shall witness my devotion there ;
 While holy zeal directs mine eyes
 To thy fair temple in the skies.]
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word :
 Not all thy works and names below,
 So much thy power and glory show.
- a 4 To God I cry'd, when troublé rose ;
 He heard me and subdu'd my foes :
- e He did my rising fears control,
 And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- u 5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
 Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great :
- i But from his throne descends to bless
 The humble souls that trust his grace.
- a 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
- Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.
- o 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows or from sins ;
 The work that wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139. *First Part.* L. M.*The All-seeing God.*

- i 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
 through :
 Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- u 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known ;
 He knows the words I mean to speak,
 Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand,
 On every side I find thy hand ;

Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?
- 7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light:
a Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
- 8 If mounted on a morning ray
I fly beyond the western sea,
e Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- i 10 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee:
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 "O may these thoughts possess my breast
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PSALM 139. *Second Part.* L. M.*The wonderful formation of Man.*

- 1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaim thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sovereign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,)
Was copy'd with unerring art.
- 4 At last, to show my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And, in some unknown moment, join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.
- 5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man;
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, since, in my advancing age,
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.
- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace:
- 8 These on my heart are still impress'd;
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And, at my waking hour, I find
God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM. 139. *Third Part.* L. M.*Sincerity professed, and Grace tried; or, the heart-searching God.*

- 1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?

Those that oppose thy laws and thee
I count for enemies to me.

i 3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought.
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?

— O turn my feet whene'er I stray
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 139. *First Part.* C. M.

God is every where.

a 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

— 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclos'd on every side.

e 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

a 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

i 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
o Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

— 8 If, wing'd with beams of morning light;
I fly beyond the west,

Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
o Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
- u 10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
a O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM 139. *Second Part. C. M.*

The Wisdom of God in the formation of Man.

- 1 **W**HEN I, with pleasing wonder, stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work, I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd
Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine eye, with nicest care, survey'd
The growth of every part,
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy art.
- o 4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Show me thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
i Diviner wonders still.
- u 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise:
Lord to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM 139. v. 14, 17, 18. *Third Part. C. M.*

The mercies of God Innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
o Not all the sands that spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.
- i 2 My flesh, with fear and wonder, stands
The product of thy skill,
e And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

- 3 These on my heart by night I keep;
 i How kind, how dear to me!
 a O may the hour that ends my sleep
 Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM 140. C. M.

- 1 **P**ROTECT us, Lord, from fatal harm;
 Behold our rising woes;
 We trust alone thy powerful arm,
 To scatter all our foes.
- 2 Their tongue is like a poison'd dart,
 Their thoughts are full of guile;
 While rage and carnage swell their heart,
 They wear a peaceful smile.
- 3 O God of grace, thy guardian care,
 When foes without invade,
 Or spread within a deeper snare,
 Supplies our constant aid.
- 4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,
 Thy heavenly truth extend,
 All nations taste thy heavenly grace,
 And all delusions end.
- 5 With daily bread the poor supply,
 The cause of justice plead;
 And be thy church exalted high,
 With Christ the glorious head.

PSALM 141. v. 2—5. L. M.

Watchfulness and brotherly Love.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house,
 And let my nightly worship rise,
 Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- a 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
 From every rash and heedless word;
 Nor let my feet incline to tread
 The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
 Smile and reprove my wandering way!
 — Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- a 4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
 I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
 — And, by my warm petitions, prove
 How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM 142. C. M.

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,
 From God I sought relief;
 In long complaints, before his throne,
 I pour'd out all my grief.
- u 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
 My heart began to break;
 My God, who all my burdens knows,
 Beholds the way I take.
- 3 On every side I cast mine eye,
 And found my helpers gone,
 While friends and strangers pass'd me by,
 Neglected, or unknown.
- o 4 Then did I raise a louder-cry,
 And call'd thy mercy near;
 — "Thou art my portion when I die,
 "Be thou my refuge here."
- a 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
 — Now let thine ears attend,
 And make thy foes, who vex me, know
 I've an almighty Friend.
- 6 From my sad prison set me free,
 e Then shall I praise thy name,
 And holy men shall join with me,
 Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM 143. L. M.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

- a 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,
 Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
 And cry for succor from thy throne;
 O make thy truth and mercy known!
- a 2 Let judgment not against me pass:
 Behold thy servant pleads thy grace!
 Should justice call us to thy bar,
 No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see,
 The mighty woes that burden me;
 Down to the dust my life is brought,
 Like one long bury'd and forgot.
- u 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
 My heart is desolate within:
 My thoughts, in musing silence, trace
 The ancient wonders of thy grace.

- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched land for rain.
- i 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?
- u 7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave!
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
— Make haste to help before I die.
- u 8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distracting fears;
— Oh! might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice!
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my weary soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord and show
The path in which my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
e I flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain:
And flesh, and sin, my foes before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144. v. 42. *First Part.* C. M.

Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine
My fainting hope shall raise;

He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144. v. 3—6. *Second Part.* C. M.

The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

- u 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hast'ning to the dust!
- 2 Oh what is feeble dying man,
Or all his sinful race,
— That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!
- u 3 That God, who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
What terrors wait his awful frown!
How wondrous is his love!

PSALM 144. v. 12—15. L. M.

Grace above Riches; or, the Happy Nation.

- 1 **H**APPY the city, where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.
- 2 Happy the land, in culture dress'd,
Whose flocks and corn have large increase,
Where men securely work or rest,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.
- 3 Happy the nation thus endow'd;
But more divinely bless'd are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself, with all his grace, bestows.

PSALM 145. L. M.

The Greatness of God.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song.
- e 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thy ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

- u 4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine :
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.
- e 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.
- i 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
— Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
u Vast and unsearchable thy ways !
 Vast and immortal be thy praise !

PSALM 145. v. 1—7, 11—13. *First Part.* C. M.

The Greatness of God.

- e 1 **L**ONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great ;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- e 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
- o Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- o 5 Thy glorious deeds, of ancient date,
Shall through the world be known ;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.
- u 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM 145. v. 7, &c. *Second Part.* C. M.

The Goodness of God.

- e 1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
o Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- i 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
e Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- i 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
a How slow thine anger moves!
e But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- o 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim:
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM 145. v. 17, 14, &c. *Third Part. C. M.*
Mercy to Sufferers; or, God hearing Prayer.

- 1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our sinking days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
"They sought his aid in vain."]
- 7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;

Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.]

PSALM 146. L. M.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine,
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor:
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- i 6 The Lord to sight restores the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
a But turns the wicked down to hell:
o Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 147. As the 113th Psalm.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

- e 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
— My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- i 2 Why should I make a man my trust?
a Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:

Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

- e 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
— His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- i 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
a But turns the wicked down to hell;
o Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
e Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.
- y 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM 147. *First Part.* L. M.

The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his name;
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names,
His sovereign wisdom knows no bound;
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
Thence he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply
And feeds the ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creature's skill or force?
The vig'rous man, the warlike horse,
The sprightly wit, the active limb,
All are too mean delights for him.
- 8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And finds and loves his image there.

PSALM 147. *Second Part.* L. M.*- Summer and Winter.*

- 1 **L**ET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honors known abroad,
For sweet the joy, our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.
- 2 Our children live secure and bless'd,
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains;
His flakes of snow, like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with dreadful sound;
His icy bands the rivers hold,
And terror arms his wintry cold.
- 5 He bids the warmer breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his people to his praise.
- 6 Through all our States his laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To every land: praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147. v. 7—9, 13—18. C. M.

The Seasons of the Year.

- o 1 **W**ITH songs and honors, sounding loud
 Address the Lord on high;
 Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- y 2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
 To cheer the plains below;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.
- e 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the ravens cry;
 But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should raise his honours high.
- u 4 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year;
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.
- o 6 When, from his dreadful stores on high,
 He pours the sounding hail,
 The wretch that dares his God defy
 Shall find his courage fail.
- y 7 He sends his word, and melts the snow.
 The fields no longer mourn;
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.
- o 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word:
- u With songs and honors, sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 148. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

- o 1 **Y**E tribes of Adam join
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise.
 Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright,
 In worlds of light,
 Begin the song.

-2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
 And moon that rul'st the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light.

His power declare,
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds, that fly
 In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move,
 By his supreme command.

He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came,
 To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils,
 While time and nature last.

In diff'rent ways
 His works proclaim
 His wondrous name,
 And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

—5 Let all the earthborn race,
 And monsters of the deep,
 The fish that cleave the seas,
 Or in their bosom sleep,

From sea and shore
 Their tribute pay,
 And still display
 Their Maker's power.

6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
 Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
 And stormy winds, that blow,
 To execute his word.

When lightnings shine,
 Or thunders roar,
 Let earth adore
 His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
 With lofty cedars there,
 And trees of humbler size
 That fruit in plenty bear,

Beasts, wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

i 8 Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King;
And, while you rule us here,
His heavenly honors sing:
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His power supreme.

e 9 Virgins and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,

i While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join:

o Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.

u 10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love:
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honors high.

PSALM 148. Paraphrased. L. M.

Universal Praise to God.

u 1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord, [dwell;
From distant worlds, where creatures
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

[*Note. This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 115th or 127th Psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza, viz.*

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er complete the praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of Long Metre.]

2 The Lord, how absolute he reigns,
Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
- o Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
- 4 Awake ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
Let the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
- 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree,
To join their praise with blazing fire;
Let the firm earth and rolling sea
In the eternal song conspire.
- 6 Ye flow'ry plains proclaim his skill;
Ye valleys, sink before his eye;
And let his praise, from every hill,
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.
- 7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.
- 8 Ye birds, his praise must be your theme,
Who form'd to song your tuneful voice;
While the dumb fish that cut the stream
In his protecting care rejoice.
- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue
i When nature all around you sings?
o O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!
- u 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
o Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
u And sound it lofty as his throne.
- a 11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on every tongue!
e But saints, who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- o 12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
o From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujah's to the Lord.

PSALM 148. S. M.

Universal praise.

- 1 **L**ET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God:
Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow;
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
His honors be express'd;
But saints, that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

- 7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
- 8 From mountains near the sky,
Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high
And vales and fields around.
- 9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food;
And he expects your praise.
- 10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.
- 11 Ye reptile myriads, join
T' exalt his glorious name;
And flies, in beauteous forms that shine,
His wondrous skill proclaim.
- 12 By all the earth-born race,
His honors be express'd;
But saints, that know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

- 13 Monarchs, of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign hand,
Whence all your honors spring.
- 14 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes, and with'ring age,
Their feebler voices try.
- 15 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
- 16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him bless'd;
But saints that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM 149. C. M.

Praise God, all his Saints; or, the Saints judging the World.

- 1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders show.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
o And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.
- i 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, that lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed;
And, like the souls in glory, sing;
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their song,
The vengeance of the Lord.
- u 6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dar'd rebel ;
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford ;
Such honor for the saints remains :
Praise ye and love the Lord.

PSALM **150.** v. 1, 2, 6. C. M.

A Song of Praise.

1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise
His grace he there reveals ;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bless'd ;
Yet, when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, and the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Common Metre.

Where the tune includes two stanzas.

1 **T**HE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints, that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal praise and glory given,
 Through all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heaven

As the 148th Psalm.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------|
| T O God the Father's throne, | |
| Perpetual honors raise; | |
| Glory to God the Son, | |
| To God the Spirit praise; | |
| With all our powers, | Thy name we sing, |
| Eternal King, | While faith adores. |

HYMNS.

HYMN 1. C. M.

A New Song to the Lamb that was slain.

Rev. v. 6, 8, 9—12.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- a 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And those the hymns they raise;
- i Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open every seal?
- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand, the sovereign keys
Of heaven, and death, and hell;]
- y 6 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.
- u 8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN 2. L. M.

The Deity and Humanity of Christ.

John i. 1, 3, 14; and Col. i. 16; and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

- 1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad
 From everlasting was the Word;
 With God he was; the Word was God,
 And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own power all things were made,
 By him supported all things stand;
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born or Satan fell,
 He led the host of morning stars;
 (Thy generation who can tell,
 Or count the number of thy years?)
- u 4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,
 The Word descends and dwells in clay,
 That he may converse hold with worms
 Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- e 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
 Th' eternal Father's only Son;
 i How full of truth! How full of grace!
 When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone!
- u 6 Archangels leave their high abode,
 To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
 The love of our descending God,
 The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 3. S. M.

The Nativity of Christ.

Luke i. 30, &c. ii. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the grace appears,
 The promise is fulfill'd;
 Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
 And Jesus is the child.
- 2 [The Lord, the highest God,
 Calls him his only Son;
 He bids him rule the lands abroad,
 And gives him David's throne.
- 3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
 With a peculiar sway;
 The nations shall his grace obtain,
 His kingdom ne'er decay.]
- 4 To bring the glorious news,
 A heavenly form appears;

- He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.
- 5 "Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly,
"The promis'd Infant, born to-day,
"Doth in a manger lie.
- 6 "With looks and hearts serene,
"Go visit Christ your King;"
And strait a flaming troop was seen,
The shepherds heard them sing:
- o 7 "Glory to God on high!
"And heavenly peace on earth,
"Good will to men, to angels joy,
"At the Redeemer's birth."
- 8 [In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs.
- u 9 "Glory to God on high!
"And heavenly peace on earth,
"Good will to men, to angels joy,
"At our Redeemer's birth."]

Hymn 4, referred to the 2d Psalm.

HYMN 5. C. M.

Submission to Afflictive Providences. Job. i. 21.

- 1 **N**AKED, as from the earth we came
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.
- e 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors, borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave,
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.
- t 4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.
- e 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shal be spread,
o And we'll adore the justice too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 6. C. M.

Triumph over Death. Joh. xix. 25—27.

- e 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
 u And nature must decay;
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs;
- e My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
 My God, my Saviour, comes.
- o 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear,
 High on a royal seat,
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- a 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,
 — When God shall build my bones again,
 He'll clothe them all afresh.
- e 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
 With strong immortal eyes,
 And feast upon thine unknown grace
 With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 7. C. M.

The Invitation of the Gospel; or, Spiritual Food and Clothing. Isa. lv. 1, &c.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice!
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
 With an inviting voice.
- o 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
- a And vainly strive with earthly toys,
 To fill an empty mind.
- e 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- o 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 a And pine away and die;
- e Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.
- o 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.

- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own
That will not hide your sin;
- 7 Come naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God;
Wrought by the labors of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]
- i 8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins!
- o 9 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
- Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 8. C. M.

The Safety and protection of the Church.

Isa. xxvi. 1—6.

- 1 **H**OW honorable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land.
- a 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- y 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling,
— Enter ye nations, that obey
The statutes of our King.
- e 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You, that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.
- o 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.
- 6 What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet shall tread,
 In that rejoicing hour:
 The ruins of her walls shall spread
 A pavement for the poor.

HYMN 9. C. M.

The Promises of the Covenant of Grace. Isa. lv. 1, 2. *Zec.*
 xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. *Ezek.* xxxvi. 25, &c

- a 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives,
 To gather empty wind;
 The choicest blessings earth can yield
 Will starve a hungry mind.
- e 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
 With more substantial meat;
 With such as saints in glory love,
 With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God, will every want supply,
 And fill our hearts with peace;
 He gives, by cov'nant and by oath,
 The riches of his grace.
- e 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls
 And wash away our stains;
- a In the dear fountain that his Son
 Pour'd from his dying veins.
- 5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
 Though black as hell before;
 Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
 And shall be found no more.
- 6 And, lest pollution should o'erspread
 Our inward powers again,
 His spirit shall bedew our souls,
 Like purifying rain.
- 7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
 That terrors cannot move,
 That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
 Shall be dissolv'd by love;
- 8 Or he can take the flint away
 That would not be refin'd,
 And from the treasures of his grace
 Bestow a softer mind.
- 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
 And deep engrave his law,
 And every motion of our souls
 To swift obedience draw.

- o 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
 And we shall render praise ;
 — We, the dear people of his love,
 And he, our God of grace.

HYMN 10. S. M.

*The Blessedness of Gospel Times; or, the Revelation of
 Christ to Jews and Gentiles.*

Isa. v. 2, 7—10. Matt. xiii. 16, 17.

- 1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill!
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.
- y 2 How charming is their voice !
 How sweet the tidings are !
- o "Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
 "He reigns and triumphs here."
- e 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 — Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !
- e 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light ;
 a Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
 But died without the sight.
- e 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 o Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
- u 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 11. L. M.

*The Humble enlightened, and carnal Reason humbled; or,
 the Sovereignty of Grace.—Luke x. 21, 22.*

- 1 **T**HERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd
 And spoke his joy in words of praise ;
 "Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
 "Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.
- 2 "I thank thy sovereign pow'r and love,
 "That crowns my doctrine with success ;
 "And makes the babes in knowledge learn
 "The heights, and breadths, and lengths of
 grace.

- 3 "But all this glory lies conceal'd
 "From men of prudence and of wit;
 "The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
 "And their own pride resists the light.
- 4 "Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
 "Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
 "'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud;
 "And lay the haughty scorner, low.
- 5 "There's none can know the Father right
 "But those that learn it from the Son;
 "Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
 "But where the Father makes him known."
- 6 Then let our souls adore our God,
 That deals his graces as he please;
 Nor gives to mortals an account,
 Or of his actions or decrees.

HYMN 12. C. M.

Free Grace in revealing Christ. Luke x. 21.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the man of constant grief,
 A mourner all his days;
 His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
 And turn'd his joy to praise.
- 2 "Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
 "That hath reveal'd thy Son
 "To men unlearned; and to babes
 "Has made thy gospel known.
- 3 "The myst'ries of redeeming grace
 "Are hidden from the wise,
 "While pride and carnal reas'ning join
 "To swell and blind their eyes."
- 4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
 His great decrees fulfil;
 And orders all his works of grace
 By his own sovereign will.

HYMN 13. L. M.

The Son of God Incarnate; or, the Titles and the Kingdom of Christ. Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

- 1 **T**HE lands, that long in darkness lay,
 Now have beheld a heavenly light,
 Nations, that sat in death's cold shade,
 Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.
- e 2 The Virgin's promis'd Son is born;
 Behold th' expected child appear!
 What shall his names or titles be?
 "The wonderful, the Counsellor!"

- 3 [This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
Th' Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David and his Lord.]
- 4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulder shall be laid;
- u His wide dominions shall increase,
And honors to his name be paid.
- o 5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet
And reign to ages yet unknown.

HYMN 14. L. M.

The Triumph of Faith; or, Christ's unchangeable Love.
Rom. viii. 33, &c.

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ, that suffer'd in their stead:
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead
- 3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

HYMN 15. L. M.

Our own Weakness, and Christ our Strength.
2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.
- 5 So Samson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost ;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight and lost his eyes.

HYMN 16. C. M. *Hosanna to Christ.*

Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
a His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The Root of David here we find,
And Offspring is the same ;
a Eternity and time are join'd
In our Emmanuel's name.
- e 3 Bless'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven !
o Hosannas, of the highest strain,
To Christ, the Lord, be given.
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' Hosanna on their tongues,
o Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN 17. C. M.

Victory over death. 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

- 1 **O** FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster, death,
And all his frightful powers !
- e 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave ?
"And where the monster's sting ?"

—3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
 Death hath no sting beside:
 The law gives sin its damning power,
 But Christ, my ransom, died.

o 4 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die,
 Through Christ our living head.

HYMN 18. C. M.

Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord.

Rev. xiv. 13.

1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-
 For all the pious dead; [claims
 i Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
 —2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd:
 a How kind their slumbers are!
 — From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
 And freed from every snare.
 e 3 Far from this world of toils and strife,
 They're present with the Lord;
 u The labours of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

HYMN 19. C. M.

The Song of Simeon; or, Death made desirable.

Luke ii. 27, &c.

1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Saviour here;
 O make our joys the same.
 e 2 With what divine and vast delight
 The good old man was fill'd,
 When fondly, in his wither'd arms,
 He clasp'd the Holy Child!
 i 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cry'd,
 "Behold thy servant dies;
 "I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
 "And close my peaceful eyes.
 o 4 "This is the Light prepar'd to shine
 "Upon the Gentile lands,
 "Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
 "To break their slavish bands."
 —5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
 Hath overpowering charms!

Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

- 6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

HYMN 20. C. M.

*Spiritual Apparel, viz. the Robe of Righteousness and
Garments of Salvation. Is. lxi. 10.*

- e 1 **A** WAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor, polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heavenly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine!
How white the garments are!
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and every grace;
a But Jesus spent his life, to work
The robe of righteousness.
- i 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

HYMN 21. C. M.

A vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men.

Rev. xxi. 1—4.

- e 1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
u The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.
- e 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
o “Mortals, behold the sacred seat
“Of your descending King.
- 4 “The God of glory down to men
“Removes his blest abode;
i “Men, the dear objects of his grace,
“And he, the living God.
- 5 “His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
“From every weeping eye;
“And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
“And death itself shall die.”
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
o Fly swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

Hymn 22 and 23, referred to the 125th Psalm.

HYMN 24. L. M.

The rich Sinner Dying. — Psalm. xlix. 6, 9. Eccl. viii. 8.
Job iii. 14, 15.

- 1 **I**N vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain;
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.
- 2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glitt’ring roofs and downy beds.
- 3 The ling’ring, the unwilling soul,
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewell,
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.
- 4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones,
Their bones, without distinction, lie
Among the heaps of meaner bones.

The rest referred to the 49th Psalm.

HYMN 25. L. M.

A Vision of the Lamb. — Rev. v. 6—9.

- c 1 **A**LL mortal vanities begone!
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
a Behold, amidst th’ eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark’d with the bloody death he bore;

Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.

- a 3 Lo, he receives a scaled book
From him that sits upon the throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees and things unknown.]
- 4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs, of gospel sound,
Address their honors to his name.
- 5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony,
e Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
o "Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."]
- e 6 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
o "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
"To be our teacher and our King!"
- 7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
- e 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood;
And wretches, that did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their God.
- u 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That died for treasons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

HYMN 26. C. M.

*Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ. — 1 Pet. 1.
3—5.*

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
- a 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
e He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- i 3 What, though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
o Yet as the Lord, our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

- e 4 There's an inheritance divine
 Reserv'd against that day;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 And cannot fade away.
- u 5 Saints, by the power of God, are kept
 Till the salvation come:
- i We walk by faith, as strangers here,
 o Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 27. C. M.

*Assurance of Heaven; or, a Saint prepared to die. — 2 Tim
 iv. 6 — 8, 18.*

- 1 [D EATH may dissolve my body now,
 And bear my spirit home;
 Why do my minutes move so slow
 Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
 The battles of the Lord,
 Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
 And wait the sure reward.]
- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me
 A crown which cannot fade;
- a The righteous Judge, at that great day
 Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone;
 But all that love and long to see
 Th' appearance of his Son.
- o 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
 From every ill design;
 And to his heavenly kingdom take
 This feeble soul of mine.
- u 6 God is my everlasting aid,
 And hell shall rage in vain;
 To him be highest glory paid,
 And endless praise — *Amen.*

HYMN 28. C. M.

*The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies of his Church
 Isa. lxiii. 1 — 3, &c.*

- 1 W HAT mighty man, or mighty God,
 Comes travelling in state
 Along the Idumean road,
 Away from Bozrah's gate?
- 2 The glory of his robes proclaim,
 'Tis some victorious King:

- " 'Tis I, the just, th' Almighty One
"That your salvation bring."
- 3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,
Why thine apparel red!
And all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread?
- 4 "I by myself have trod the press,
"And crush'd my foes alone;
"My wrath hath struck the rebels dead,
"My fury stamp'd them down.
- 5 "'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
"With joyful scarlet stains;
"The triumph that my raiment wears
"Sprung from my bleeding veins.
- 6 "Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
"That dare insult my saints;
"I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
"An ear for their complaints."

HYMN 29. C. M.

The Triumph of Christ; or, Ruin of Antichrist. Isaiah
lxiii. 4—7.

- 1 "I LIFT my banner," saith the Lord,
"Where Antichrist has stood;
"The city of my gospel foes
"Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 "My heart has studied just revenge,
"And now the day appears;
"The day of my redeem'd is come,
"To wipe away their tears.
- 3 "Quite weary is my patience grown
"And bids my fury go:
"Swift as the lightning it shall move,
"And be as fatal too.
- 4 "I call for helpers, but in vain:
"Then has my gospel none?
"Well, my own arm has might enough
"To crush my foes alone.
- 5 "Slaughter, and my devouring sword,
"Shall walk the streets around;
"Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
"And stagger to the ground."
- 6 Thy honors, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thine awful vengeance sing
And our Deliv'rer praise.

HYMN 30. L. M.

Prayer for Deliverance answered. — Isa. xxvi. 8, 20.

- 1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of love,
 We wait the visit of thy grace!
 Our soul's desire is to thy name,
 And the remembrance of thy face.
- a 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee:
 'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
 My earnest cries salute the skies,
 Before the dawn restores the light.
- o 3 Look, how rebellious men deride
 The tender patience of my God;
 i But they shall see thy lifted hand,
 And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky;
 A mighty voice before him goes,
 y A voice of music to his friends,
 o But threat'ning thunder to his foes.
- i 5 Come, children, to your Father's arms,
 Hide in the chambers of my grace,
 o Till the fierce storms be overblown,
 And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
 And drink the blood of haughty kings,
 While heavenly peace around my flock
 Stretches its soft and shady wings.

Hymn 31, referred to the 1st Psalm.

HYMN 32. C. M.

Strength from Heaven. — Isa. xl. 27—30.

- i 1 **W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
 And where's our courage fled?
 Has restless sin, and raging hell,
 Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name,
 That form'd the earth and sea?
 And can an all-creating arm
 Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
 In our Jehovah dwell;
 e He gives the conquest to the weak,
 And treads their foes to hell.
- a 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
 And youthful vigor cease;

- o But we, that wait upon the Lord
 Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
 And taste the promis'd bliss;
 Till their unwearied feet arrive
 Where perfect pleasure is.

*Hymns 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, referred to Psalms 67, 73, 84,
 90, 131, and 134.*

HYMN 39. C. M.

God's tender Care of his Church. Isa. xlix. 13. 14, &c.

- e 1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,
 And burst into a song;
 Almighty love inspires my heart,
 And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill
 Some mercy-drops has thrown,
 o And solemn oaths have bound his love
 To shower salvation down.
- i 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
 Suspicions, and complaints?
 — Is he a God, and shall his grace
 Grow weary of his saints?
- i 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
 The infant of her womb,
 And, 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
 Her suckling have no room?
- 5 "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature
 "And mothers monsters prove, [change,
 o "Sion still dwells upon the heart
 "Of everlasting love.
- u 6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands
 "I have engrav'd her name;
 "My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
 "And build her broken frame."

HYMN 40. L. M.

*The Business and Blessedness of Glorified Saints Rev
 vii. 13 — 15, &c.*

- y 1 **W**HAT happy men, or angels, these,
 "That all their robes are spotless white?"
 "Whence did the glorious troop arrive
 "At the pure realms of heavenly light?"
- a 2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
 And seas of their own blood, they came.
 But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
 Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

- u 3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne
 With loud hosannas night and day;
 Sweet anthems to the great Three-One,
 Measure their bless'd eternity.
- e 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls:
 He bids their parching thirst be gone,
 And spreads the shadow of his wings,
 To screen them from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,
 Shall shed around his milder beams:
 There shall they feast on his rich love,
 And drink full joys, from living streams;
- u 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
 Through the vast round of endless years,
 i And the soft hand of sovereign grace
 Heal all their wounds, and wipe their tears.

HYMN 41. C. M.

The same; or, the Martyrs glorified. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- i 1 "THESE glorious minds how bright they
 "Whence all their white array? [shine!
 "How came they to the happy seats
 "Of everlasting day?"
- 2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
 On fiery wheels they rode,
 And strangely wash'd their raiment white
 In Jesus' dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
 And bow before his throne;
 Their warbling harps, and sacred songs,
 Adore the Holy One.
- u 4 The unveil'd glories of his face
 Among his saints reside,
 While the rich treasures of his grace
 See all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
 And hunger flee as fast:
 The fruit of life's immortal tree
 Shall be their sweet repast.
- c 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
 Where living waters rise;
 And love divine shall wipe away
 The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN 42. C. M.

Divine Wrath and Mercy.—Nah. i. 1—3, &c.

- 1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our God
Is a *consuming fire* : *
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raise his vengeance higher.
- 2 Almighty vengeance ! how it burns !
How bright his fury glows !
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,
Are forc'd into a flame ;
But kindled, oh ! how fierce they blaze !
And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a watery grave ;
The frightened sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.
- 5 Through the wide air, the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd ;
Who dares engage his fiery rage
That shakes the solid world ?
- 6 Yet, mighty God, thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne ;
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempest pour ;
While we, beneath thy sheltering wings,
Thy just revenge adore.

*Hymn 43, referred to the 100th Psalm.**Hymn 44, referred to the 133d Psalm.*

HYMN 45. C. M.

The last Judgment. Rev. xxi. 5—8.

- 1 **S**EE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.
- 2 [“I am the first, and I the last,
“Through endless years the same :
“I AM—is my memorial still,
“And my eternal name.

* Heb. xii. 29.

- 3 "Such favors as a God can give,
 "My royal grace bestows;
 "Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
 "Where life and pleasure flows.]
- 4 ["The saint, that triumphs o'er his sins,
 "I'll own him for a son;
 "The whole creation shall reward
 "The conquests he has won.
- 5 "But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
 "And all the lying race,
 "The faithless and the scoffing crew,
 "That spurn at offer'd grace;
- 6 "They shall be taken from my sight,
 "Bound fast in iron chains,
 "And headlong plung'd into the lake
 "Where fire and darkness reigns."]
- 7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled,
 And hear the Judge pronounce my name
 With blessings on my head!
- 8 May I with those for ever dwell
 Who here were my delight,
 While sinners, banish'd down to hell,
 No more offend my sight.

Hymns 46, and 47 referred to Psalms 3 and 148.

HYMN 48. L. M.

The Christian Race. Isa. xl. 28—31.

- 1 **A** WAKE our souls, (away our fears,
 Let every trembling thought be gone)
 o Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- i 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 — But they forget the mighty God
 That feeds the strength of every saint.
- u 3 The mighty God whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.
- e 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
 a While such as trust their native strength
 a Shall melt away and droop, and die.

- e 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 49. C. M.

The Works of Moses and the Lamb. — Rev. xv. 3.

- 1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God,
 Who would not fear thy name?
 Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
 Who would not love the Lamb!
- 2 He has done more than Moses did,
 Our prophet and our king;
 From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
 And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
 The Egyptian host was drown'd;
 But his own blood hides all our sins
 And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,
 With manna they were fed;
 Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
 And calls it living bread.
- a 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
 Yet never reach'd the place;
- e But Christ shall bring his followers home,
 To see his Father's face.
- y 6 Then will our love and joy be full,
 And feel a warmer flame,
 And sweeter voices tune the song,
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 50. C. M.

The Song of Zacharias, and the Message of John the Baptist; or, Light and Salvation by Jesus Christ. Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 42.

- 1 **N**OW be the God of Israel bless'd,
 Who makes his truth appear:
 His mighty hand fulfils his word,
 And all the oaths he sware.
- 2 Now he bedews old David's root
 With blessings from the skies;
- e He makes the Branch of promise grow,
 The promis'd Horn arise.
- 3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,
 To go before his face,

The herald, which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways:

- 4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heavenly love,
In its own glory shines.
- 5 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away;
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head
"On his baptizing day.]
- o 6 "Be every vale exalted high,
"Sink every mountain low:
- a "The proud must stoop, and humble souls
"Shall his salvation know.
- e 7 "The heathen realms with Israel's land
"Shall join in sweet accord;
"And all that's born of man shall see
"The glory of the Lord.
- o 8 "Behold the morning Star arise,
"Ye that in darkness sit;
- "He marks the path that leads to peace,
"And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN 51. S. M.

Preserving Grace. Jude 24, 25.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face
With joys divinely great.
- e 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around his throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- o 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 52. L. M.

Baptism. Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

1 **T**WAS the commission of our Lord,
 "Go teach the nations, and baptize;"
 The nations have receiv'd the Word
 Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
 With grace and pardon in his hands,
 And sends his cov'nant, with the seals,
 To bless the distant Christian lands.

3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,
 "For the remission of your sins;"
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
 As water makes the body clean;
 And the good Spirit from our God
 Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
 And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
 O may the great Eternal Three
 In heaven our solemn vows record!

HYMN 53. L. M.

The Holy Scriptures. Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 **G**OD, who in various methods, told
 His mind and will to saints of old,
 Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
 To teach us in these latter days.

e 2 Our nation reads the written Word,
 That book of life, that sure record;
 The bright inheritance of heaven,
 Is, by the sweet conveyance, given.

a 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd
 Able to make us wise and bless'd;
 The doctrines are divinely true,
 Fit for reproof, and comfort too.

—4 Ye people all, who read his love
 In long epistles from above,
 (He hath not sent his sacred Word
 o To every land,) praise ye the Lord.

HYMN 54. L. M.

*Electing Grace; or, Saints beloved in Christ.**Eph. i. 3, &c.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from his throne,
Flew down to sinners through his Son!
- 2 "Christ be my first elect," he said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees but chose at once:
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.
- e 5 With Christ, our Lord, we share our part,
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his First Belov'd.

HYMN 55. C. M.

*Hezekiah's Song; or, Sickness and Recovery**Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.*

- 1 **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he, who holds the keys of death,
Commands them fast again.
- 3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears:
"Our days are past, and we shall lose
"The remnant of our years."
- 4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or, like a dove, we mourn
With bitterness, instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.
- 5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;

Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

- 6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN 56. C. M.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb; or, Babylon falling.

Rev. xv. 3, xvi. 19, and xvii. 6.

- 1 **W**E sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!
- 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne!
Thy judgments speak thy holiness
Through all the nations known.
- 4 Great Babylon that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.
- i 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs:
Strong is the Lord, her sovereign Judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN 57. C. M.

Original Sin; or, the First and second Adam. Rom. v. 12,

&c. Psal. li. 5. Job. xiv, 4.

- a 1 **B**ACKWARD, with humble shame we
u On our original; [look
u How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!
- i 2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!
- u 3 [Conceiv'd in sin, (Oh wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

- 4 How strong, in our degen'rate blood,
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!]
- 5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?
- 6 What mortal power from things unclean,
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?]
- 7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.
- e 8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
- o Hosanna to that sovereign power,
That new creates our dust!

HYMN 58. L. M.

The Devil vanquished; or, Michael's War with the Dragon.
Rev. xii. 7.

- 1 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heaven, when Michael stood
Chief general of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.
- 2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.
- 3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell:
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.
- 4 Now is the hour of darkness past
Christ has assum'd his reigning power;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more!
- 5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down:
'Twas by thy word, and powerful name,
They gain'd the battle and renown.

- 6 Rejoice, ye heavens! let every star
 Shine with new glories round the sky;
 Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,
 Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high.

HYMN 59. L. M.

Babylon Fallen.—Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

- 1 **I**N Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
 Lies, a fair type of Babylon:
 i "Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,
 "God shall avenge your long complaints."
 2 He said, and dreadful, as he stood,
 e He sunk the millstone in the flood;
 o "Thus terrible shall Babel fall,
 a "Thus, and no more be sound at all."

HYMN 60. L. M.

The Virgin Mary's Song; or, the promised Messiah born.
 Luke i. 46, &c.

- 1 **O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord;
 In God, the Saviour, we rejoice;
 While we repeat the virgin's song,
 May the same spirit tune our voice.
 2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
 And mighty things his hand hath done;
 His overshadowing power and grace
 Makes her the mother of his Son.
 3 Let ev'ry nation call her bless'd,
 And endless years prolong her fame;
 But God alone must be ador'd;
 Holy and reverend is his name.]
 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord
 His mercy stands for ever sure;
 From age to age his promise lives,
 And the performance is secure.
 5 He spake to Abra'm and his Seed,
 "In thee shall all the earth be bless'd;"
 The mem'ry of that ancient word
 Lay long in his eternal breast.
 e 6 But now no more shall Israel wait,
 No more the Gentiles lie forlorn;
 a Lo, the Desire of nations comes;
 Behold the promis'd Seed is born!

HYMN 61. L. M.

Christ our High Priest and King; and Christ coming to Judgment. Rev. i. 5—7.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
o And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- o 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glories sing.
- a 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
i Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
o Now he displays his pard'ning love.
- a 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
e While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

HYMN 62. C. M.

Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the Creation. Rev. v. 11—13.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- o 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
- "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- e 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- o 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
o Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- u 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name

Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 63. L. M.

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

- i 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee O Lord, our God, the Lamb;
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain, [died,
The Prince of Peace, that groan'd, and
o Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due,
a Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
— Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
a Though he was charg'd with madness there.
- 4 All riches are his native right,
a Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
o To him ascribe eternal might,
— Who left his weakness on the cross.
- o 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- e 6 Blessings for ever on the lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men:
u Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say — Amen.

HYMN 64. S. M.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1. &c. Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

- 4 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love,
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie,
 Like slaves beneath the throne;
 My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 65. L. M.

The Kingdoms of the World become the Kingdoms of the Lord; or, the Day of Judgment. Rev. xi. 15.

- 1 **L**ET the seventh angel sound on high,
 Let shouts be heard through all the sky!
 Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
 Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- u 2 Almighty God, thy power assume,
 Who wast, and art, and art to come;
 Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
 For ever live, for ever reign!
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
 That they can slay the saints no more;
 e On wings of vengeance flies our God,
 To pay the long arrears of blood.
- u 4 Now must the rising dead appear;
 Now the decisive sentence hear;
 e Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
 Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN 66. L. M.

Christ the King at his Table.

Solomon's Song i. 2—5, 12, 13, 17.

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my soul and prove
 My int'rest in his heavenly love;
 The voice that tells me, 'Thou art mine,'
 Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
- 2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
 And spread the savor of thy name;
 That oil of gladness and of grace
 Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
- i 3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms,
 My soul shall fly into thine arms!

- Our wandering feet thy favors bring
To the fair chambers of the King.
- 4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice,
To speak thy praises and our joys;
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine,
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear;
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.
- 6 [While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing:
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breathe, like spikenard, round the room.]
- 7 As myrrh, new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me:
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.
- 8 [No beams of cedar or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

HYMN 67. L. M.

Seeking the Pastures of Christ, the Shepherd.
Solomon's Song i. 7.

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
i Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?
- a 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
- o My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
- e 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears
- i 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
o Here, to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved leads me home.]

HYMN 68. L. M.

The Banquet of Love. — Solomon's Song ii. 1.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the valleys bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.
- 2 Among the thorns so lilies shine;
Among wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sit,
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes, and please my taste.
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace,
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.
- 5 With living bread, and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He shows his thoughts how kind they be.]
- 6 O never let my Lord depart;
Lie down and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

HYMN 69. L. M.

Christ appearing to his Church and seeking her Company
Solomon's Song ii. 8—13.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies, to my relief.
- i 2 Now, through the veil of flesh, I see,
With eyes of love he looks at me:
— Now, in the gospel's clearest glass,
He shows the beauty of his face.
- y 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
- c "Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away,
"No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- y 4 "The Jewish wintry state is gone,
"The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
— "The sacred turtle-dove we hear
o "Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

- 5 “Th’ immortal Vine of heavenly root,
 “Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit ”
 i Lo, we are come to taste the wine:
 o Our souls rejoice and bless the Vine.
- 6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
 o “Rise up my love and haste away;”
 Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
 And leave all earthly love behind.

HYMN 70. L. M.

Christ inviting, and the Church answering the invitation.

Solomon's Song ii. 14, 16, 17.

- 1 [HARK! the Redeemer, from on high,
 Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh:
 From caves of darkness and of doubt,
 He gently speaks and calls us out.]
- 2 “My dove, who hidest in the rock,
 “Thine heart almost with sorrow broke;
 “Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
 “And let thy voice delight mine ear.
- 3 “Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
 “My graces in thy count'nance meet;
 “Though the vain world thy face despise,
 “’Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.”
- 4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
 The hope thine invitation gives;
 To thee our joyful lips shall raise
 The voice of prayer and of praise.]
- 5 I am my love's, and he is mine,
 Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join;
 Nor let a motion, nor a word,
 Nor thought, arise to grieve my Lord.
- 6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
 Among the lilies where he feeds;
 Among the saints, (whose robes are white,
 Wash'd in his blood,) is his delight.
- 7 Till the day break and shadows flee,
 Till the sweet dawning light I see,
 Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
 Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
 Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
 Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
 My Love, my Saviour, from my side.

HYMN 71. L. M.

Christ found in the street, and brought to the Church.

Solomon's Song iii. 1—5.

- 1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight:
With warm desire and restless thought,
I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise, and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the watchmen of the night,
"Where did you see my soul's delight?"
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in my embrace.
- 4 [I bring him to my mother's home;
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To Sion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.
- 5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]
- 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin, nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

HYMN 72. L. M.

The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the Church.

Solomon's Song iii. 11.

- 1 **D**AUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.
- o 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- y 3 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- e 4 The gladness of that happy day!
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;

Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

- 5 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
o Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.
- e 6 O that the months would roll away
And bring that coronation day!
u The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN 73. L. M.

The Church's Beauty in the eyes of Christ.

Solomon's Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9.

- 1 **K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word:
"Lo, thou art fair, my love," he cries,
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.
- 2 ["Sweet are thy lips; thy pleasing voice
"Salutes mine ear with secret joys:
"No spice so much delights the smell,
"Nor milk nor honey, tastes so well.]
- 3 "Thou art all fair, my bride, to me;
"I will behold no spot in thee;"
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!
- 4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair,
Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.
- 5 "My sister, and my spouse," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties,
"Thy powerful love my heart detains
"In strong delight, and pleasing chains."
- 6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wide world of beasts and men
To Zion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.
- 7 Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, or earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

HYMN 74. L. M.

The Church the Garden of Christ.

Solomon's Song iv. 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.

- y 1 **W**E are a garden wall'd around,
 Chosen and made peculiar ground;
 A little spot, enclos'd by grace,
 Out of the world's wild wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
 Planted by God, the Father's hand;
 And all his springs in Sion flow,
 To make the young plantation grow.
- o 3 Awake, O heavenly Wind, and come,
 Blow on this garden of perfume;
 Spirit divine, descend and breathe
 A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
 To entertain our Saviour God:
 And faith, and love, and joy appear,
 And every grace be active here.
- 5 [Let my Beloved come and taste
 His pleasant fruits at his own feast:
 "I come, my spouse, I come," he cries,
 With love and pleasure in his eyes.
- 6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
 Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes,
 And calls us to a feast divine,
 Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.
- 7 "Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
 "The blessings that my Father sends;
 "Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
 "And drink abundance of my love."
- e 8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
 And sing the bounties of our Lord;
- a But the rich food on which we live,
 Demands more praise than we can give.]

HYMN 75. L. M.

The description of Christ the Beloved.

Solomon's Song v. 9—25, 14—16.

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring world inquires to know
 Why I should love my Jesus so;
 "What are his charms," say they, "above
 "The objects of a mortal love?"
- 2 Yes, my Beloved to my sight,
 Shows a sweet mixture, red and white;

- All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun among ten thousand stars.
- 4 [His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- i 5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Near to the signals of his wound;
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]
- 6 [His hands are fairer to behold
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heavenly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
- u 7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command,
His legs, like marble pillars, stand.]
- 8 [His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove,
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.
- 9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints;
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too!

HYMN 76. L. M.

Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth.

Solomon's Song vi. 1—3, 12.

- 1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.
- 2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

- 3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.]
- 4 He has engross'd my warmest love;
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]
- 5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are:
No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly rapture can describe.]
- e 6 O may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies,
a Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.]

HYMN 77. L. M.

*The Love of Christ to the Church, in his Language to her
and Provision for her.*

Solomon's Song vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

- 1 **N**OW, in the galleries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
i "How fair my saints are in my sight,
"My love, how pleasant for delight."
- 2 Kind is thy language, sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word:
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine..
- e 3 Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.
- 4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love:
But keeps his noblest feast above.
- o 5 In Paradise, within the gates,
A higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more!

HYMN 78. L. M.

*The Strength of Christ's Love, and the Soul's Jealousy of
her own.* — Solomon's Song viii. 5 — 7, 13, 14.

- 1 [**W**HO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness,
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans?

- 2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasure of his blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint.]
- 3 "O let my name engraven stand,
"Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
"Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
"That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 "Stronger than death thy love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown,
"And hell and earth in vain combine
"To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
"Lest it should once from thee depart;
"Then let thy name be well impress'd,
"As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
"Where fears and doubts can never come,
"Thy count'nance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.
- e 7 "Come, my Beloved, haste away,
"Cut short the hours of thy delay;
- u "Fly like a youthful hart or roe
"Over the hills where spices grow."

HYMN 79. L. M.

A Morning Hymn. — Ps. xix. 5, 8, and lxxiii. 24, 25.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- e 3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.
- a 4 [But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow every wandering star.]
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;

Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.

- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

HYMN 80. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

Ps. iv. 8, and iii. 5, 6, and cxliii. 8.

- 1 **T**HUS far, the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- a 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
— But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep:
Peace is the pillow for my head:
While well appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear;
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- a 6 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
o And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

HYMN 81. L. M.

A Song for Morning or Evening.

Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xiv. 7.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days:
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 82. L. M.

God far above all Creatures; or, Man Vain and Mortal.

Job. iv. 17—21.

- a 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood
 Contend with their Creator, God?
 o Shall mortal worms presume to be
 More holy, wise, or just than he?
 —2 Behold he puts his trust in none
 Of all the spirits round his throne;
 Their natures, when compar'd with his,
 Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
 a 3 But how much meaner things are they
 Who spring from dust and dwell in clay!
 Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
 We faint and perish like the moth.
 4 From night to day, from day to night,
 We die by thousands in thy sight;
 Buried in dust whole nations lie,
 Like a forgotten vanity.
 u 5 Almighty Power, to thee we bow;
 How frail are we! how glorious thou!
 No more the sons of earth shall dare
 With an eternal God compare.

HYMN 83. C. M.

Afflictions and Death under Providence, Job v. 6—8.

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,
 Nor troubles rise by chance:
 u Yet we are born to cares and woes,
 A sad inheritance!
 —2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
 And still are upwards borne;
 u So grief is rooted in our souls,
 And man grows up to mourn.
 —3 Yet with my God I leave my cause.
 And trust his promis'd grace;
 He rules me by his well known laws
 Of love and righteousness.
 e 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
 Shall spoil my future peace,

For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

HYMN 84. L. M.

Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ. Isa. xiv.
21—25.

- a 1 **J**EHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sovereign honors and his names:
- 2 "I am the Last, and I the First,
"The Saviour God, and God the just;
"There's none beside pretends to show
"Such justice and salvation too.
- 3 "Ye, that in shades of darkness dwell,
"Just on the verge of death and hell,
"Look up to me from distant lands;
"Light, life, and heaven are in my hands.
- u 4 "I by my holy name have sworn,
"Nor shall the word in vain return;
"To me shall all things bend the knee,
"And every tongue shall swear to me.]
- 5 "In me alone shall men confess
"Lies all their strength and righteousness:
- a "But such as dare despise my name,
"I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
- 6 "In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
"Of Israel, from their sins be freed;
"And by their shining graces prove
"Their interest in my pard'ning love."

HYMN 85. S. M. *The Same.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne:
"Mercy and Justice are the names
"By which I will be known.
- e 2 "Ye dying souls, that sit
"In darkness and distress,
"Look from the borders of the pit
"To my recov'ring grace."
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound:
Their thankful tongues shall own,
"Our righteousness and strength is found
"In thee, the Lord, alone."
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiven;

- o God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heaven.

HYMN 86. C. M.

God, Holy, Just, and Sovereign. — Job ix. 2—20.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.
- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or 'tempt the unequal war?
- 4 [Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient sun forbears!
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the raging sea;
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN 87. L. M.

God dwells with the Humble and Penitent.

Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One
u "I sit upon my holy throne;
"My name is God; I dwell on high;
"Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 "But I descend to worlds below;
"On earth I have a mansion too;
- i "The humble spirit and contrite
"Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 "The humble soul my words revive,
"I bid the mourning sinner live;
"Heal all the broken hearts I find,
"And ease the sorrows of the mind.

- i 4 " [When I contend against their sin,
 " I make them know how vile they've been;
 a " But should my wrath for ever smoke,
 " Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."
 e 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
 Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
 — Thus shall our better thoughts approve
 The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

HYMN 88. L. M.

Life, the Day of Grace and Hope. Ec. ix. 4—6, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' ensure the great reward;
 And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.
 2 [Life is the hour that God hath given
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.]
 u 3 [The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie;
 Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.]
 a 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy buried in the dust:
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
 —5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue,
 i Since no device, nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
 a 6 There are no acts of pardon past
 In the cold grave, to which we haste;
 a But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 89. L. M.

Youth and Judgment.—Eccl. xi. 9.

- e 1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,
 Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
 Taste the delights your souls desire,
 And give a loose to all your fire.
 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
 And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
 Enjoy the day of mirth, but know
 a There is a day of judgment too.

- a 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults:
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through ;
- u How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace ?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities ;
- o And let the thunder of thy Word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 90. C. M. *The same.*

- 1 **L**O, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires ;
a But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.
- a 3 The Judge prepares his throne on high ;
o The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.
- u 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test ?
I'd give all mortal joys away
To be for ever bless'd.

HYMN 91. L. M.

Advice to youth; or, Old Age and Death in an unconverted state. — Eccl. xii. i, 7. Is. lxx. 20.

- 1 **N**OW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator, God ;
- a Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say — " My joys are gone."
- a 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- u 3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul, in agonies of pain
Ascends to God : not there to dwell,
a But hears her doom and sinks to hell.

- a 4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;
 Teach me to know how frail I am ;
 — And when my soul must hence remove,
 Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 92. S. M.

Christ the Wisdom of God. — Prov. viii. 1, 22 — 32.

- 1 **S**HALL Wisdom cry aloud,
 And not her speech be heard ?
 The voice of God's eternal Word,
 Deserves it no regard ?
- 2 " I was his chief delight,
 " His everlasting Son,
 " Before the first of all his works,
 " Creation, was begun.
- 3 [" Before the flying clouds,
 " Before the solid land,
 " Before the fields, before the floods,
 " I dwelt at his right hand.
- 4 " When he adorn'd the skies,
 " And built them, I was there,
 " To order when the sun should rise,
 " And marshal every star.
- 5 " When he pour'd out the sea,
 " And spread the flowing deep ;
 " I gave the flood a firm decree,
 " In its own bounds to keep.
- 6 " Upon the empty air
 " The earth was balanc'd well ;
 " With joy I saw the mansion, where
 " The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 " My busy thoughts at first
 " On their salvation ran,
 " Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
 " Was fashion'd to a man.
- e 8 " Then come, receive my grace,
 " Ye children, and be wise :
- o " Happy the man that keeps my ways ;
 " The man that shuns them dies."

HYMN 93. L. M.

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted. — Prov. viii. 34 — 36.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
 " Bless'd is the man that hears my word,
 " Keeps daily watch before my gates,
 " And at my feet for mercy waits.

- e 2 "The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 "Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
 "Immortal life is his reward,
 "Life, and the favor of the Lord.
- a 3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me
 "Doth his own soul an injury;
- a "Fools, that against my grace rebel,
 "Seek death, and love the road to hell."

HYMN 94. C. M.

Justification by Faith, not by Works; or, the Law condemns, Grace justifies. — Rom. iii. 19—22.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built;
 Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.
- a 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
 Without a murmuring word,
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now,
 Since to convince and to condemn,
 Is all the law can do.
- e 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
 When in thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 95. C. M.

Regeneration. — John i. 13. and iii. 3, &c.

- 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
 Nor rites that God has given,
 Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
 Can raise a soul to heav'n.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
 Creates us heirs of grace;
 Born in the image of his Son,
 A new peculiar race.
- u 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
 Blows on the sons of flesh,
 New models all the carnal mind,
 And forms the man afresh.
- e 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
 From the long sleep of death;
- o On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
 And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 96. C. M.

Election excludes boasting.—1 Cor. i. 26—31.

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,
 But few of noble race,
 Obtain the favor of thine eyes,
 Almighty King of grace.
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name
 For sons and heirs of God;
 And thus he pours abundant shame
 On honorable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
 The myst'ries of his grace,
 To bring aspiring wisdom low,
 And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature has all its glories lost,
 When brought before his throne;
 No flesh shall in his presence boast
 But in the Lord alone.

HYMN 97. L. M.

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **B**URY'D in shadows of the night,
 We lie till Christ restores the light:
- e Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
 And chase the darkness of the mind.
- u 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
 Till his atoning blood appears;
 Then we awake from deep distress,
- o And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness."
- a 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
 — His spirit makes our natures clean;
 Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
 At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- a 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
 Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
 He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
 The iron bondage from our necks.
- i 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
 Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
 Thou art our mighty all, and we
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN 98. S. M.

The same.

- a 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 — Till Christ, with his reviving light,
 Over our souls arise!

- a 2 Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of heaven ;
 But in his righteousness array'd,
 We see our sins forgiven.
- i 3 Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways,
 — His hands, infected nature cure,
 With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain ;
- e He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed chain.
- i 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
 To bring us near to God,
 Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

HYMN 99. C. M.

Stones made the Children of Abraham; or, Grace not conveyed by religious Parents. Matt. iii. 9.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
 Upon their birth and blood,
 Descended from a pious race,
 (Their fathers now with God.)
- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell,
 Can take the hardest stones,
 And fill the house of Abra'm well
 With new created sons.
- 3 Such wondrous power doth he possess,
 Who form'd our mortal frame,
 Who call'd the world from emptiness,
 The world obey'd, and came.

HYMN 100. L. M.

Believe and be saved. — John iii. 16 — 18.

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
 Did Christ, the Son of God, appear !
 No weapons in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- a 2 Such was the pity of our God,
 He lov'd the race of men so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
 Trust in his mighty name and live ;

- e A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- a 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels, who refuse his grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN 101. L. M.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.

Luke xv. 7, 10.

- i 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy, the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love:
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
- o And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 102. L. M.

The Beatitudes. — Matt. v. 3 — 12.

- 1 [**B**LESS'D are the humble souls, that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
o Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.]
- i 2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
— The blood of Christ divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.]
- i 3 [Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war:
o God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]
- i 4 [Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
o They shall be well supply'd, and fed
With living streams and living bread.]
- i 5 [Bless'd are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
— From Christ the Lord shall they obtain,
Like sympathy and love again.]

- i 6 [Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
o With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]
- i 7 [Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
o They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]
- 8 [Bless'd are the suff'ers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
o Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
u Glory and joy are their reward.]

HYMN 103. C. M.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.—2 Tim. i. 12.

- e 1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause ;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- i 2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name !
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- u 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- o 4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his father's face ;
And, in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 104. C. M.

A state of Nature and of Grace. 1 Cor. vi. 10. 11.

- 1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.
- y 2 Surprising grace ! and such were we
By nature and by sin ;
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.
- e 3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name ;
And the good Spirit of our God
Hath sanctify'd our frame.

- 4 O for a persevering power
 To keep thy just commands!
 We would deſile our hearts no more,
 No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 105. C. M.

Heaven invisible and holy. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27

- 1 **N**OR eye hath ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor ſenſe nor reaſon known,
 What joys the Father has prepar'd
 For thoſe that love the Son.
- e 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heaven to come;
 The beams of glory in his word
 Allure and guide us home.
- y 3 Pure are the joys above the ſky,
 And all the region peace;
 No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
 Can ſee or taſte the bliſs.
- 4 Thoſe holy gates for ever bar
 Pollution, ſin, and ſhame;
 None ſhall obtain admittance there,
 But followers of the Lamb.
- e 5 He keeps the Father's book of life;
 There all their names are found:
- a The hypocrite in vain ſhall ſtrive
 To tread the heavenly ground.

HYMN 106. S. M.

Dead to ſin by the Croſs of Chriſt. — Rom. vi. 1, 2,

- i 1 **S**HALL we go on to ſin,
 Becauſe thy grace abounds?
 Or crucify the Lord again,
 And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
 Nor let it e'er be ſaid,
 That we, whoſe ſins are crucify'd,
 Should raiſe them from the dead.
- o 3 We will be ſlaves no more,
 Since Chriſt hath made us free,
 Hath nail'd our tyrants to his croſs
 And bought our liberty.

HYMN 107. L. M.

The Fall and Recovery of Man; or, Christ and Satan at enmity. — Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17, Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

- 1 **D**ECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our Father, fell,
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.
- a 2 Death was the threat'ning; death began
To take possession of the man:
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.
- 3 But Satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
o "Let everlasting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.
- 4 "The woman's seed shall be my Son,
"He shall destroy what thou hast done;
"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."
- 5 [He spake, and bid four thousand years
Roll on; at length his son appears;
y Angels, with joy, descend to earth,
— And sing the young Redeemer's birth.
- u 6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies!
— But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
e He gave their prince a fatal blow,
e And triumph'd o'er the powers below.]

HYMN 108. S. M.

Christ unseen and beloved. — 1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his Word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 109. L. M.

The value of Christ and his Righteousness.

Phil. iii. 7—9.

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count my loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem.
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
 O may my soul be found in him,
 And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before thy throne;
 But faith can answer thy demands,
 By pleading what my lord has done.

HYMN 110. C. M.

Death and immediate Glory.—2 Cor. v. 1, 5, 8

- o 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal, and on high;
 a And here my spirit waiting stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.
- i 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolv'd and fall;
 y Then, O my soul, with joy obey
 Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heaven;
 And, as an earnest of the place,
 Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
 Faith lives upon his word;
 a But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see;
 e We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 111. C. M.

Salvation by Grace.—Titus iii. 3, 7.

- a 1 [LORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
 How great our guilt has been;
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.
- e 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love his name,
 Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
 Of folly, sin, and shame.]
- 3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness
 Which our own hands have done;
 e But we are sav'd by sovereign grace,
 Abounding through his Son.]
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin;
 'Tis by the water and the blood
 Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- u 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry bones as we.
- e 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;
 And, justify'd by grace,
 y We shall appear in glory too;
 And see our Father's face.

HYMN 112. C. M.

*The Brazen Serpent; or, Looking to Jesus.**John iii. 14 — 16.*

- 1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
 The brazen serpent high;
 The wounded felt immediate ease;
 The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
 "And live," the prophet cries;
 i But Christ performs a nobler cure,
 When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
 High in the heavens he reigns;
 Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
 Look, and forget their pains.
- u 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
 A dying world revives;
 The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
 Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 113. C. M.

Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles.

Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

- 1 **H**OW large the promise! how divine
 To Abra'm and his seed!
 "I'll be a God to thee and thine,
 "Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love
 From age to age endure;
 The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
 And seals the blessing sure.
- y 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
 To our great fathers given;
 He takes young children to his arms,
 And calls them heirs of heaven.
- o 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways,
 His love endures the same:
 Nor from the promise of his grace
 Blots out his children's name.

HYMN 114. C. M.

The same.—Rom. xi. 16, 17.

- a 1 **G**ENTILES by nature, we belong
 To the wild olive-wood;
 e Grace takes us from the barren tree,
 And grafts us in the good.
- 2 With the same blessings, grace endows
 The Gentile and the Jew;
 If pure and holy be the root,
 Such are the branches too.
- o 3 Then let the children of the saints
 Be dedicate to God;
 i Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
 And wash them in thy blood.
- e 4 Thus to the parents and their seed
 Shall thy salvation come,
 o And num'rous households meet at last
 In one eternal home.

HYMN 115. C. M.

Conviction of Sin by the Law.

Rom. vii. 8, 9, 14, 24.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
 And felt no inward dread!
 I was alive without the law,
 And thought my sins were dead.

- 2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
 a But since the precept came,
 With a convincing power and light,
 I find how vile I am.
- 3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
 Till terribly I saw
 How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
 Was thine eternal law.
- i 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
 My sins reviv'd again;
 I had provok'd a dreadful God,
 And all my powers were slain.]
- u 5 I'm like a helpless captive, sold
 Under the power of sin;
 I cannot do the good I would,
 Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with every breath,
 For some kind power to save,
 To break the yoke of sin and death,
 And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN 116. L. M.

Love to God and our neighbor. — Matt. xxii. 37 — 40.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great command,
 "Let all thy inward powers unite
 "To love thy Maker and thy God,
 "With utmost vigor and delight.
- 2 "Then shall thy neighbor next in place
 "Share thine affections and esteem;
 "And let thy kindness to thyself
 "Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
 This did the prophets preach and prove:
 For want of this the Law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
- a 4 But, oh how base our passions are!
 How cold our charity and zeal!
- Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN 117. L. M.

Election Sovereign and Free. — Rom. ix. 21 — 24.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the potter and the clay,
 He forms his vessels as he please;
 Such is our God, and such are we
 The subjects of his high decrees.

- 2 [Doth not the workman's power extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use ?]
- a 3 May not the sovereign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as he will?
Choose some to life while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?
- 4 [What if, to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile wretches to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?
- 5 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race
And form them fit for heavenly joys?]
- 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
o The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust ?
- u 7 But, O my soul, if truths so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.
- u 8 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world, before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN 118. S. M.

Moses and Christ; or, Sins against the Law and Gospel.
John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6, and x. 28, 29.

- 1 **T**HE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, (a nobler name,)
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done:
Moses, a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
- o 3 Then, to his new commands,
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sovereign and the head.
- a 4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,

- u Behold, how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.
- a 5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN 119. C. M.

The different success of the Gospel.

1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 **C**HRIST and his cross are all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- e 2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
a But unbelief perverts the same
a To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN 120. C. M.

Faith of things unseen. — Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city, fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands:
e And faith assures us, though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

HYMN 121. C. M.

Children devoted to God.

Gen. xvii. 7. 10. Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

For those who practise Infant Baptism.

1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
 "I'll be a God to thee;
 "I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
 "Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
 And gave his son to God;
 But water seals the blessing now,
 That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
 When she receiv'd the word;
 Thus the believing jailer gave
 His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
 Thine ancient truths embrace;
 To thee their infant offspring bring,
 And humbly claim thy grace.

HYMN 122. L. M.

Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism.

i 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
 That we are bury'd with the Lord;
 Baptiz'd into his death, and then,
 Put off the body of our sin?

e 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death:
 o So from the grave did Christ arise,
 And lives to God above the skies.

—3 No more let sin or Satan reign
 Over our mortal flesh again;
 The various lusts we serv'd before
 Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 123. C. M.

The repenting prodigal. — Luke xv. 13, &c.

1 **B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
 Has wasted his estate;
 He begs a share among the swine,
 To taste the husks they eat.

u 2 "I die with hunger here," he cries,
 "I starve in foreign lands;

"My father's house hath large supplies,
 "And bounteous are his hands.

—3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
 "Fall down before his face;

u "Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
 "Nor can deserve thy grace."

e 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
 To seek his father's love;

— The father saw the rebel come,
 i And all his bowels move.

o 5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
 Embrac'd and kiss'd his son:

u The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
 For follies he had done.

o 6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
 e (The father gives command)

o "Dress him in garments white and clean,
 "With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain,
 "Let mirth and joy abound:

y "My son was dead, and lives again,
 "Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN 124. L. M.

The first and Second Adam. — Rom. v, 12, &c.

a 1 **D**EEP in the dust, before thy throne,
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
 a Great God, we own th' unhappy name
 Whence sprung our nature and our shame!

2 Adam, the sinner: at his fall,
 Death, like a conqueror seiz'd us all;
 A thousand new-born babes are dead
 By fatal union to their head.

i 3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
 Behold the terrors of thy law,
 o We sing the honors of thy grace,
 That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
 Who join'd our nature to his own;

u Adam, the Second, from the dust
 Raises the ruins of the first.

i 5 [By the rebellion of one man
 Through all his seed the mischief ran;

- And by one Man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- e 6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
o Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.]

HYMN 125. C. M.

Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.

Heb. iv. 15. 16, and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
i His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- u 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
a While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- u 4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
a And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- y 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- e 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
o We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 126. L. M.

Charity and Uncharitableness. Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

- 1 **N**OT diff'rent food nor diff'rent dress
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious, and the wise,
Receives the feeble and the strong.

- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
 Meekness and love our souls pursue,
 Nor shall our practice give offence
 To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

HYMN 127. L. M.

Christ's invitation to Sinners; or, Humility and Pride.
 Matt. xi. 28—30.

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls,
 "Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
 "I'll give you rest from all your toils
 "And raise you to my heavenly home
- 2 "They shall find rest that learn of me;
 "I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
 "But passion rages like the sea,
 "And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
 "My yoke and bear it with delight;
 "My yoke is easy to his neck,
 "My grace shall make the burden light."
- e 4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould, and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 128. L. M.

The Apostles' Commission; or, the Gospel attested by Miracles. Mark. xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

- 1 GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
 "Bid the whole earth my grace receive,
 e "He shall be sav'd, that trusts my word;
 a "He shall be damn'd that wont believe.
- 2 "I'll make your great commission known,
 "And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 "By all the works that I have done,
 "By all the wonders ye shall do.
- u 3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 "Go cast out devils in my name;
 "Nor let my prophets be afraid, [pheme.
 "Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-
- 4 "Teach all the nations my commands;
 "I'm with you till the world shall end;
 "All power is trusted in my hands,
 "I can destroy, and can defend."
- e 5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:

- u They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 129. L. M.

*Submission and Deliverance; or, Abraham offering his Son.
Gen. xxii. 6, &c.*

- 1 **S**AINTS, at your heavenly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So Abra'm, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command:
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
- 3 "Abra'm, forbear," the angel cry'd,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
"Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
"Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."
- e 4 Just in the last distressing hour,
The Lord displays deliv'ring power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 130. L. M.

Love and Hatred. Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv, 30, &c.

- e 1 **N**OW, by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.
- 2 Clamor, and wrath, and war, be-gone!
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the saints, the sons of peace.
- i 3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Through all our lives let mercy run:
- So God forgives our num'rous faults
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN 131. L. M.

The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee!
- o One doth his righteousness proclaim,
- i The other owns his guilt and shame.

- u 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
e That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he hath done.
- 3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows
And diff'rent answers he bestows;
e The humble soul with grace he crowns,
a Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
a I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

HYMN 132. L. M.

Holiness and Grace. Tit. ii. 10 — 13.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- a 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride:
e While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
o The bright appearance of the Lord,
— And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 133. C. M.

Love and Charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 2 — 7, 13.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees, of high esteem,
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though she endures the wrong.]

- 4 [She nor desires, nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time:
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]
- 5 She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbor's good:
- o So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.
- e 6 Love is the grace that keeps her power
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN 134. L. M.

Religion vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Græeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name:
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 135. L. M.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart. Eph. ii. 16, &c.

- 1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love in every breast:
- e Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- y 3 Now, to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

HYMN 136. C. M.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy; or, Formality in Worship.

John iv. 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 **G**OD is a spirit, just and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind;
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
 With honor can appear;
 The painted hypocrites are known
 Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground;
 But God abhors the sacrifice,
 Where not the heart is found.
- i 4 Lord, search my thoughts and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere;
 o Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

HYMN 137. L. M.

Salvation by Grace in Christ.—2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

- 1 **N**OW, to the power of God supreme,
 Be everlasting honors given,
 He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)
 He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- a 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
 e But of his own abounding grace,
 He works salvation in our hearts,
 And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
 To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
 He gave us grace in Christ, his Son,
 Before he spread the starry sky.
- e 4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
 And makes his Father's counsel known,
 o Declares the great transactions pass'd,
 And brings immortal blessings down.
- a 5 He dies! and in that dreadful night
 Did all the powers of hell destroy;
 e Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
 And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 138. C. M.

Saints in the hands of Christ. — John x. 28, 29.

- 1 **F**IRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honor is engag'd to save
 The meanest of his sheep;
 All that his heavenly Father gave
 His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death nor hell, shall e'er remove
 His fav'rites from his breast;
 In the dear bosom of his love
 They must forever rest.

HYMN 139. L. M.

Hope in the Covenant; or, God's Promise and Truth unchangeable. — Heb. vi. 17—19.

- a 1 **H**OW oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from thee, my God!
 e But everlasting is thy love,
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
 u Eternal Power performs the word,
 And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- i 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies;
 — Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 While tempests blow and billows rise.
- e 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
 u A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope,
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN 140. C. M.

A living and a dead Faith, collected from several Scriptures.

- a 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead;
 — None but a living power unites
 To Christ, the living head.

- e 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
 'Tis faith that works by love;
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.
- o 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
 By a celestial power:
 This is the grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.
- i 5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
 As well as trust his grace;
 A pard'ning God is jealous still,
 For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
 He makes our nature clean;
 Nor would he send his Son to be
 The minister of sin.
- e 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
 And seals our peace with God;
 — Jesus, and his salvation, came
 By water and by blood.

HYMN 141. S. M.

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.

Isa. liii. 1 — 5, 10 — 12.

- i 1 **W**HO hath believ'd thy word,
 Or thy salvation known?
- o Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
 And glorify thy Son.
- a 2 The Jews esteem'd him here
 Too mean for their belief;
- u Sorrows, his chief acquaintance were,
 And his companion grief.
- 3 They turn'd their eyes away,
 And treated him with scorn;
- u But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
 Their sorrows he has borne.
- a 4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
 And Gentiles then unknown,
 The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
 His best beloved Son.
- 5 "But I'll prolong his days,
 "And make his kingdom stand;
- o "My pleasure," saith the God of Grace,
 "Shall prosper in his hand.
- e 6 ["His joyful soul shall see
 "The purchase of his pain,

“ And by his knowledge justify
 “ The guilty sons of men.]

- o 7 [“ Ten thousand captive slaves,
 “ Releas’d from death and sin,
 “ Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
 “ And own his power divine.]
- o 8 [“ Heaven shall advance my Son
 “ To joys that earth deny’d ;
 a “ Who saw the follies men had done,
 e “ And bore their sins and died.”]

HYMN 142. S. M.

The same. — Isa. liii. 6 — 12.

- a 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
 And broke the fold of God ;
 Each wandering in a different way,
 But all the downward road.
- u 2 How dreadful was the hour
 When God our wanderings laid,
 And did at once his vengeance pour
 Upon the Shepherd’s head !
- e 3 How glorious was the grace
 When Christ sustain’d the stroke !
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
 A ransom for the flock.
- a 4 His honor and his breath
 Were taken quite away :
 Join’d with the wicked in his death,
 And made as vile as they.
- o 5 But God shall raise his head
 O’er all the sons of men ;
 And make him see a num’rous seed
 To recompense his pain.
- u 6 “ I’ll give him,” saith the Lord,
 “ A portion with the strong ;
 “ He shall possess a large reward,
 “ And hold his honors long.”

HYMN 143. C. M.

Characters of the Children of God, from several Scriptures.

- y 1 **A**S new-born babes require the breast,
 To feed, and grow, and thrive,
 So saints with joy the gospel taste,
 And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves
 All that the word relates ;

- They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]
- 3 [Not all the flutt'ring baits on earth,
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.
- 4 Not all the chains that tyrants use,
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conq'ror, can produce
A thousand victories.]
- 5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]
- i 6 [Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
o But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]
- 7 They find access, at every hour,
To God within the veil:
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.
- e 8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!
- i 9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.
- 10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make thy comforts strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father God,"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN 144. C. M.

The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit.

Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

- a 1 **W**HY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
- e Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- i 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear thy witness with my heart
 That I am born of God.
- e 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 And thy soft wing, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 145. C. M.

Christ and Aaron.

Taken from Heb. vii. and ix.

- 1 **J**ESUS, in thee our eyes behold
 A thousand glories more
 Than the rich gems and polish'd gold,
 The sons of Aaron wore.
- i 2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought,
 To purge themselves from sin ;
 o Thy life was pure without a spot,
 And all thy nature clean.
- 3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
 Was on the altar spilt:
 But thy one off'ring takes away
 For ever all our guilt.]
- 4 [Their priesthood ran through sev'ral hands,
 For mortal was their race ;
 Thy never-changing office stands
 Eternal as thy days.]
- i 5 [Once in the circuit of a year,
 With blood, but not his own,
 Aaron within the veil appears
 Before the golden throne.]
- o 6 [But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
 Ascends above the skies,
 And in the presence of our God,
 Shows his own sacrifice.]
- o 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns,
 On Zion's heavenly hill ;
 Looks like a lamb that hath been slain,
 And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives, to intercede
 Before his Father's face ;
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
 Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 146. L. M.

Characters of Christ borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture.

- 1 **G**O, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See, in his face, what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord:
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colors not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.]
- 4 [Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]
- 5 [Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The valleys bless the rich perfume.]
- 6 [Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
O, let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living Vine!]
- 7 [Is he a head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.]
- 8 [Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death;
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]
- 9 [Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross;
But the true gold sustains no loss:
Like a refiner shall he sit
And tread the refuse with his feet.]
- 10 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through,]
- 11 [Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood:

There would I walk, with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]

12 [Is he a door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

13 [Is he design'd a Corner-Stone
For men to build their heaven upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

14 [Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling Majesty and Power;
And still to his most holy place,
When'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]

15 [Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light!
I know his glories from afar;
I know the bright, the morning Star.]

16 [Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.]

i 17 [O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise:
o There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]

u 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 147. L. M.

The Names and Titles of Christ, from several Scriptures.

1 **T**IS from the treasures of his Word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright Image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.

3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh;
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

- 4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
"Light of the world," and "Life of men;"
Nor bears those characters in vain.
- 6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part;
A Friend and Brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.
- 7 At length the Judge his throne ascends;
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And saints, in full fruition, prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN 148. Proper Metre.

The same as the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **W**ITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the names
Of honor from his word:
Nature and art | Sufficient forms
Can ne'er supply | Of majesty.
- i 2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' eternal God's | Inherits and
Eternal Son | Partakes the throne.
- " 3 The sovereign "King of Kings,"
"The Lord of Lords," most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh:
His name is call'd | He rules the earth.
"The Word of God;" | With iron rod.
- 4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
o The angry Lamb resents
The inj'ries of his love;
o Awakes his wrath | As lions roar
Without delay, | And tear the prey.

- y 5 But when for works of peace
 The great Redeemer comes,
 What gentle characters,
 What titles he assumes !
 “Light of the world,” | Nor will he bear
 And “Life of men ;” | Those names in vain.
- e 6 Immense compassion reigns
 In our Emmanuel’s heart,
 When he descends to act
 A Mediator’s part.
 He is a Friend, | Divinely kind,
 And Brother too, | Divinely true.
- u 7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
 His awful throne ascends,
 And drives the rebels far
 From favorites and friends :
 Then shall the saints | The heights and depths
 Completely prove | Of all his love.

HYMN 149. L. M.

The Offices of Christ, from several Scriptures.

- 1 **J**OIN all the names of love and power
 That ever men or angels bore,
 All are too mean to speak his worth,
 Or set Emmanuel’s glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways
 He takes to teach his heavenly grace !
 My eyes, with joy and wonder, see
 What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [The Angel of the cov’nant stands,
 With his commission in his hands,
 Sent from his Father’s milder throne
 To make his great salvation known.]
- 4 [Great Prophet ! let me bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful tidings came
 Of wrath appeas’d, of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.]
- 5 [My bright example, and my guide,
 I would be walking near thy side :
 O let me never run astray,
 Nor follow the forbidden way !]
- 6 [I love my Shepherd ; he shall keep
 My wand’ring soul among his sheep :
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

- 7 [My Surety undertakes my cause,
 Answering his Father's broken laws:
 Behold my soul at freedom set!
 My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus, my great High Priest, has died,
 I seek no sacrifice beside;
 His blood did once for all atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.]
- 9 [My advocate appears on high,
 The Father lays his thunder by;
 Not all that earth or hell can say,
 Shall turn my Father's heart away.]
- 10 [My Lord, my Conqueror, and my King,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
 Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
 A joyful subject at thy feet.]
- 11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
 The "Captain of salvation" leads:
 March on, nor fear to win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.]
- 12 [Should death and hell, and powers unknown,
 Put all their forms of mischief on:
 I shall be safe; for Christ displays
 Salvation in more sovereign ways.]

HYMN 150. Proper Metre.

[The same as the 148th Psalm.]

- e 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore;
- i All are too mean Too mean to set
 To speak his worth, My Saviour forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use
 To teach his heavenly grace!
- Mine eyes, with joy What forms of love
 And wonder, see He bears for me.
- i 3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,
 He like an angel stands,
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands.
- e Commission'd from To make his grace
 His Father's throne, To mortals known.]

- 4 [Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name ·
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;
- e The joyful news | Of hell subdu'd,
Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.]
- 5 [Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern and my guide ;
And through this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side !
- O let my feet | Nor rove, nor seek
Ne'er run astray, | The crooked way !]
- i 6 [I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
- u He feeds his flock, | His bosom bears
He calls their names, | The tender lambs.]
- e 7 [To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
- Behold my soul | My Surety paid
At freedom set ! | The dreadful debt.]
- u 8 [Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died ;
— My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
- o His powerful blood | i And now it pleads
Did once atone, | Before the throne.]
- e 9 [My Advocate appears
For my defence on high,
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
- o Not all that hell | Shall turn his heart,
Or sin can say | His love, away.]
- u 10 [My dear Almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
- Thine is the power ! | In willing bonds
i Behold I sit | Beneath thy feet.]
- e 11 [Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down ;

o My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.

—A feeble saint | o Though death and hell
Shall win the day, | Obstruct the way.]

u 12 Should all the hosts of death
And powers of hell unknown,

Put their most dreadful forms

Of rage and mischief on,

I shall be safe, | Superior power
For Christ displays | And guardian grace

END OF BOOK I

HYMNS.

BOOK II.

HYMN 1. L. M.

A Song of Praise to God.

- 1 **N**ATURE, with all her powers shall sing
God the Creator and the King ;
Not air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 [Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs that sit near his throne ;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.]
- 3 [All mortal things of meaner frame
Exert your force, and own his name ;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honors, and our joys.]
- 4 [To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave ;
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And every word a miracle.]
- 5 [These western shores, our native land,
Lie safe in the Almighty's hand ;
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.]
- 6 [Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders through the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.]
- 7 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal name ;
While trembling nations read from far
The honors of the God of war.
- 8 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs ;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

- 9 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN 2. C. M.

The Death of a Sinner.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.
- a 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
a She makes a long delay;
o Till, like a flood, with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.
- o 3 Then, swift and dreadful, she descends,
Down to the fiery coast,
— Among abominable fiends,
Herself a frightened ghost.
- a 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains;
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- u 5 Not all their anguish and their blood
For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.
- e 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well ensur'd his love!

HYMN 3. C. M.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

- i 1 **W**HY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
— 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- e 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
e There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd every bed ;
i Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head ?
e 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way ;
o Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising day.
y 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 4. L. M.

Salvation in the Cross.

- u 1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus ! nor shall it e'er remove.
—2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie :
Resolv'd, (for that's my last defence,)
If I must perish, there to die.
i 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
— Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
e 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim ;
o Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honors to his name.

HYMN 5. L. M.

Longing to praise Christ better.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honor'd by thy cross ;
2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groan'd and died,
Sit glorious by his father's side ;

- e 3 My passions rise and soar above,
 o I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love,
 o Fain would I reach eternal things,
 And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.
- a 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
 For want of their immortal strains;
 u And in such humble notes as these
 Must fall below thy victories.
- 5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
 When we shall leave these bodies here,
 e These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
 o To join the songs above the sky.

HYMN 6. C. M.

A Morning Song.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes:
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To him that rules the skies.
- e 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound,
 u Wide as the heaven, on which he sits
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
 e My tongue shall speak his praise;
 a My sin would rouse his wrath to flame,
 — And yet his wrath delays.
- a 4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,
 And I could ne'er withstand;
 u Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
 — But mercy held thy hand.
- u 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun,
 — And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.]
- i 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light;
 e Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN 7. C. M.

An Evening Song.

- a 1 **D**READ Sovereign, let my evening song,
 Like holy incense, rise;
 Assist the off'rings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.

- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- o 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around:
a But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul!
How are my follies multiply'd
Fast as my minutes roll!
- i 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
— And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN S. C. M.

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

- 1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
- i 2 That was a most amazing power
That rais'd us with a word;
— And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.
- i 3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
— We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day!
i For death stands ready at the door,
To take our lives away.
- a 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law;
— We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.
- o 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;

Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 9. C. M.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ

- u 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood!]
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
i Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- a 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.
- i 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
— Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
e Here, Lord, I give myself away;
— 'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 10. C. M.

Parting with carnal Joys.

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Is not within your power.
- o 3 There's nothing round the spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
- e To boundless joy, and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- o 4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,

Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

u 5 Th' almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.]

e 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heavenly road;

o There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 11. L. M.

The same.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
o Away, ye tempters of the mind,
— False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

u 2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of black despair,
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

—3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss:
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

e 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes;
e O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

u 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll:
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 12. C. M.

Christ is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.

1 THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
e So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

y 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid nor bullock slain:
Incense and spice, of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

—3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,

- a When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
- i For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.
- 5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
"For I myself have died:"
- And then he shows his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN 13. L. M.

*The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration
of this World.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, that built the skies,
The Lord, that rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made every drop, and every dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And put them into motion first.
- 3 Now, from his high imperial throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres;
- e He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.
- i 4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
Till all his saints are gather'd in:
- o Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again.
- u 5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
- e Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
o There's a new heaven and earth for you.

HYMN 14. S. M.

The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances.

- e 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
- i Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

y 3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

—4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
e And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 15. L. M.

The Enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in Worship.

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts vain world be-gone!
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- e 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire!
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In fragrant rows at thy right hand,
y And in sweet murmurs by thy side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- e 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]
- u 5 Bless'd Jesus! what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are!
— Never did angels taste, above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- o 6 Hail great Emmanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
— Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known]

HYMN 16. L. M.

Part the Second.

- e 1 **L**ORD, what a heaven of saving grace,
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!
- i 2 When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
o I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.

- y 3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
— Here we could sit and gaze away
A long and everlasting day.
- e 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coasts of perfect light;
— Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- e 5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heavenly trees!
— Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

HYMN 17. C. M.

God's Eternity.

- e 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad;
And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.
- u 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
a *Eternity's* his dwelling place,
And *ever* is his time.
- e 4 While, like a tide, our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
a He fills his own immortal *now*,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come:
u The creatures—look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.
- e 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
u My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

HYMN 18. L. M.

The Ministry of Angels.

- 1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light
 The King of glory spreads his seat,
 And troops of angels, stretch'd full flight,
 Stand waiting round his awful feet.
- 2 "Go," saith the Lord, "my Gabriel, go,
 "Salute the virgin's fruitful womb:
 "Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
 "Sing and proclaim the Saviour come."
- 3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
 And thick around Elisha stands;
 Anon a heavenly soldier flies,
 And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.
- 4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
 Wait on thy wandering church below;
 Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
 Let angels be our convoy too.
- 5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
 At thy command they go and come;
 With cheerful haste obey thy word,
 And guard thy children to their home.

HYMN 19. C. M.

Our frail Bodies and God our Preserver.

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
 Nor death nor danger fear;
 i But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
 What feeble things we are.
- e 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
 And flourish bright and gay;
 a A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
 And fades the grass away.
- i 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
 And dies if one be gone:
 Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
 Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
 The God that built us first;
 o Salvation to th' Almighty name,
 That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
 In all their motions rose;
 "Let blood," said he, "flow round the veins;"
 And round the veins it flows

- 6 While we have breath to use our tongues,
 Our Maker we'll adore:
 His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
 Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN 20. C. M.

Backslidings and Returns; or, the Inconstancy of our Love.

- e 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
 My God, my chief delight!
 Why are my thoughts no more by day
 With thee, no more by night?
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
 Where can such sweetness be,
 As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in thee?]
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
 The savor of thy grace,
 My heart presumes I cannot lose
 The relish all my days.
- a 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
 The flatt'ring world employs
 Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
 And to pollute my joys.
- 5 [Trifles of nature, or of art,
 With fair deceitful charms,
 Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
 And thrust me from thy arms.]
- a 6 Then I repent and vex my soul
 That I should leave thee so;
 Where will those wild affections roll
 That let a Saviour go?
- 7 [Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
 And I am drown'd in grief;
 — But my dear Lord returns again,
 He flies to my relief:
- e 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
 He draws with loving bands;
 i Divine compassion in his eyes,
 And pardon in his hands.]
- u 9 [Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
 In chase of false delight!
 — Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
 Rather than lose thy sight.]
- 10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
 And bring my heart to rest,

On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

HYMN 21. L. M.

A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.

- 1 **L**ET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana, and of Jove;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.
- i 2 Behold, a God descends and dies
To save my soul from gaping hell!
How the black gulf where Satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!
- a 3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.
- e 4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honors given;
u Thy wondrous name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth and wider heaven.

HYMN 22. L. M.

With God is terrible Majesty.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God! that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thundering hand!
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown;
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.
- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load;
"With endless burnings who can dwell,
"Or bear the fury of a God?
- 4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit;
Throw down your arms before his throne;
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.
- 5 And ye, bless'd saints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name;
Thus all his heavenly servants do;
God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN 23. L. M.

The sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
 e And mount, and bear us far above
 The reach of these inferior things.
- o 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
 Up where eternal ages roll,
 Where solid pleasures never die,
 And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- i 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
 Of our almighty Father's throne!
 There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
 Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- u 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
 And thrones and powers before him fall;
 The God shines gracious through the man,
 And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- e 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
 While to their golden harps they sing,
 And sit on every heavenly hill,
 And spread the triumphs of their King!
- a 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow among them there,
 And view thy face, and sing, and love?

HYMN 24. C. M.

The Evil of Sin visible in the Fall of angels and men.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,
 And form'd all nature with a word,
 The joyful cherub tun'd his praise,
 And every bending throne ador'd.
- 2 High in the midst of all the throng,
 Satan, a tall archangel, sat,
 Among the morning stars he sung,
 Till sin destroy'd his heavenly state.
- 3 ['Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
 Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies;
 "How art thou sunk in darkness down,
 "Son of the morning, from the skies!"
- 4 And thus our two first parents stood,
 Till sin defil'd the happy place;
 They lost their garden and their God,
 And ruin'd all their unborn race.]

- 5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bower,
And spread destruction all abroad,
Sin, that curs'd name! that in one hour
Spoil'd six days' labor of a God!]
- u 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
— Fly to the Lord for quick relief;
O! may he slay this treach'rous guest.
- e 7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise
- o Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

HYMN 25. C. M.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
- a Yet we, who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labor'd for our good;
- a How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!
- i 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
- Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.
- e 6 Then shall our active spirits move;
Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN 26 L. M.

God Invisible.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode!
O 'tis beyond a creature mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems incomparably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet,
Substantial beams of gloomy night
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

HYMN 27. L. M.

Praise ye him all his angels. — Psalm cxlviii. 2.

- a 1 **G**OD! the eternal, awful name!
That the whole heavenly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.
- 2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
- o But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.
- a 3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing:
— But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sovereign King.
- o 4 Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heaven in bright array:
Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.
- e 5 Speak, (for you feel this burning love,)
What zeal it spreads through all your
- a That sacred fire dwells all above, [frame;
For we on earth have lost the name.
- 6 [Sing of his power and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew;
- o And thunder drove them down from bliss.]
- 7 [What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What dreadful jav'lines nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair!]

- o 8 [Shout to your King, ye heavenly host,
 You that beheld the sinking foe :
 Firmly ye stood when they were lost ;
 e Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]
 o 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
 Let every distant nation hear ;
 — And while you sound his lofty praise,
 i Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN 28. C. M.

Death and Eternity.

- a 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,
 Converse awhile with death ;
 i Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath.
 u 2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
 His pulse is faint and few,
 Then speechless, with a doleful groan
 He bids the world adieu.
 a 3 But oh, the soul that never dies !
 At once it leaves the clay !
 — Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wondrous way.
 e 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
 It mounts triumphing there,
 a Or devils plunge it down to hell,
 In infinite despair.
 u 5 And must my body faint and die ?
 And must this soul remove ?
 O, for some guardian angel nigh,
 To bear it safe above !
 — 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
 My naked soul I trust ;
 a And my flesh waits for thy command,
 To drop into my dust.

HYMN 29. C. M.

Redemption by Price and Power.

- 1 **J**ESUS, with all thy saints above,
 My tongue would bear her part,
 o Would sound aloud thy saving love,
 And sing thy bleeding heart.
 — 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
 Who bought me with his blood,
 a And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
 In his own vital flood.

- e 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chain,
o And sent the Lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reign.
- y 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints, that feel his grace.

HYMN 30. S. M.

Heavenly Joy on Earth

- 1 [COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]
- i 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
e But fav'rites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:]
- i 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
e He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
o Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.]
- y 9 [The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

- Before we reach the heavenly fields
Or walk the golden streets.
- e 10 Then let your songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
- o We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN 31. L. M.

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

- 1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 32. C. M.

Frailty and Folly.

- i 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life ;
How vast our soul's affairs !
- a Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay :
Just like a story, or a song,
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God, from on high, invites us home ;
But we march heedless on,
And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell
That slight the joys above !
What chains of vengeance should we feel
That break such cords of love !

- 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
 And lift our thoughts on high,
 e That we may end this mortal race,
 And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 33. C. M.

The Blessed Society in Heaven.

- e 1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
 Through every heavenly street,
 And say, There's nought below the sun,
 That's worthy of thy feet.
- 2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
 And tread the courts above:
 Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
 Shall tempt our meanest love.]
- u 3 There, on a high majestic throne,
 Th' almighty Father reigns,
 And sheds his glorious goodness down
 On all the blissful plains.
- 4 Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits,
 And spreads eternal noon;
 No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,
 To want the feeble moon.
- 5 Amidst those ever-shining skies
 Behold the sacred Dove,
 While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
 From all the realms of love.
- e 6 The glorious tenants of the place
 Stand bending round the throne;
 c And saints and seraphs sing and praise
 The infinite Three-One.
- i 7 But, O what beams of heavenly grace
 Transport them all the while!
 Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
 And love in every smile!
- a 8 Jesus, O when shall that dear day,
 That joyful hour appear,
 When I shall leave this house of clay,
 To dwell among them there!

HYMN 34. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, Fervency of Devotion desired.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

- a 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
e Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- i 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
i Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- u 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
e Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 35. C. M.

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

- a 1 **L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
e But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.
- o 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
o All glory to th' United Three
The Undivided One!
- 3 'Twas he, (and we'll adore his name,)
That form'd us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame;
o Salvation to the Lord!
- y 4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

HYMN 36. S. M.

Christ's Intercession.

- e 1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer's gone,
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shows his own.

- 3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves!
i The Father lays his thunder by
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- e 4 Now, may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing,
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.
- i 5 [We bow before his face,
— And sound his glories high,
“Hosanna to the God of grace,
“That lays his thunder by.]
- o 6 “On earth thy mercy reigns,
“And triumphs all above;”
a But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
To speak immortal love.
- 7 [How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing!
— Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew
And they shall please the King.]

HYMN 37. C. M.

The Same.

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes to th' heavenly seats,
Where your Redeemer stays:
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.
- 3 Petitions now and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring,
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.
- 4 [Let Papists trust what name they please;
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heavenly host.]
- 5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne:
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.
- 6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
“Hosanna in the high'st;”

Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.]

HYMN 38. C. M.

Love to God.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- a 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- e 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move:
- a The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- e 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 39. C. M.

The Shortness and Misery of Life.

- 1 **O**UR days, alas! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.
- a 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.
- e 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of wo,
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
- o Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN 40. C. M.

Our Comfort in the Covenant made with Christ.

- 1 **O**UR God! how firm his promise stands
 E'en when he hides his face;
 He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
 His glory and his grace.
- i 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
 Since Christ and we are one?
 — Thy God is faithful to his saints,
 Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
 And part of heaven possess'd;
 o I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
 And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 41. L. M.

A sight of God mortifies us to the World.

- 1 **U**P to the fields where angels lie,
 And living waters gently roll,
 Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
 But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
 Can make this world of guilt remove;
 And thou can'st bear me where thou fly'st
 On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.
- 3 O might I once mount up and see
 The glories of th' eternal skies;
 What little things these worlds would be!
 How despicable to my eyes!
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
 Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,
 Vanish, as though I saw them not,
 As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage and rave,
 I should perceive the noise no more
 Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
 While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All, eternal King!
 Let me but view thy lovely face,
 And all my powers shall bow, and sing
 Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN 42. C. M.

Delight in God.

- 1 **M**Y God, what endless pleasures dwell
 Above at thy right hand!
 Thy courts, below, how amiable,
 Where all thy graces stand!

- e 2 The swallow near thy temple flies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upward tow'rd the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat.
- 3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
Do shout with joyful tongues;
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.
- 4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing, and mount on high:
i But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire; and die.
- a 5 [Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring, she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.
- 6 Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,
In restless circles rove;
i Just so we droop and hang the wing
When Jesus hides his love,]

HYMN 43. L. M.

Christ's sufferings and glory.

- e 1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
o Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
e How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.
- a 3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
u He came t' atone almighty wrath;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]
- a 4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around,
His precious blood the monsters spilt;
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]
- a 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
o Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.
- a 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;

See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face.

- u 7 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

HYMN 44. L. M.

Hell; or, the Vengeance of God.

- 1 **W**ITH holy fear and humble song
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.
- 2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice hath built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- 3 [Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.
- 4 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.
- 5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

HYMN 45. L. M.

God's condescension to our Worship.

- i 1 **T**HY favors, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs,
But th' heavenly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.
- a 3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine;

Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN 46. L. M.

God's Condescension to human affairs.

- 1 **U**P to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
e Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
- u 2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]
- a 3 [God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]
- 4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- i 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour;
And helps us bear the heavy load.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow worm.
- e 7 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
o To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN 47. L. M.

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

- o 1 **N**OW to the Lord, a noble song!
Awake my soul, awake my tongue;
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
o And all his boundless love proclaim.
- u 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
— God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.
- a 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;

And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

- e 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- i 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
— My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
o Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
o Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!
- 6 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
o Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN 48. C. M.

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light:
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move
Nor can we call them thence.
- e 5 Dear Saviour! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
o And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 49. C. M.

Moses dying in the Embraces of God.

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;

And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 50. L. M.

Comforts under Sorrows and Pains.

1 **N**OW let the Lord my Saviour smile,
And show my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

2 But oh! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
Still, while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name;
I'd rather have it there impress'd
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun,
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN 51. L. M.

God the Son equal with the Father.

1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 [Thy power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word;

And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]

- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And smiling sit at thy right hand ;
v Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]
- 4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who among the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee?
- e 5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 6 [Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one ;
Though they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father-God, and God the Son.
- o 7 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be ador'd ;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

HYMN 52. C. M.

Death Dreadful, or Delightful.

- 1 **D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes ;
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downwards from the skies,
To darkness, fire and pain.
- 3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear ;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long *for ever* there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face ;
And thou, my soul, look downward, too
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sovereign love,
Who promis'd heaven to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above
Where happy spirits be.

- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand;
 Then come the joyful day;
 Come death, and some celestial band,
 To bear my soul away.

HYMN 53. C. M.

The Pilgrimage of the Saints; or, Earth and Heaven.

- a 1 **L**ORD! what a wretched land is this,
 That yields us no supply;
 No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
 Nor streams of living joy!
- 2 But prickling thorns through all the ground
 And mortal poisons grow;
 And all the rivers that are found,
 With dangerous waters flow.
- e 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,
 Lies through this horrid land:
 Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
 And run at thy command.
- 4 [Our souls shall tread the desert through
 With undiverted feet,
 And faith and flaming zeal subdue
 The terrors that we meet.]
- i 5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
 Around the forest roam;
 o But Judah's Lion guards the way,
 And guides the stranger home.]
- a 6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,
 With scarce a twinkling ray;
 o But the bright world, to which we go,
 Is everlasting day.]
- 7 [By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
 We trace the sacred road,
 Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares
 We make our way to God.]
- a 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
 — But we march upward still;
 e Forget these troubles of the ways,
 And reach at Zion's hill.
- 9 [See the kind angels at the gates
 Inviting us to come!
 There Jesus, the forerunner, waits,
 To welcome trav'lers home.]
- 10 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
 Our weary souls shall sit,

And, with transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet.

- 11 [No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.
- o 12 Eternal glory to the King
Who brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

HYMN 54. C. M.

God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

- 1 **M**Y God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days
And comfort of my nights:
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
- e He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- y 3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, "I am his."
- e 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
- c Run up, with joy, the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- e 5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.

- i 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal name!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!
- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;

Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

u 5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

a 6 Infinite joy, or endless wo,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

—7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 56. C. M.

The misery of being without God in this World; or, Vain Prosperity.

1 **N**O, I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous height.

2 They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod!
Well, they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own:
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go, now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN 57. L. M.

The pleasures of a good Conscience.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure and bless'd are they
 Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
 Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
 Their minds have heaven and peace within
- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
 Made up of innocence and love;
 And, soft and silent as the shades,
 Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on
 But fly not half so swift away;
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasures grow
 And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
 Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
 But spend the day, and share the night,
 In numb'ring o'er the richer joys,
 That heaven prepares for their delight.
- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
 Lie grov'ling in the dust below:
 Almighty grace! renew our souls,
 And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN 58. C. M.

The Shortness of Life, and the Goodness of God.

- i 1 **T**IME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
 And days how swift they are!
 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting star.
- 2 [The present moments just appear
 Then slide away in haste;
 That we can never say; "They're here,
 But only say, "They're past."]
- 3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh;
 The moment when our lives begin,
 We all begin to die.
- 4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
 Thy lasting favors share;
 Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
 Thou load'st the rolling year.

- 5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love;
While grace stands pointing out the road
That leads our souls above.
- e 6 His goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the Lord!
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd!
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

HYMN 59. C. M.

Paradise on Earth.

- 1 **G**LORY to God, who walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through;
Who tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.
- 2 [Glory to God, who stoops his throne,
That dust and worms might see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down,
Around his sacred feet.
- 3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.
- e 4 A blooming Paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs,
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.
- 5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.
- 6 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down;
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]
- a 7 But ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away,
From these lamenting eyes.
- i 8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when,
The shining day appear,

That I shall leave these clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?

- e 9 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go;
o There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

HYMN 60. L. M.

*The truth of God the Promiser; or, the Promises are our
Security.*

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him who earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.
- o 4 Each of them powerful as that sound,
That bid the new made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]
- i 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
- a Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comfort that our Maker gives.
- 6 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
- u 7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

HYMN 61. C. M.

A Thought of Death and Glory.

- a 1 **M**Y soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- u 2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow, gaping tomb:
This gloomy prison waits for you
Whene'er the summons come.]
- a 3 O! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead:
— Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load:
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.]
- e 6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN 62. C. M.

*God the Thunderer; or, the last Judgment and Hell.**

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore:
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his pow'r.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie
Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.
- u 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God

*Made in a great sudden storm of thunder, August 20, 1697

Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad !

5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord!
But he shall dread the thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.

6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

HYMN 63. C. M.

A Funeral Thought.

i 1 **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
— Mine ears attend the cry;
— “Ye living men, come view the ground,
“Where you must shortly lie.

2 “Princes, this clay must be your bed,
“In spite of all your towers;
“The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
“Must lie as low as ours.”

n 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

—4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly:

e Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 64. L. M.

God the Glory and Defence of Zion.

1 **H**APPY the church; thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
u Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

o 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage
Against his throne, in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar
That dash and die upon the shore.

- e 4 Then let our souls in Sion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- y 5 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN 65. C. M.

The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 66. C. M.

A Prospect of Heaven makes Death Easy.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- e 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
- a Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- y 3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
— So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- u 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unobscured eyes!
- 6 Could we but stand where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood.
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 67. C. M.

God's Eternal Dominion.

- a 1 GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
 i What worthless worms are we!
 u Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood
 Ere seas or stars were made;
 a Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
 To thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.
- u 4 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view;
 To thee there's nothing old appears;
 Great God! there's nothing new.
- i 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling cares,
 u While thine eternal thoughts move on
 Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- e 6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
 i What worthless worms are we!
 u Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee!

HYMN 68. L. M.

The humble Worship of Heaven.

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint, to see
 The place of thine abode;
 e I'd leave thine earthly courts and flee
 Up to thy seat, my God!
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
 And 'tis a pleasing sight;
 c But to abide in thine embrace,
 Is infinite delight.

- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
 To gaze upon thy throne;
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
 Unspeakable, unknown.
- e 4 [There all the heavenly hosts are seen,
 In shining ranks they move,
 And drink immortal vigor in,
 With wonder and with love.
- u 5 Then at thy feet, with awful fear
 Th' adoring armies fall;
 With joy they shrink to *nothing* there
 Before th' eternal All.
- 6 There I would vie with all the host,
 In duty and in bliss;
 While *less than nothing* I could boast,
 And *vanity* confess.]
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
 The humbler I shall lie;
 Thus, while I sink, my joy shall rise
 Unmeasurably high.

HYMN 69. C. M.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

- e 1 [BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing;
 u The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
 e And sound his power abroad;
 i Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.
- e 3 Proclaim, "Salvation from the Lord
 a "For wretched dying men;"
 — His hand has writ the sacred Word
 With an immortal pen.
- u 4 Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,
 The mighty promise shines:
 Nor can the powers of darkness raze
 Those everlasting lines.]
- a 5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,
 And make them when he please,
 o He speaks, and that almighty breath
 Fulfils his great decrees.

- 6 His every word of grace is strong
 As that which built the skies;
 The voice that rolls the stars along
 Speaks all the promises.
- 7 He said, "Let the wide heaven be spread,"
 And heaven was stretch'd abroad;
 "Abra'm I'll be thy God," he said,
 And he was Abra'm's God.
- i 8 O, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
 But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
- Those gentle words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.
- e 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heaven secure!
- o I trust the all-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.]

HYMN 70. L. M.

God's Dominion over the sea. — Psalm cvii. 23, &c

- 1 **G**OD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
 Makes all the roaring waves rejoice!
 And one soft word of thy command
 Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
 The sea divides, and owns its God;
 The stormy floods their Maker knew,
 And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly shoals amidst the sea,
 To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
 The meanest fish that swims the flood,
 Leaps up, and means a praise to God.
- 4 The larger monsters of the deep,
 On thy commands attendance keep;
 By thy permission sport and play,
 And cleave along their foaming way.
- 5 If God his voice of tempests rears,
 Leviathan lies still, and fears;
 Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
 And spouts the ocean to the sky.
- 6 How is thy glorious power ador'd
 Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!
 Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
 Bold men! refuse their Maker's praise.

- 7 [What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide
- 8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]
- 9 O for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land:
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny
That there's a God who rules the sky.

[From the 70th to the 108th Hymn, I hope the reader will
forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and third lines
of the stanza.]

HYMN 71. C. M.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

- 1 **T**HE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame:
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Let grov'ling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.
- 5 Ye planets, to his honor shine,
And wheels of nature, roll;
Praise him in your unweary'd course
Around the steady pole.
- 6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

HYMN 72. C. M.

The Lord's Day; or, the Resurrection of Christ.

e 1 **B**LESS'D morning, whose young dawning
Beheld our rising God; [rays
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode!

u 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dear Redeemer lay,
— Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
e The sleeping Conqueror arose,
o And burst their feeble chain.

a 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
o And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

y 5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.]

HYMN 73. C. M.

Doubts Scattered; or, spiritual Joy restored.

1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts be-
And leave me to my joys; [gone,
o My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

u 2 Darkness and doubts have veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
— Till sovereign grace, with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

e 3 O, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!

—4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

HYMN 74. S. M.

Repentance from a sense of Divine Goodness; or, Complaint of Ingratitude.

- i 1 **I**S this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow ?
- a 2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduc'd our mind !
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind !
- 3 [On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays ;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days. ,
- 4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men ;
But we more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.]
- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh. .
- u 6 Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
— And hourly, as new mercies fall,
o Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 75. C. M.

Spiritual and Eternal Joy; or, the beatific Sight of Christ.

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- o 2 The holy triumphs of my soul,
Shall death itself out-brave ;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- u 3 There where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,

And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

—5 [Sweet Jesus! every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring;
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.

e 6 Haste my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode;

e Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.]

HYMN 76. C. M.

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Emmanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accent of our songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Emmanuel's praise.]

HYMN 77. L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

e 1 [**S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

—2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
e But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;

- o Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]
- a 3 [What though the prince of darkness rage
And waste the fury of his spite?
— Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps, and endless night.
- e 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
— The weapons of victorious grace
Thall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]
- e 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
- o There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait
- y 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 78. C. M.

Redemption by Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood;
- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court,
He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array;
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living power, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.
- 6 Thine honor shall forever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN 79. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- a 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- i 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
- e He saw, and, O amazing love!
 He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled,
- a Enter'd the grave, in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- o 4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
 And brake our iron chains;
 Jesus hath freed our captive souls
 From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
 His cursed projects tries;
 We, that were doom'd his endless slaves,
 Are rais'd above the skies.]
- y 6 O, for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.
- i 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
 — Our souls are all on flame;
- o Hosanna round the spacious earth
 To thine adored name.
- o 8 Angels assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold;
- But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.]

HYMN 80. S. M.

God's awful Power and Goodness.

- 1 **O**H! the almighty Lord!
 How matchless is his power!
 Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
 While all the heavens adore.
- 2 Let proud imperious kings
 Bow low before his throne!
 Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
 Or he shall tread you down.

- 3 Above the skies he reigns,
And, with amazing blows,
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.
- 4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.
- 5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Sion well,
And heavenly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.
- 6 Salvation to the King
Who sits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

HYMN 81. C. M.

Our Sins the cause of Christ's Death.

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
Oh the curs'd deeds my sins have done:
What murd'rous things they be!
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore?
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace,
I'll wound my God no more:
Hence from my heart, ye sins, begone,
For Jesus I adore.
- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.

HYMN 82. C. M.

Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

- 2 He rais'd me from the depths of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 4 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation, for a bulwark, stands
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
- e 6 Arise, my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
o Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN 83. C. M.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the ruler of the skies,
"Awake, my dreadful sword;
"Awake, my wrath, and smite the Man,
"My fellow," saith the Lord.
- 2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And armed, down she flies,
a Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
a And bows his head and dies.
- e 3 But O! the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance now!
i He dies to save our guilty race,
o And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.
- o 5 Live, glorious Lord! and reign on high!
Let every nation sing,
u And angels sound with endless joy,
The Saviour and the King.

HYMN 84. S. M.

The same.

- 1 **C**OME, all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest music bring;
 'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,
 And Christ, the man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,
 To take away our guilt;
 Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
 That hellish monsters spilt.
- u 3 [Alas! the cruel spear
 Went deep into his side,
 And the rich flood of purple gore
 Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]
- 4 [The waves of swelling grief
 Did o'er his bosom roll,
 And mountains of almighty wrath
 Lay heavy on his soul.]
- u 5 Down to the shades of death
 He bow'd his awful head;
 e Yet he arose, to live and reign
 When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the bloody spear,
 The cross and nails no more:
 For hell itself shakes at his name,
 And all the heavens adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits,
 High on his Father's throne;
 i The Father lays his vengeance by,
 And smiles upon his Son.
- u 8 There his full glories shine
 With uncreated rays,
 And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
 To everlasting days.

HYMN 85. C. M.

Sufficiency of Pardon.

- i 1 **W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,
 Those mournful colors wear?
 What doubts are these that waste your faith,
 And nourish your despair?
- 2 What though your num'rous sins exceed
 The stars that fill the skies,
 And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
 Like pointed mountains rise?

- 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the deeps of hell?
- a 4 See here an endless ocean flows,
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase.
- o 5 It rises high and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;
— Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- o 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN 86. C. M.

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven.

- u 1 **O**UR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
- i But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.
- 3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.
- e 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly rapture fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.
- 5 For ever his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue,
- o And Jesus, and salvation, be
The close of every song.

HYMN 87. C. M.

The divine Glories above our Reason.

- a 1 **H**OW wondrous great! how glorious bright
Must our creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

- 2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne:
i Fain would we see the blessed Three,
And the almighty One.
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings
And climbs above the skies:
a But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies.
- i 4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak pinions of our mind,
Can stretch a thought no more.]
- u 5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.
- i 6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King;
o While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep th' immortal string.]

HYMN 88. C. M.

Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- a 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
e But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.
- y 3 Salvation! let the echo fly,
The spacious earth around;
u While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 89. C. M.

Christ's Victory over Satan.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies,
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.
- a 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep;
— But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

- e 3 Hosanna to our conquering King!
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.
- y 4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run:
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN 90. C. M.

Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.

- i 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
a And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- e 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
— "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come
"And trust upon the Lord."
- e 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief:
— I would believe thy promise, Lord;
a O! help my unbelief.
- 4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.]
- u 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN 91. C. M.

The Glory of Christ in heaven.

- 1 **O** THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.

- 3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and powers, rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at his feet.]
- i 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
That once rude iron tore,
o High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
- i 6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
o See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around!
- 7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.
- 8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode!
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise,
To our incarnate God!]
- 9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

HYMN 92. C. M.

The Church saved, and her Enemies disappointed

[Composed the 5th of November, 1694.]

- 1 **S**HOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run;
Ye western skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.
- 2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire;
Thee our glad voices sing;
And join with the celestial choir
To praise th' eternal King.
- 3 Thy power the whole creation rules;
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

- 4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage;
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.
- 5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.
- 6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd:
Praise to the Lord, that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]
- 7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try:
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die.
- 8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious power;
Then let us with united songs,
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN 93. S. M.

God All, and in All. — Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart 'tis hell.]
- 3 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace
And nowhere else but there.]
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]
- 5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;

No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love
Where all my pleasures roll :
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

8 [To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire ;
And yet how far from thee I lie ;
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

HYMN 94. C. M.

God my only Happiness.—Psal. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all ;
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]
- 3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light,
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw 'tis night.]
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed,
Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode :
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee ?
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own ;
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone !
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN 95. C. M.

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

- u 1 **I**NFINITE grief! amazing wo!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
— Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.
- u 2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore!
When knotty whips and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore!
- 3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns
In vain do I accuse!
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.
- a 4 'Twas you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twas you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head;
- e Break, break my heart, O burst mine eyes,
i And let my sorrows bleed!
- o 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled wo.

HYMN 96. C. M.

Distinguishing Love; or, Angels punished and Men saved

- 1 **D**OWN headlong from their native skies
The rebel angels fell;
o And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd;
i And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.
- e 3 O love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
- a Must heaven's eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race?
- u 4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
— While God forsakes his shining throne
To raise us, wretches, higher?

- y* 5 O, for this love, let earth and skies
 With hallelujahs ring,
 And the full choir of human tongues
 All hallelujahs sing.

HYMN 97. L. M.

The same.

- a* 1 **F**ROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
a And wrath and darkness chain'd them
a But man, vile man, forsook his bliss, [down;
e And mercy lifts him to a crown.
u 2 Amazing work of sovereign grace,
 That could distinguish rebels so!
a Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
 For everlasting fetters too.
e 3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
 Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay;
y Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
 On the bright hills of heavenly day.

HYMN 98. C. M.

Hardness of Heart complained of.

- 1 **M**Y heart, how dreadful hard it is!
 How heavy here it lies;
 Heavy and cold within my breast,
 Just like a rock of ice!
 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
 Upon this flinty throne,
 And every grace lies bury'd deep
 Beneath this heart of stone.
 3 How seldom do I rise to God,
 Or taste the joys above!
 This mountain presses down my faith,
 And chills my flaming love
 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul,
 With all its heavenly charms,
 This stubborn, this relentless thing,
 Would thrust it from my arms.
 5 Against the thunders of thy word,
 Rebellious I have stood;
 My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
 And terrors of a God.
 6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
 In thine own crimson sea!
 None but a bath of blood divine
 Can melt the flint away.

HYMN 99. C. M.

The Book of God's Decrees.

- u 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie
 Ais'd before their God;
 — Whatever his sovereign grace has form'd,
 He governs with a nod.
- a 2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies
 Were into motion brought,
 All the long years and worlds to come
 Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow, nor a worm,
 But's found in his decrees;
 o He raises monarchs to their throne,
 i And sinks them as he please.]
- e 4 If light attends the course I run,
 'Tis he provides those rays;
 a And 'tis his hand that guides my sun,
 If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
 Nor vainly long to see
 The volumes of his deep decrees,
 What months are writ for me.
- i 6 When he reveals the book of life,
 O may I read my name
 e Among the chosen of his love,
 The followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 100. L. M.

The Presence of Christ is the Life of my Soul.

- 1 **H**OW full of anguish is the thought,
 How it distracts and tears my heart,
 If God at last, my sovereign Judge,
 Should frown, and bid my soul "Depart!"
- 2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
 Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
 For I have sought no other home;
 For I have learn'd no other rest.
- 3 I cannot live contented here
 Without some glimpses of thy face;
 And heaven without thy presence there,
 Will be a dark and tiresome place.
- 4 When earthly cares engross the day,
 And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
 The shining hours of cheerful light
 Are long and tedious years to me.

- 5 And if no evening visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!
- 6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.
- 7 [Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize,
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.
- 8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ, my love.]
- 9 [My God, and can an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?
- 10 Impossible!—for thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends must be.]

HYMN 101. C. M.

The World's three chief Temptations.

- 1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honor and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too.
- 2 [Honor's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.
- 3 While others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.]
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls:
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;

In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew :
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heaven for you.

HYMN 102. L. M.

A Happy Resurrection.

1 **N**O I'll repine at death no more,
But, with a cheerful gasp, resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

a 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,

e My God shall raise my frame anew,
At the revival of the just.

y 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
— Bring that delightful, dreadful day ;

e Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come ;

a Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay !

4 [Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]

e 5 [Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heavenly joys,
And sing the triumphs of the day.]

HYMN 103. C. M.

Christ's Commission. — John iii. 16, 17.

1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs ;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tributes of your tongues.

i 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

— 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God !

- i 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
e When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
o Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
- i 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
e We bless the great Redeemer's love,
o And give the Father praise.

HYMN 104. S. M.

The Same.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
o Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- e 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow:
No bolts, to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- i 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent, with pardons, down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- e 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
— Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- i 6 Lord, we obey thy call:
— We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
o And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 105. C. M.

Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.

- i 1 **A**ND are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
a 'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell!

- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt
 Would sink us down to flames;
 And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
 To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries “Forbear!”
 And strait the thunder stays;
- i And dare we now provoke his wrath,
 And weary out his grace?
- u 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
 Too long indulg'd our sin;
 Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
 What rebels we have been.
- e 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command;
 No more will we obey;
 Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
 And drive thy foes away.

HYMN 106. C. M.

Repentance at the Cross.

- u 1 OH! if my soul was form'd for wo,
 How would I vent my sighs!
 Repentance should, like rivers, flow
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groin'd away a dying life
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 Oh! how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucified my God!
 Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My heart has so decreed;
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 That made my Saviour bleed.
- i 5 Whilst, with a melting broken heart,
 My murder'd Lord I view,
- o I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murd'ers too.

HYMN 107. C. M.

The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

- 1 THAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

- i 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 — Pronounce the sound, “Depart!”
- a 3 [The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 a ’Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.]
- u 4 [What, to be banish’d for my life,
 And yet forbid to die!
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death for ever fly!]
- a 5 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love!
- 6 Jesus, I throw my arms around
 And hang upon thy breast;
 Without a gracious smile from thee
 My spirit cannot rest.
- e 7 O! tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands,
 Show me some promise in thy book
 Where my salvation stands.
- 8 [Give me one kind assuring word,
 To sink my fears again,
 And, cheerfully, my soul shall wait
 Her three score years and ten.]

HYMN 108. C. M.

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator

- 1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see our Father there
 Upon a throne of love.
- a 2 Once ’twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
 And shot devouring flame;
 Our God appear’d consuming fire
 And vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus’ blood
 That calm’d his frowning face,
 That sprinkled o’er the burning throne,
 And turn’d the wrath to grace.
- e 4 Now we may bow before his feet
 And venture near the Lord,

No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
o High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
y 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his fury by.

HYMN 109. L. M.

The Darkness of Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of Providence,
u Too deep to sound with mortal lines;
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
a 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile:
— We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.
3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith, and not by sight,
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briers, and the night.
i 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
— Still we must lean upon our God,
o Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

HYMN 110. S. M.

Triumph over Death, in hope of the Resurrection.

- i 1 **A**ND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
a And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
—2 Corruption, earth's, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
e Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
—3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
e 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,

And every shape and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

—5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,

o Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 111. C. M.

Thanksgiving for victory; or, God's Dominion and our Deliverance.

1 **Z**ION rejoice, and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his throne;
Come, let us own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath;
And legions, arm'd with power and pride,
Descend to watery death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence;
Our buckler is his hand.

6 [Still may the King of grace descend
To rule us by his word;
And all the honours we can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

HYMN 112. L. M.

Angels ministering to Christ and the Saints.

1 **G**REAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

- a 2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
e And, swift as flames of fire, they move,
— To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance, and of love.
- 3 His orders run through all the hosts,
Legions descend, at his command,
To shield and guard our native coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.
- e 4 Now are they sent to guard our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In traveling the heavenly road.
- 5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN 113. C. M.

The same.

- 1 **T**HE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold!
The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry, and the gold!
- 2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.
- 3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.
- 4 And, when oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold, a heavenly form appears
T' allay his agonies.]
- 5 Now to the hands of Christ, our King,
Are all their legions given;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.
- 6 Pleasure and praise run through their hosts
To see a sinner turn,
That Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.
- 7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends

Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

- 8 O! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN 114. C. M.

Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

- 1 **I** SING my Saviour's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
" 'Tis finish'd!" said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell;
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd," our Emmanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done!
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns.
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

HYMN 115. C. M.

God the Avenger of his Saints; or, his Kingdom Supreme

- 1 **H**IGH as the heavens above the ground
Reigns the Creator God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound
Extends his awful rod.
- 2 Let princes of exaltation state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.
- i 3 Know that his Kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name!
But ye must die like men.
- o 4 Then let the sovereigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;

He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

- a 5 Ye judges of the earth be wise,
And think of heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

HYMN 116. C. M.

Mercies and Thanks.

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
u Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad!
i 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead!
— Pardon and grace my soul receives
From thine exalted head.
e 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine!
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
— 4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
e I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN 117. L. M.

Living and Dying with God present.

- 1 **I** CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.
3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace,
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN 118. L. M.

The Priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the sk'ies,
e "Revenge!" the blood of Abel cries;
i But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
— Speaks *peace* as loud from every vein.

- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels that deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.
- e 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN 119. C. M.

The Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.
- 3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.
- 4 Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail,
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command!
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 120. S. M.

The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.

- 1 **T**HE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
a Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face;
And, smiling from above,
e Sends down the gospel of his grace,
The epistles of his love.

- 3 The sacred words impart
 Our Maker's just commands ;
 i The pity of his melting heart,
 o And vengeance of his hands.
- 4 [Hence we awake our fear,
 We draw our comfort hence ;
 The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
 And armor of defence.
- 5 We learn Christ crucify'd,
 And here behold his blood ;
 All arts and knowledges beside
 Will do us little good.]
- 6 We read the heavenly word,
 We take the offer'd grace,
 Obey the statutes of the Lord
 And trust his promises.
- o 7 In vain shall Satan rage
 Against a book divine,
 a Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
 e Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN 121. L. M.

The Law and Gospel distinguished.

- 1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us know
 What duties to our God we owe :
 e But 'tis the gospel must reveal
 Where lies our strength to do his will.
- a 2 The Law discovers guilt and sin,
 And shows how vile our hearts have been ;
 e Only the gospel can express
 Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.
- a 3 What curses doth the law denounce
 Against the man that fails but once ?
 e But, in the Gospel, Christ appears
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life and comfort from the law ;
 i Fly to the hope the gospel gives :
 The man that trusts the promise lives.

HYMN 122. L. M.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee :
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

- i 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- i 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity begone:
i In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

HYMN 123. L. M.

The Benefit of Public Ordinances.

- 1 **A**WAY from every mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat:
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy power.
- u 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
— And prayers produce a quick return
Of blessings in variety.
- a 4 If Satan rage, and sin grows strong,
— Here we receive some cheering word;
e We gird the gospel armour on,
o To fight the battles of the Lord.
- i 5 Or, if our spirit faints and dies,
— (Our conscience gall'd with inward stings,)
e Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.
- a 6 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN 124. C. M.

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

- 1 **'T**IS not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai given,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heaven.

- 2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy our pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.
- a 3 Aaron, the priest, resigns his breath,
At God's immediate will,
And in the desert yields to death,
Upon th' appointed hill.
- 4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder side,
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and died
Short of the promis'd land.
- e 5 Israel rejoice, now Joshua* leads,
He'll bring your tribes to rest ;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

HYMN 125. L. M.

Faith and Repentance, Unbelief and Impenitence.

- 1 **L**IFE and immortal joys are given [done,
To souls that mourn the sins they've
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven,
By faith in God's eternal Son.
- a 2 Wo to the wretch, who never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief!
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.
- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies:
- a He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN 126. C. M.

God glorified in the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near ;
While power, and truth, and boundless love,
Display his glories here.
- 2 Here, in the gospel's wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue ;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace ;

Joshua, the same with Jesus, which signifies a Saviour.

Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

- 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

- e 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN 127. L. M.

Circumcision and Baptism. (Written only for those who practice infant baptism.)

- 1 **T**HU did the sons of Abra'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water, pour'd upon the head.
- e 4 Let every saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

HYMN 128. C. M.

Corrupt Nature from Adam.

- 1 **B**LESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our Father, stood,
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason hath lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good:
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget the load.

- 4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame:
Our broken powers rest ore;
Inspire us with an heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN 129. L. M.

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear:
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN 130. C. M.

The new Creation.

- 1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glory show;
"Behold I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.
- 2 "Nature and sin are past away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay—
"See the new world arise!
- 3 "I'll be a Sun of righteousness
"To the new heavens I make;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glories shall partake."
- i 4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace hath made
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN 131. L. M.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

- o 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from pole to pole again,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]
- 3 In vain the trembliug conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.
- i 4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
- Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- e 5 Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.
- 6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN 132. C. M.

The Offices of Christ.

- 1 **W**E bless the prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.

- 3 We honor our exalted King;
 How sweet are his commands!
 He guards our souls from hell and sin
 By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
 Who saves by diff'rent ways:
 His mercies lay a sovereign claim
 To our immortal praise.

HYMN 133. L. M.

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

- e 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess,
 And sing the wonders of thy grace;
 Thy power conveys our blessings down
 From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
 Our shades and darkness turn to day:
 Thine inward teachings make us know
 Our danger and our refuge too.
- o 3 Thy power and glory work within,
 And break the chains of reigning sin:
 Do our imperious lusts subdue,
 And form our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
 e Thy cheering words awake our joys;
 o Thy words allay the stormy wind,
 — And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 134. C. M.

Circumcision abolished.

- 1 **T**HE promise was divinely free,
 Extensive was the grace;
 "I will the God of Abra'm be,
 "And of his num'rous race."
- 2 He said, and with a bloody seal
 Confirm'd the words he spoke:
 Long did the sons of Abra'm feel
 The sharp and painful yoke:
- 3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
 Gave his own flesh to bleed;
 And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
 From the hard bondage freed.
- 4 The God of Abra'm claims our praise;
 His promises endure;
 And Christ the Lord, in gentler ways,
 Makes the salvation sure.

HYMN 135. L. M.

Types and Prophecies of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOOLD the woman's promis'd Seed!
Behold the great Messiah comes!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room.
- 2 Abrah'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of the law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on his head:
- o Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd Seed.

HYMN 136. L. M.

Miracles at the Birth of Christ.

- 1 **T**HE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heavenly hosts declare his birth.
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head,
What wonders and what glories meet!
An unknown star arose and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire,
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.
- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore th' eternal God
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN 137. L. M.

Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

- i 1 **B**EHOOLD, the blind their sight receive!
Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
— And seal the mission of the Son;

The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

- a 3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
e He rises and appears a God!
o Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 138. L. M.

The Power of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
o Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
e This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners obey the voice and live:
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 4 [Where Satan reign'd, in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
- 5 Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb;
a While the wide world esteems it strange,
a Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
o The world that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 139. L. M.

The Example of Christ.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such defence to thy Father's will,

Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

- u 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here!
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 140. C. M.

The Examples of Christ and the Saints.

- e 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!
- u 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
- e Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb,
Their triumph, to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast;)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

HYMN 141. C. M.

*Faith assisted by Sense; or, Preaching, Baptism, and the
Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour God, my sovereign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies;
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.
- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word;
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

- 3 Baptismal water is design'd
 'To seal his cleansing grace,
 While at his feast of bread and wine,
 He gives his saints a place.
- 4 But not the waters of a flood
 Can make my flesh so clean,
 As by his Spirit and his blood
 He'll wash my soul from sin.
- 5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
 So much my heart refresh,
 As when my faith goes through the signs,
 And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,
 To give his word a seal:
 But the rich grace his hands bestow,
 Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN 142. S. M.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

- a 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
- e 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb;
 Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- u 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While, like a penitent, I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear,
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- e 5 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove:
- y We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 143. C. M.

Flesh and Spirit.

- 1 **W**HAT diff'rent powers of grace and sin
 Attend our mortal state!
 I hate the thoughts that work within,
 And do the works I hate.

- u 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign :
- o Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light,
Till perfect day arise,
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.
- 4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace ;
- e But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

HYMN 144. L. M.

The Effusion of the Spirit; or, the Success of the Gospel.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met ;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- i 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !
And power to kill, and power to save !
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent his champions forth,
o From east to west, from south to north ;
- “Go! and assert your Saviour's cause ;
“Go! spread the myst'ry of his cross.”
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low.
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdu'd ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of Grace ! my heart subdue ;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 145. C. M.

Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.

- 1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.

- a 2 O that the happy hour were come,
 To change my faith to sight!
 — I shall behold my Lord at home,
 In a diviner light.
- e 3 Haste, my beloved, and remove
 These interposing days;
 — Then shall my passions all be love,
 And all my powers be praise.

HYMN 146. L. M.

The Vanity of Creatures; or, no Rest on Earth.

- 1 **M**AN hath a soul of vast desires,
 He burns within with restless fires;
 Tost to and fro, his passions fly
 From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
 Some solid good to fill the mind;
 We try new pleasures; but we feel
 The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,
 We shift from side to side by turns;
 And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
 To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
 This love to vanity and dust!
 Cure the vile fever of the mind,
 And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN 147. C. M.

The Creation of the World.—Gen. i.

- 1 “**N**OW let the spacious world arise,”
 Said the Creator Lord;
 At once th’ obedient earth and skies
 Rose at his sovereign word.
- 2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay
 Confus’d, and drown’d the land;
 He call’d the light; the new-born day
 Attends on his command.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
 The clouds ascend, and bear
 A watery treasure to the sky,
 And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below
 Was gather’d by his hand;
 The rolling seas together flow
 And leave the solid land.

- 5 With herbs and plants, (a flow'ry birth,)
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies:
Behold the sun appears:
The moon and stars in order rise
To mark out months and years.
- 7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.]
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was form'd of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.
- 10 Thus, glorious in the Maker's eye,
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high:
His word pronounc'd it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

HYMN 148. C. M.

God Reconciled in Christ.

- i 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- e 3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
a The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.
- a 4 But if Emmanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins:

His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
The Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 149. C. M.

Honor to Magistrates; or, Government from God.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy Majesty
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.
- 3 The crowns of righteous princes shine,
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bless'd.]
- 4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.
- 5 Let Cesar's due be ever paid
To Cesar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

HYMN 150. C. M.

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

- 1 **S**IN hath a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;

Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 151. L. M.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

- 1 **T**WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.
- i 3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.
- e 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
— Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMN 152. C. M.

Sinai and Zion.—Heb. xii. 18, &c.

- a 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word,
Which God on Sinai spoke:
- e 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- i 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.
- o 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;

The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever bless'd.

HYMN 153. C. M.

The Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin.

- a 1 **S**IN, like a venomous disease,
— Infects our vital blood;
— The only balm is sovereign grace,
— And the physician, God.
- a 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
— And we draw near to death;
e But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead
— With his almighty breath.
- a 3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
— The passions burn and rage,
— Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
— The inward fire assuage.
- a 4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
— And solid good despise;
— Such is the folly of the mind,
— Till Jesus makes us wise.
- a 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
— We drink the pois'nous gall,
e And rush with fury down to hell;
— But heaven prevents the fall.]
- 6 [The man possess'd among the tombs,
— Cuts his own flesh and cries:
e He foams and raves till Jesus comes,
— And the foul spirit flies.]

HYMN 154. L. M.

Self-Righteousness insufficient.

- “**W**HERE are the mourners,” saith the Lord,
— “That wait and tremble at my word?
— “That walk in darkness all the day?
— “Come, make my name your trust and stay.
- 2 “[No works nor duties of your own
— “Can for the smallest sin atone;
— “* The robes that nature may provide,
— “Will not your least pollutions hide.
- 3 “The softest couch that nature knows,
— “Can give the conscience no repose;
o “Look to my righteousness and live;
— “Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

- 4 “Ye sons of pride that kindle coals
 “With your own hands, to warm your souls;
 “Walk in the light of your own fire,
 “Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.
- a 5 “This is your portion at my hands,
 “Hell waits you with her iron bands;
 a “Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
 “In death, in darkness, and despair.”

HYMN 155. C. M.

Christ our Passover.

- a 1 **L**O, the destroying angel flies
 To Pharaoh's stubborn land!
 The pride and flower of Egypt dies
 By his vindictive hand.
- e 2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
 Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
 He saw the blood on every door,
 And bless'd the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed lamb must bleed
 To break th' Egyptian yoke;
 e Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
 And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- i 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too,
 With blood so rich as thine,
 Justice no longer would pursue
 This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 Jesus, our passover, was slain,
 And has at once procur'd
 o Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
 And God's avenging sword.

HYMN 156. C. M.

Presumption and Despair; or, Satan's various Temptations.

- 1 **I**HATE the tempter and his charms,
 I hate his flatt'ring breath;
 The serpent takes a thousand forms,
 To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
 Or kills with slavish fear;
 And holds us still in wide extremes,
 Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, “How easy 'tis
 “To walk the road to heaven;”

Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
 "They cannot be forgiven."

- 4 [He bids young sinners, "Yet forbear,
 "To think of God or death;
 "For prayer and devotion are
 "But melancholy breath."

- 5 He tells the aged, "They must die,
 "And 'tis too late to pray;
 "In vain for mercy now they cry,
 "For they have lost their day."]

- a 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
 By mischief and deceit,
 And drags the sons of Adam down
 To darkness and the pit.

- o 7 Almighty God, cut short his power;
 Let him in darkness dwell;
 And that he vex the earth no more,
 Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 157. C. M.

The same.

- 1 **N**OW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
 And threatens to destroy;
 He worries whom he can't devour
 With a malicious joy.
- o 2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage;
 Resist, and he'll begone;
 — Thus did our dearest Lord engage
 And vanquish him alone.
- i 3 Now he appears almost divine!
 Like innocence and love;
 — But the old serpent lurks within,
 When he assumes the dove.
- e 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
 Ye sons of Adam fly!
- a Our parents found the snare too strong,
 Nor should the children try.

HYMN 158. L. M.

Few saved; or, the almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and the Apostate.

- a 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there;
 But wisdom shows a narrower path,
 With here and there a traveller.

- 2 “Deny thyself, and take thy cross,”
 i Is the Redeemer’s great command!
 — Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heavenly land.
 u 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteem’d almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.
 —4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
 Create my heart entirely new;
 Which hypocrites could ne’er attain,
 Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 159. C. M.

An unconverted State; or, Converting Grace.

- u 1 [GREAT King of glory and of grace!
 We own with humble shame
 How vile is our degen’rate race,
 And our first father’s name.]
 —2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
 The poison reigns within;
 Makes us averse to all that’s good,
 And willing slaves to sin.
 3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
 And then reject thy grace;
 Engag’d in the old serpent’s cause,
 Against our Maker’s face.]
 4 We live estrang’d, afar from God,
 And love the distance well;
 With haste, we run the dang’rous road
 That leads to death and hell.
 i 5 And can such rebels be restor’d!
 Such natures made divine!
 o Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
 And feel this power of thine.
 e 6 We raise our Father’s name on high,
 Who his own Spirit sends
 o To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
 And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN 160. L. M.

Custom in Sin.

- 1 L ET the wild leopards of the wood
 Put off the spots that nature gives;
 Then may the wicked turn to God,
 And change their tempers and their lives.

- 2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
 Wash out the darkness of their skin;
 The dead as well may leave their graves,
 As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,
 'Twill not endure the least control;
 None but a power divinely strong,
 Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy power divine,
 That works to change this heart of mine;
 I would be form'd anew, and bless
 The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN 161. C. M.

Christian Virtues; or, the Difficulty of Conversion.

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
 That leads to joys on high;
 'Tis but a few that find the gate,
 While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be deny'd,
 The mind and will renew'd,
 Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
 And vain desires subdu'd.
- 3 [Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
 Where it prevails and rules;
 Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
 Lest they destroy our souls.]
- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
 (That vile idolatry,)
 And every member, every sense,
 In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
 Requires a strong restraint;
 We must be watchful every hour,
 And pray, but never faint.
- i 6 Lord, can a feeble helpless worm
 Fulfil a task so hard?
- o Thy grace must all my work perform,
 And give the free reward.

HYMN 162. C. M.

The Meditation of Heaven; or, the Joys of Faith.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts surmount these lower skies,
 And look within the veil;
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,
 The waters never fail.

- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blessed Three in One;
 And strong affections fix my sight
 On God's incarnate Son.
- e 3 His promise stands for ever firm,
 His grace shall ne'er depart;
 — He binds his name upon his arm
 And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings,
 How short our sorrows are,
 When with eternal future things
 The present we compare!
- e 5 I would not be a stranger still
 To that celestial place,
 Where I for ever hope to dwell
 Near my Redeemer's face.

HYMN 163. C. M.

Complaint of Desertion and Temptation.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord! behold our sore distress,
 Our sins attempt to reign;
 Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace.
 And let thy foes be slain.
- 2 [The lion, with his dreadful roar,
 Affrights thy feeble sheep;
 Reveal the glory of thy power,
 And chain him to the deep.
- 3 Must we indulge a long despair?
 Shall our petitions die?
 Our mournings never reach thine ear,
 Nor tears affect thine eye?]
- 4 If thou despise a mortal groan,
 Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
 An Advocate so near the throne
 Pleads and prevails with God.
- 5 He brought the Spirit's powerful sword,
 To slay our deadly foes;
 Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
 And hell in vain oppose.
- 6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
 In height, and depth and length!
 He made his Son our righteousness,
 His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN 164. C. M.

The End of the World.

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so?
 Why should we fix our eyes
 On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
 And every pleasure dies?
- a 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
 Our comforts to devour,
- e There is a land above the stars,
 And joys above his power.
- a 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
 The sun must end his race,
 — The earth and sea for ever fly
 Before my Saviour's face.
- e 4 When will the glorious morning rise?
 When the last trumpet sound,
 And call the nations to the skies
 From underneath the ground?

HYMN 165. C. M.

Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and Unsanctified Affections.

- u 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
 Of thy salvation, Lord;
 But still how weak my faith is found,
 And knowledge of thy word!
- a 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
 And hear almost in vain;
 How small a portion of thy grace
 My mem'ry can retain!
- 3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
 How little art thou known
 By all the judgments of thy rod
 And blessings of thy throne!]
- u 4 [How cold and feeble is my love!
 How negligent my fear!
 How low my hope of joys above!
 How few affections there!]
- 5 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn thy grace.
- e 6 [Show my forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high;
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.]

HYMN 166. C. M.

The Divine Perfection.

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise th' eternal God,
 That infinite unknown?
 i Who can ascend his high abode,
 Or venture near his throne?
- 2 The great Invisible! he dwells
 Conceal'd in dazzling light;
 But his all-searching eye reveals
 The secrets of the night.
- 3 [Those watchful eyes that never sleep,
 Survey the world around;
 a His wisdom is a boundless deep,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]
- o 4 Speak we of strength? his arm is strong,
 To save or to destroy;
 a Infinite years his life prolong,
 And endless is his joy.
- 5 [He knows no shadow of a change
 Nor alters his decrees;
 u Firm as a rock his truth remains
 To guard his promises.]
- u 6 Sinners before his presence die:
 How holy is his name!
 — His anger and his jealousy
 Burn like devouring flame.]
- a 7 Justice upon a dreadful throne,
 Maintains the rights of God,
 e While mercy sends her pardons down,
 Bought with a Saviour's blood.
- a 8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
 — Speak some forgiving word;
 e Then 'twill be double joy to sing
 o The glories of my Lord.

HYMN 167. L. M.

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 **G**REAT God! thy glories shall employ
 My holy fear, my humble joy;
 My lips, in songs of honor, bring
 Their tribute to th' eternal King.
- 2 [Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
 Depend, precarious, on his throne;
 All nature hangs upon his word,
 And grace and glory own their Lord.]

- 3 [His sovereign power what mortal knows ?
If he commands, who dare oppose ?
With strength he girds himself around
And treads the rebels to the ground.]
- 4 [Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.
- 5 [His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy ;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]
- 6 [The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light ;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.
- 7 [Th' eternal law before him stands ;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides, to all, their due reward,
Or by the sceptre , or the sword.
- 8 [His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away ;
While his own Son came down and died
T' engage his Justice on our side.
- 9 [Each of his words demands my faith ;
My soul can rest on all he saith ;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]
- 10 O tell me with a gentle voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honors of thy name.

HYMN 168. L. M.

The same.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- a 2 His terrors keep the world in awe ;
His justice guards his holy law ;
- e His love reveals a smiling face ;
His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs ;

- o His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.
- i 4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend!
- u Then let my songs with angels join;
Heaven is secure if God be mine.

HYMN 169. Proper Metre.

As the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine | No mortal eye
With beams so bright | Can bear the sight.
- u 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
- i And where his love | o His truth confirms
Resolves to bless, | And seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs;
- o Strong is his arm | His great decrees,
And shall fulfil | His sovereign will
- i 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name,
“My Father and my Friend!”
- e I love his name, | o Join, all my powers,
I love his word; | And praise the Lord!

HYMN 170. L. M.

God Incomprehensible and Sovereign.

- 1 **C**AN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?
- 2 'Tis high as heaven! 'tis deep as hell!
And what can mortals know, or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise;
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty wind.
- 4 God is a King of power unknown,
Firm as the orders of his throne;
a If he resolves, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
i When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?
- a 6 * He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon:
† The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 7 He gave the vaulted heaven its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 8 These are a portion of his ways;
i But who shall dare describe his face?
a Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

* Job xxv. 5.

† Job xxvi. 11, &c.

HYMNS.

BOOK III.

HYMN 1. L. M.

The Lord's Supper instituted — 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

- 1 **T**WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake !
i What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin;
"Receive and eat the living food !"
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine ;
"Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn :
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]
- 6 "Do this," he cry'd, "till time shall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying friend ;
"Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed Lord."
- o 7 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

HYMN 2. S. M.

Communion with Christ, and with Saints. 1 Cor. x 16, 17.

- 1 [JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favor! matchless grace
Of our descending God!
- 3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.]
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one,
i We, the young children of his love,
o And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
o But Jesus is the head.
- e 6 Let all our powers be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

HYMN 3. C. M.

*The new Testament in the Blood of Christ; or, the new
Covenant sealed.*

- 1 "THE promise of my Father's love
" Shall stand for ever good,"
i He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;

- u 'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan
And ratify'd in death.
e 5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love,
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN 4. C. M.

Christ's dying Love; or, our Pardon bought at a dear Price.

- i 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
a Our mis'ry reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
2 [When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
— He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word.]
u 3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
e To raise us to his throne;
— There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
a But cost 'his heart a groan.]
— 4 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.
o 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
e Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.
i 6 Here we behold his bowels roll
— As kind as when he died,
u And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.]
— 7 [Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]
u 8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
— And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN 5. C. M.

Christ the Bread of Life. — John vi. 31, 35, 39.

- i 1 **L**ET us adore th' eternal Word;
i 'Tis he our souls hath fed;
'Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal Bread.

- 2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.
- 3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste,
Can raise us from the dead.]
- e 4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
o For Jesus never dies.
- a 6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
e But Christ, our life, shall come;
o His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN 6. L. M.

The Memorial of our absent Lord. — John xvi. 16. Luke
xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not:
a And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face:
— And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.
- e 3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine and bless the God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
o Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
e 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
u And live for ever near his face.
- 6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come:

We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN 7. C. M.

Crucifixion to the World by the cross of Christ. Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- i 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
— All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- i 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- a 4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
— Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]
- e 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 8. C. M.

The tree of Life.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high, around his throne,
And we, around his board.
- a 2 While once upon this lower ground-
Weary and faint ye stood,
— What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food !]
- e 3 The tree of life, that near the throne,
In heaven's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever smiling boughs.
- 4 [Hov'ring among the leaves there stands
The sweet celestial Dove ;
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]
- 5 ['Tis a young heaven of strange delight
While in his shade we sit ;

His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

e 6 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigor and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]

—7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees;
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruits as these.

8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN 9. S. M.

The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood. 1 John v. 6.

1 **L**ET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who, from his bosom, sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' Ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

a 3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
— Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

a 4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
— By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our Priest, atones!

u On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

i 6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream,
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

- 8 Thus the Redeemer came
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.
- 9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
a Here I believe he died for me,
And seal'd my Saviour's love.
- 10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
— Great Comforter! abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

HYMN 10. L. M.

Christ Crucified — the Wisdom and Power of God.

- 1 **N**ATURE, with open volume, stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God:
- e 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man
His brightest form of glory shines;
u Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- o 3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
— Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
o The power, the wisdom, or the love.]
- i 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasure mine.
- e 5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour lov'd and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- o 6 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
u And worship at his father's throne.

HYMN 11. C. M.

Pardon brought to our Senses.

- 1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine ;
There Jesus says, that, "I am his,
"And my beloved's mine."
- 3 "Here," says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side,
"See here the spring of all your joys,
"That open'd when I died!"
- 4 [He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain :
"All this," says he, "I bore for thee,"
And then he smiles again.]
- 5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
For grace so vast as this ?
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.
- 6 [Let such amazing loves as these,
Be sounded all abroad ;
Such favors are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]
- 7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honor, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN 12. L. M.

The Gospel Feast. — Luke xiv. 16, &c.

- 1 [HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast ;
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh !
But at the gospel call we came,
And every want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

- 5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched world came down,
To bring us wand'ers back to God?
- 6 It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.
- e 7 Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
a And pity'd rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.]

HYMN 13. C. M.

Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests.

Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

- y 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
— While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!
- i 2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
— Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.
- e 3 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
— Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
i “Lord, why was I a guest?”
- 4 “Why was I made to hear thy voice,
“And enter while there's room;
“When thousands make a wretched choice,
“And rather starve than come?”
- e 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in;
a Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 [Pity the nations, O our God,
Constrain the earth to come,
o Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
e That all the chosen race,
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

HYMN 14. L. M.

*The Song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28; or a Sight of Christ,
makes death easy.*

- 1 **N**OW have our hearts embrac'd our God;
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die as Simeon would,
With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;
Our souls still willing to be gone,
And, at thy word, depart in peace.
- 3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
And view'd salvation with our eyes;
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb;
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show the wonders of thy grace.
- e 5 He is our light; our morning Star
Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
- o The glory of thine Israel here,
And joy of spirits near thy throne.

HYMN 15. C. M.

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

- 1 **T**HE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue;
How rich he spread his royal board,
And bless'd the food and sung.
- 2 Happy the men that eat this bread;
But doubly bless'd was he,
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.
- 3 By faith, the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit, and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heavenly bread.
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends:
"Come, my beloved, eat," (he cries),
"And drink salvation, friends.
- 5 ["My flesh is food and physic too,
"A balm for all your pains;
"And the red streams of pardon flow
"From those my pierced veins."]

- 6 Hosanna to his bounteous love,
 For such a feast below!
 And yet he feeds his saints above
 With nobler blessings too.
- 7 [Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
 That brings our souls to rest!
 Then we shall need these types no more,
 But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.

HYMN 16. C. M.

The Agonies of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,
 Our hearts no more repine;
 Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
 When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
- 2 In lively figures here we see
 The bleeding Prince of love;
 Each of us hopes he died for me,
 And then our griefs remove.
- 3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,
 While sitting round his board;
 And back to Calvary she flies,
 To view her groaning Lord.
- a 4 His soul, what agonies it felt
 When his own God withdrew!
 And the large load of all our guilt,
 Lay heavy on him too.
- 5 But the Divinity within
 Supported him to bear:
- o Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
 And made his triumph there.
- u 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd, and wrought
 The wonders of that day;
 No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
 Can equal thanks repay.
- e 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
 Could we our voices raise;
- i Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
 o And all our lives be praise.

HYMN 17. S. M.

Incomparable Food; or, the Flesh and Blood of Christ.

- 1 [**W**E sing th' amazing deeds
 That grace divine performs;
- a Th' eternal God comes down and bleeds,
 To nourish dying worms.

- 2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood!
- e We thank that sacred flesh of thine,
For this immortal food.]
- 3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heavenly things;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.
- a 4 In vain had Adam sought,
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all that happy ground.
- 5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.
- 6 On us th' almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace,
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face,
- 7 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.
- e 8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ;
- o Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'st.

HYMN 18. L. M.

The same.

- 1 JESUS! we bow before thy feet;
Thy table is divinely stor'd;
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread: we thank thee, Lord!
- i 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
— We thank thee, Lord, 'tis gen'rous wine;
- i Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heavenly food:
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provision can at best
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;

But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

- c 5 Joy to the Master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever bless:
o To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

HYMN 19. L. M.

Glory in the Cross; or, not ashamed of Christ crucified.

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead hath left the tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN 20. C. M.

The Provisions for the Table of the Lord; or, the Tree of Life, and River of Love.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.
- 2 [The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming, for our use,
In rivulets of love.]
- 4 The food's prepar'd by heavenly art,
The pleasure's well refin'd,
They spread new life through every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

- o 5 Shout, and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.
- y 6 A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

HYMN 21. C. M.

*The triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory over Sin, and
Death, and Hell.*

- 1 [COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus the God, that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell;
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragged all the powers of hell.]
- 3 [Jesus, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]
- 4 The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
y And O! what melting words he says
To every humble ear!
- 5 "For you, the children of my love,
"It was for you I died;
- a "Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my side,
- u 6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I came down to free your souls
"From misery and chains.
- 7 "Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
"And plung'd it in my heart;
"Infinite pangs for you I bore,
"And most tormenting smart.
- 8 "When hell, and all its spiteful powers,
"Stood dreadful in my way,
"To rescue those dear lives of yours,
"I gave my own away.
- 9 "But while I bled, and groan'd, and died,
"I ruin'd Satan's throne;

- “High on my cross I hung and spy’d
 “The monster tumbling down.
 o 10 “Now you must triumph at my feast,
 “And taste my flesh, my blood,
 And live eternal ages bless’d;
 “For ’tis immortal food.”
 i 11 Victorious God! what can we pay
 For favors so divine?
 — We would devote our hearts away
 To be for ever thine.]
 e 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
 The tribute of our tongues;
 — But themes so infinite as these
 Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN 22. L. M.

The Compassion of a dying Christ.

- i 1 **O**UR spirits join t’adore the Lamb!
 i O! that our feeble lips could move
 — In strains immortal as his name,
 u And melting as his dying love!
 i 2 Was ever equal pity found?
 a The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
 And pours his life out on the ground,
 — To ransom guilty worms from death.
 a 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker’s laws.
 — He from the threat’nings set us free:
 o Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
 And nail’d the curses to the tree.]
 4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
 And Sinai’s thunder roars no more;
 From all his wounds new blessings flow,
 A sea of joy without a shore.
 5 Here we have wash’d our deepest stains,
 And heal’d our wounds with heavenly blood:
 Bless’d fountain! springing from the veins
 Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]
 —6 In vain our mortal voices strive
 To speak compassion so divine;
 e Had we a thousand lives to give,
 A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN 23. C. M.

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

- 1 [**S**ITTING around our Father’s board,
 We raise our tuneful breath:
 u Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
 — And dooms our sins to death.]

- i 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
 e Whence all our pardons rise;
 a The sinner views the atonement made,
 — And loves the sacrifice.
- a 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
 e Procure us heavenly crowns;
 — Our highest gain springs from thy loss;
 Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we,
 Who dwell in feeble clay,
 Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
 Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN 24. C. M.

Pardon and Strength from Christ.

- 1 **F**ATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
 To see thy glories shine;
 The Lord will his own table bless
 And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heavenly bread,
 We drink the sacred cup;
 With outward forms our sense is fed,
 Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne
 Of our forgiving God,
 Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
 And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,
 And climb the upper sky;
 Christ will provide our souls with grace,
 He bought a large supply.
- 5 [Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
 For joy becomes a feast;
 We love the mem'ry of his name
 More than the wine we taste.]

HYMN 25. C. M.

Divine Glories and Graces.

- 1 **H**OW are thy glories here display'd,
 Great God! how bright they shine;
 While, at thy word, we break the bread,
 And pour the flowing wine!
- a 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
 And pleads its dreadful cause;
- e Here saving mercy spreads her hands
 Like Jesus on the cross.

- 3 Thy saints attend with every grace
 On this great sacrifice;
 And love appears, with cheerful face,
 And faith with fixed eyes.
- a 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
 To heaven directs her sight;
 e Here every warmer passion meets,
 And warmer powers unite.
- o 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
 And rising sin destroy;
 i Repentance comes, with aching heart,
 — Yet not forbids the joy.
- 6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
 Let sin for ever die;
 e Then shall our souls be all delight,
 And every tear be dry.

I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns, till I have addressed a special *Song of Glory* to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman church; and though there may be some excesses of superstitious honor paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ hath so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it, by a plain version, or a large paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another hymn. I have added, also, a few hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.

DOXOLOGIES.

A Song of Praise to the ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

HYMN 26. L. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
 To whose celestial source we owe
 Rivers of endless joy above,
 And rills of comfort here below.
- o 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
 i From whose dear wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood;
 Pardon and life for dying souls.

- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and wo,
e Mak'st living springs of grace arise,
o And into boundless glory flow.
- u 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN 27. 1st C. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honors of his grace.
- i 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
u And to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.
- u 4 Glory to God, who reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

HYMN 28. 1st S. M.

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints employ your breath
In honor to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace, convey
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God, the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One in Three
That seals this grace in heaven,

The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal glory given.

HYMN 29. 2d L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown:
In essence One, in persons Three;
A social nature, yet alone.
- 2 When all our noblest powers are join'd,
The honors of thy name to raise:
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN 30. 2d C. M.

- 1 **T**HE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death
Who saves by his redeeming word
And new creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine;
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN 31. 2d S. M.

- 1 **L**ET God the Maker's name,
Have honor, love, and fear;
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.
- 2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thine eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

HYMN 32. 3d L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

HYMN 33. Or thus.

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

HYMN 34. 3d C. M.

NOW let the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are works to make him known
 Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN 35. Or thus.

HONOR to thee, Almighty Three
 And everlasting One;
 All glory to the Father be,
 The Spirit, and the Son.

HYMN 36. 3d S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, love the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN 37. Or thus.

GIVE to the Father praise,
 Give glory to the Son.
 And to the Spirit of his grace
 Be equal honor done.

HYMN 38.

A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity.

The first as the 148th Psalm.

1 **I** GIVE immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all my comforts here,
 And better hopes above:

| | | | | |
|---|-----------------|--|---|--------------------|
| e | He sent his own | | i | To die for sins |
| | Eternal Son | | | That man had done. |

—2 To God the Son belongs

Immortal glory too,

a Who bought us with his blood

From everlasting wo;

| | | | |
|---|-------------------|--|--------------------|
| e | And now he lives, | | And sees the fruit |
|---|-------------------|--|--------------------|

| | | | |
|---|--------------------|--|-------------------|
| o | And now he reigns, | | Of all his pains. |
|---|--------------------|--|-------------------|

—3 To God the Spirit's name

Immortal worship give,

Whose new creating power

Makes the dead sinner live;

| | | |
|--------------------|--|--------------------|
| His work completes | | And fills the soul |
|--------------------|--|--------------------|

| | | |
|-------------------|--|------------------|
| The great design, | | With joy divine. |
|-------------------|--|------------------|

- u 4 Almighty God, to thee
 Be endless honors done,
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One;
 i Where reason fails | o There faith prevails
 With all her powers, | And love adores

HYMN 39.

The second as the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **T**O him that chose us first
 Before the world began;
 To him that bore the curse
 To save rebellious man;
 To him that form'd | Is endless praise
 Our hearts anew, | And glory due.
- 2 The Father's love shall run
 Through our immortal songs;
 We bring to God the Son,
 Hosannas on our tongues:
 Our lips address | With equal praise,
 The Spirit's name, | And zeal the same.
- 3 Let every saint above
 And angel round the throne,
 For ever bless and love
 The sacred Three in One:
 Thus heaven shall raise | When earth and time
 His honors high | Grow old and die!

HYMN 40.

The third as the 148th Psalm.

- T**O God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honors raise;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise;
 And while our lips | Our faith adores
 Their tribute bring, | The name we sing.

HYMN 41. Or thus.

- T**O our eternal God
 The Father and the Son,
 And Spirit all divine,
 Three mysteries in one:
 Salvation, power, | By all on earth,
 And praise be given, | And all in heaven.

HYMN 42. L. M.

The Hosanna; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to King David's Son,
 Who reigns on a superior throne;
 We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
 Who brings salvation down to earth.
- 2 Let every nation, every age,
 In this delightful work engage;
 Old men and babes in Zion sing
 The growing glories of her King.

HYMN 43. C. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of grace,
 Zion, behold thy King,
 Proclaim the Son of David's race,
 And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 Hosanna to th' Incarnate Word,
 Who from the Father came;
 Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
 With blessings on his name.

HYMN 44. S. M.

- H**OSANNA to the Son
 Of David and of God,
 Who brought the news of pardon down,
 And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ th' anointed King,
 Be endless blessings given:
 Let the whole earth his glory sing,
 Who made our peace with heaven.

HYMN 45.

As the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the King
 Of David's ancient blood!
 Behold he comes to bring
 Forgiving grace from God;
- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Let old and young | And at his feet |
| Attend his way | Their honors lay. |
- 2 Glory to God on high,
 Salvation to the Lamb;
 Let earth, and sea, and sky,
 His wondrous love proclaim;
 Upon his head
 And every age || Shall honors rest, | Pronounce him bless'd. |



NEW SELECT HYMNS.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

HYMN 1. L. M. *Appleton.*

God Supreme and Self-sufficient.

- a 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
— They are too dark, and he too bright;
o Nothing are they, and God is all.
- a 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
e Creation rose at his command;
— Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,
There nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficiency bears
The weight of his own glories up.
- i 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the moon:
u No ebb his sea of glory knows;
His age is one eternal noon.
- y 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round;
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise,
— All nature dwell upon the sound,
u But we can ne'er fulfil the praise. — *Watts.*

HYMN 2. C. M. *Albany.*

The Infinite:

- a 1 **T**HY names how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.

- 2 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.
- 3 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.
- a 5 Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole:
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.
- 6 In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity. — *Watts.*

HYMN 3. L. M. *Mendon.**The Incomprehensibility of God.*

- a 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores—
Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One! :
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.
- u 4 Thrones and dominions round thee fall
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.
- u 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face!
- o 6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?

None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
None but thy word can speak thy name.

Watts.

HYMN 4. C. M. *Spencer.*

Divine Sovereignty; or God's dominion and decrees.

- a 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things;
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.
- a 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave *to be*.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each op'ning leaf, and every stroke
Fulfil some deep design.
- 5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown:
And there the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.
- 6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why;
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves!
- i 7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise:
- 8 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb!—*Watts.*

HYMN 5. L. M. *Blendon.*

God exalted above all praise.

- a 1 **E**TERNAL power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step around thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;

In vain the tall arch-angel tries
To reach thy height with wond'ring eyes.

- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name:
- o But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.—*Watts.*

HYMN 6. L. M. *Danvers.*

The Loving-kindness of the Lord. Ps. lxxiii. 7.

- e 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me;
e His loving-kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me, notwithstanding ail;
He sav'd me from my lost estate;
e His loving-kindness, O how great!
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along;
y His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood;
y His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness, changes not.
- a 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
— O may my last expiring breath
e His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
o And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.—*Medley.*

HYMN 7. 11s. *Portuguese Hymn.*

Mercy of God. Psalm lxxxix. 1.

THY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Has won my affections, and bound my soul fast.

- 2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair:
But thro' thy free goodness, my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to see its own hardness depart,
Dissolv'd by thy goodness, I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy, who knock by the way;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 6 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the covenant love of thy crucify'd Son;
All praise to the Spirit whose witness divine,
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

Whitfield's Col.

HYMN 8. C. M. *Patmos.*

The Grace of God; or Divine Condescension.

- 1 **W**HEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From tow'rs of haughty kings.
- 2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit ev'ry humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.
- 3 Why should the Lord, that reigns above
Disdain such lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?
- α 4 Mortals, be dumb: what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.
- 5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign, and all free;
- u Great God, how searchless are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be! — *Watts.*

HYMN 9. C. M. *Bolton.**The Goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.*

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise,
 For he is good, immensely good,
 And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
 In him we live and move;
 o But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.
- i 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
 To ransom rebel worms:
 — 'Tis here he makes his goodness known
 In its diviner forms.
- i 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come
 'Tis here our hope relies;
 o A safe defence, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
 The souls who trust in thee;
 Their humble hope thou wilt reward
 With bliss divinely free.
- e 6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
 What honors shall we raise?
 Not all the raptur'd songs above
 Can render equal praise.—*Steele.*

HYMN 10. C. M. *Paxton.**A Song to Creating Wisdom.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise!
 Thee the creation sings!
 With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high palace rings.
- u 2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
 How glorious to behold!
 — Ting'd with the blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- u 3 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
 Shine through the worlds abroad,
 i Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder, God.
- 4 But still the wonders of thy grace
 i Our softer passions move;
 Pity divine in Jesus' face
 We see, adore, and love.—*Watts*

HYMN 11. L. M. *Illinois.**God's Goodness to the Children of Men. Ps. vii. 31.*

- e 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record
 The various wonders of the Lord ;
 And let his power and goodness sound
 Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
 Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
 Where sun, and moon, and planets roll ;
 And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
 And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
 That band remotest nations joins,
 And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 4 But oh ! that brighter world above,
 Where lives and reigns incarnate love !
- u God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
 For man a bleeding victim made.
- y 5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar !
 There, in the land of praise, adore ;
 The theme demands an angel's lay —
 Demands an everlasting day. — *Doddridge.*
-

PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 12. *Uxbridge.**Providence; or, God working all things after the Counsel
of his own Will.*

- u 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord ! with wise design,
 Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
 And ev'ry dark and bending line
 Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
 Poor mortals thy arrangements view ;
 Not knowing that the least are sure,
 And the mysterious just and true.
- i 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,
 Though now they seem to roam uney'd,
 Are led or driven only where
 They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way ;
 But trusting to thy piercing eye,
 None of their feet to ruin stray,
 Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

- 5 My favored soul shall meekly learn
 To lay my reason at thy throne;
 Too weak thy secrets to discern,
 I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

HYMN 13. C. M. *Litchfield.*
The mysteries of Providence; or, Light shining out of
Darkness.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.
- e 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace;
 a Behind a frowning Providence,
 e He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.
- a 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his word in vain;
 o God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.— *Cowper.*

HYMN 14. P. M. *Pisgah.*
Christ the Head of the Church.

- 1 **H**EAD of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee;
 Till thou appear, thy members here,
 Shall sing like those in glory:
 We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation,
 And cry aloud, and give to God
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise which knows no days,
 And ever brings us nigher:

- We clap our hands exulting
 In thine almighty favor;
 The love divine, which made us thine,
 Can keep us thine forever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation;
 Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation;
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes:
 By thee we shall break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory,
 To which thou shalt restore us,
 The cross despise for that high prize,
 Which thou hast set before us:
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

HYMN 15. C. M. *Howards.**Gratitude for divine mercies. Part I.*

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 e Transported with the view, I'm lost,
 In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in prayer.
- 3 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.
- i 4 When, in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 o Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 5 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
 It gently cleared my way,
 And through th' alluring scenes of vice,
 Where thousands go astray.—*Addison.*

HYMN 16. C. M. *Howards.**Gratitude for divine mercies.* Part II.

- 1 **W**HEN worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renewed my face;
 a And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
 e Revived my soul with grace.
- 2 Thy bounteous hand with worldly good
 Has made my cup run o'er;
 And in a kind and faithful Friend,
 Has doubled all my store.
- o 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 i Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 e And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- o 5 Through all eternity, to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 a For, O! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.—*Addison.*

HYMN 17. C. M. *Medford.**The Mysteries of Providence.*

- a 1 **T**HY way, O God! is in the sea;
 Thy paths I cannot trace,
 Nor comprehend the mystery
 Of thine unbounded grace.
- 2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
 e I bless thee for the sight:—
 When will thy love the rest reveal,
 In glory's clearer light?
- y 3 With rapture shall I then survey
 Thy providence and grace;
 And spend an everlasting day,
 In wonder, love, and praise.—*H. K. White.*

HYMN 18. C. M. *Spencer.**Almighty Power and Majesty of God.*

- o 1 **T**HE Lord our God is clothed with might,
 The winds obey his will;
 He speaks—and in his heavenly height
 The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves—and o'er the land
 With threatening aspect roar!

The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his high behest,

u Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;

o He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

u 5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,

y And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.—*H. K. White.*

FALL OF MAN.

HYMN 19. L. M. *Sunderland.*

Original Sin; or the first and second Adam.

a 1 **A** DAM, our father and our head,
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead;
The fiery law speaks all despair,
a There's no reprieve or pardon there.

—2 Call a bright council in the skies;
Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Speak; are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?

u 3 In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent through the heavenly ground;
— There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength or half the love.

e 4 But O! unmeasurable grace!
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms, and bleeds and dies.

u 5 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.—*Watts.*

HYMN 20. S. M. *Olmütz.*

Hope from the Gospel only.

a 1 **G** OD'S holy law transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Burdened with guilt—with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done ;
Nor vows, nor promises nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood:
i 'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless victim dies:—
This is salvation's only source—
Hence all our hopes arise.— *Epis. Col.*

HYMN 21. S. M. *Elton.**Fall of Man.*

- 1 **A**H, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?
- u 3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend!
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake!
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake!
- u 5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
— None — none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

THE SCRIPTURE.

HYMN 22. C. M. *Devises.**The inspired Word, a system of Knowledge and Joy.*

- a 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
e Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

- a 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
 In this dark vale of tears;
 e Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
 a 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
 — Of life, shall guide our way;
 e Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day. — *Rippon's Col.*

HYMN 23. C. M. *Medfield.**The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.*

- a 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 e For ever be thy name ador'd
 For these celestial lines.
 a 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
 Exhaustless riches find;
 e Riches above what earth can grant,
 And lasting as the mind.
 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 And-yields a free repast:
 Sublimier sweets than nature knows
 Invite the longing taste.
 4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
 o And life, and everlasting joys,
 Attend the blissful sound.
 i 5 O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light!
 a 6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord!
 Be thou for ever near:
 e Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there. *Steele.*

THE GOSPEL.

HYMN 24. *Harwich.**Jubilee. Lev. xxv. 9—17.*

- o 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 e The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

—2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
 i The sin-atoning Lamb;
 — Redemption by his blood,
 Thro' all the world proclaim;
 e The year, &c.

i 3 Ye who have sold for nought,
 Your heritage above,
 — Come, take it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love;
 e The year, &c.

—4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive;
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live;
 e The year, &c. *Rippon.*

—5 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of pard'ning grace,
 Ye happy souls, draw near,
 Behold your Saviour's face;
 e The year, &c.

—6 Jesus our great high-priest,
 Hath full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest:
 Ye mourning souls, be glad!
 y The year of Jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Altered by Toplady.

HYMN 25. P. M. *Duren.*

Free Grace.

e **T**HE voice of free grace cries escape to the mountain;
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain:
 For sin and transgression and ev'ry pollution,
 His blood flows most freely in streams of salvation.

y Hallelujah to the Lamb who has purchas'd our pardon;
 We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given,
 Now glory to God is re-echo'd in heaven;
 Around the whole earth, let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 Enraptur'd I burn, with delight and desire,
 Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire;
 Around the bright throne hosannahs are ringing,
 O when shall I join them, and ever be singing,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 O Jesus ride on, thy kingdom is glorious,
 O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
 Thy name shall be prais'd in the great congregation,
 And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

5 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest shore,
 With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore;
 We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
 And sing hallelujah for ever and ever.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c. *Thornby.*

HYMN 26. P. M.

Trumpet.

1 **H**ARK! brethren, don't you hear the sound,
 The martial trumpets now are blowing;
 Men in order listing round,
 And soldiers to the standard flowing:
 Bounty offer'd, life and peace,
 To every soldier this is given;
 When from toils of war they cease,
 A mansion bright prepar'd in heaven.

2 The banner of the bleeding Lamb
 Is waving high o'er every nation,
 To ruined souls of every name,
 The gospel brings a great salvation;
 The poor, the sick, the blind, the lame,
 Their maladies shall all be healed;
 Outlaw'd rebels, when they come,
 Receive a pardon freely sealed.

3 The battle is not to the strong,
 The burden's on our Captain's shoulder;
 None so aged, or so young,
 But may enlist and be a soldier.
 Those who cannot fight or fly,
 Beneath his banner find protection;
 None, who on his name rely,
 Shall be reduc'd to base subjection.

4 You need not fear, the cause is good:
 Come, who will to the crown aspire?
 In this cause the martyrs bled,
 And shouted victory in the fire.
 In this cause let's follow on,
 And soon we'll tell the pleasing story,
 How by faith we gain'd the crown,
 And fought our way to life and glory.

5 The battle, brethren, is begun,
 Behold the army now in motion;

Some by faith behold the crown,
 And almost grasp their future portion;
 Hark! the victors singing loud,
 Emmanuel's chariot wheels are rumbling,
 Mourners weeping through the crowd,
 And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.

6 Hark! ye rebels, come and list,
 The officers are now recruiting:
 Why will you in sin persist,
 Or spend your time in vain disputing?
 All your cavils sure are vain;
 For if you do not sue for favor,
 Down you'll sink to endless pain,
 To bear the wrath of God forever.

HYMN 27. 5, 6. Part I.

Everlasting Love, Electing Grace, and Personal Holiness

1 **H**OW happy are we,
 Our election who see,
 And venture, O Lord, salvation on thee!
 In Jesus approv'd,
 Eternally lov'd,
 Upheld by thy power, we cannot be mov'd.

2 'Tis sweet to recline
 On the bosom divine,
 And experience the comforts peculiar to thine;
 While, born from above,
 And upheld by thy love,
 With singing and triumph, to Zion we move.

3 Our seeking thy face
 Was all of thy grace,
 Thy mercy demands, and shall have all the praise:
 No sinner can be
 Beforehand with thee,
 Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

4 Our Saviour and friend
 His love shall extend,
 It knew no beginning, and never shall end;
 Whom once he receives
 His Spirit ne'er leaves;
 Nor ever repents of the grace that he gives.

5 This proof we would give
 That thee we receive;
 Thou art precious alone to the souls that believe:
 Be precious to us;
 All besides is as dross,
 Compar'd with thy love and the blood of thy cross

HYMN 28. Part II.

- 1 **Y**ET one thing we want,
More holiness grant!
 For more of thy mind, and thy image we pant,
 Thine image impress
 On thy favorite race;
 O fashion and polish thy vessels of grace!
- 2 Thy workmanship we
 More fully would be; [thee:
 Lord, stretch out thine hand, and conform us to
 While onward we move
 To Canaan above,
 Come, fill us with holiness, fill us with love.
- 3 Vouchsafe us to know
 More of thee below;
 Thus fit us for heaven, and glory bestow;
 Our harps shall be tun'd,
 The Lamb shall be crown'd,
 Salvation to Jesus, through heaven shall resound.
Toplady.

HYMN 29. 8, 7, 4. Zion.

Finished Redemption;

- i 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary!
 o See it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
 u "It is finish'd!"—
 a Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- u 2 "It is finish'd!"—O what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford!
 o Heavenly blessings without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 u "It is finish'd!"—
 i Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law!
 Finish'd all that God has promis'd;
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
- u "It is finish'd!"—
 — Saints from hence your comforts draw.
- e 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme:
 o All in earth and all in heaven
 Join to praise Emmanuel's name.
 Hallelujah!
- Glory to the bleeding Lamb! — *Burder's Coll.*

HYMN 30. C. M. *Dedham.**The converted Thief. Luke xxiii. 42.*

- u 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
 — And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
 — He pour'd salvation on a wretch
 u That languish'd at his side.
- a 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
 The penitent confess'd;
 — Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
 — And thus his prayer addressed:
- i 3 "Jesus, the Son and heir of heaven!
 Thou spotless Lamb of God!
- c I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,
 And welt'ring in thy blood.
- y 4 "Yet quickly, from those scenes of wo,
 In triumph thou shalt rise,
 y Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
 And shine above the skies.
- i 5 "Amid the glories of that world,
 Dear Saviour, think on me,
 And in the vict'ries of thy death,
 Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
 And instantly replies,
 o "To-day, thy parting soul shall be
 With me in Paradise." — *S. Stennett.*

HYMN 31. S. M. *Inverness.**Vital Union to Christ in Regeneration. 1 Cor. vi. 17*

- a 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine
 By everlasting bonds;
 Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
 Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
 With ever growing zeal;
 If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
 O let them ne'er prevail.
- e 3 Thy spirit shall unite
 Our souls to thee our head;
 Shall form us to thy image bright,
 That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
 From these abodes of clay:
 But love shall keep us near thy side
 Through all the gloomy way.

- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
 Why should we doubt or fear ?
 If he in heaven hath fix'd his throne,
 He'll fix his members there.— *Doddridge.*

HYMN 32. C. M. *Carinth.**Pardoning Love. Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 1.*

- a 1 **H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
 Has wander'd from the Lord ;
 How oft my roving thoughts depart
 Forgetful of his word ?

- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls 'Return ;'
 e Dear Lord, and may I come !
 a My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
 e O take the wanderer home.

- i 3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove ?
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love ?

- y 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
 How glorious, how divine !
 That can to life and bliss restore
 A heart so vile as mine.

- u 5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore ;
 o O keep me at thy sacred feet ;
 And let me rove no more.— *Steele.*

HYMN 33. S. M. *Olmuts.**Communion with God and Christ. 1 John i. 5.*

- 1 **O**UR heavenly Father calls,
 And Christ invites us near ;
 With both our friendship shall be sweet
 And our communion dear.

- i 2 God pities all our griefs ;
 He pardons every day ;
 — Almighty to protect our souls,
 And wise to guide our way.

- 3 How large his bounties are !
 What various stores of good,
 Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
 And purchas'd with his blood !

- 4 Jesus, our living head,
 We bless thy faithful care ;
 Our Advocate before the throne,
 And our Forerunner there.

- y 5 Here fix, my roving heart !
 Here wait, my warmest love !
 y 'Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above. — *Doddridge.*

HYMN 34. C. M. *Albany.**Walking with God. Gen. v. 4.*

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame :
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !
 i 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord !
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word !
 — 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
 How sweet their memory still !
 i But now I find an aching void
 The world can never fill.
 — 4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 e So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb. — *Cowper.*

HYMN 35. S. M. *Olney.**The Leper healed; or Sanctification implored. Matt. viii. 2.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lep'rous Jew,
 Oppress'd with pain and grief,
 Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet
 For pity and relief.
 2 "O speak the word," he cries,
 "And heal me of my pain:
 Lord thou art able, if thou wilt,
 To make a leper clean."
 3 Compassion moves his heart ;
 He speaks the gracious word ;
 The leper feels his strength return,
 And all his sickness cur'd.

- i 4 To thee, dear Lord, I look,
Sick of a worse disease:
Sin is my painful malady,
And none can give me ease.
- e 5 But thy Almighty grace
Can heal my lep'rous soul:
O bathe me in thy precious blood,
And that will make me whole. — *Stennett.*

HYMN 36. S. M. *Southfield.**The Security of Christ's Sheep. John. x. 37 — 39.*

- i 1 **M**Y soul with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.
- 2 "I know my sheep," he cries,
My soul approves them well:
Vain is the treach'rous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.
- 3 "I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams above.
- 4 "Unnumber'd years of bliss,
I to my sheep will give;
And, while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live.
- u 5 "This tried Almighty hand
Is rais'd for their defence;
Where is the power shall reach them there?
Or what shall force them thence!"
- 6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
I let faith triumphant cry;
o My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die. — *Doddridge.*

HYMN 37. 5. 6. *Hinton.**The Method of Salvation.*

- 1 **T**HEE, father! we bless,
Whose distinguishing grace
Selected a people to show forth thy praise.
Nor is thy love known
By election alone;
For, O! thou hast added the gift of thy Son.

- 2 The goodness in vain
 We attempt to explain,
 Which found and accepted a ransom for men.
 Great SURETY of thine,
 Thou didst not decline,
 To concur with the father's most gracious design
- 3 To Jesus, our friend,
 Our thanks shall ascend ;
 Who saves to the utmost, and loves to the end ;
 Our ransom he paid ;
 In his merit array'd,
 We attain to the glory for which we were made.
- 4 Sweet Spirit of grace !
 Thy mercy we bless,
 For thy eminent share in the council of peace ;
 Great agent divine,
 To restore us is thine,
 And cause us afresh, in thy likeness to shine.
- 5 O God, 'tis thy part
 To convince and convert ;
 To give a new life, and create a new heart ;
 By thy presence and grace,
 We're upheld in our race,
 And are kept in thy love, to the end of our days.
- 6 Father, Spirit, and Son,
 Agree thus in one,
 The salvation of those he has mark'd for his own ;
 Let us, too, agree
 To glorify Thee, —
 Thou ineffable One, thou adorable Three !
Toplady.

HYMN 38. 11. 8. *Rowley.*

Distinguishing Grace. Jer. xxxi. 3.

- 1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,
 Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
 Break forth, and extol the great Ancient of days,
 His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 His love from eternity fix'd upon you,
 Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
 When each in the cords of his kindness he drew,
 And brought you to love his great name.
- 3 O had he not pitied the state you were in,
 Your bosoms, his love had ne'er felt : [in sin,
 You all would have liv'd, would have died too
 And sunk with the load of your guilt.

- 4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas "even so, Father!" you ever must sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy sight."
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace, we were brought to
While others were suffered to go [obey,
The road which by nature we chose as our
Which leads to the regions of wo. [way;
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,
To him all the glory belongs; [fame,
Be your's the high joy still to sound forth his
And crown him in each of his songs.

HYMN 39. C. M. Part I. *Litchfield.**By the Grace of God, I am what I am. 1 Cor. xv. 8.*

- 1 GREAT God, 'tis from thy sov'reign grace
G That all my blessings flow;
Whate'er I am or do possess,
I to thy mercy owe.
- 2 'Tis this my pow'rful lusts controls,
And pardons all my sin;
Spreads life and comfort through my soul,
And makes my nature clean.
- 3 'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,
Supports me when I die;
And hence ten thousand saints receive
Their all as well as I.
- 4 How full must be the springs from whence
Such various streams proceed!
The pasture cannot but be rich,
On which so many feed.

HYMN 40. S. M. Part II. *Watchman.**Salvation by Grace from the first to the last. Eph. ii. 5*

- y 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
o Harmonious to the ear!
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- y 2 Grace first contriv'd the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 [Grace first inscrib'd my name
In God's eternal book:
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.]

4 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road ;
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.

5 [Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow ;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.]

6 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;

o It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 41. L. M. *Windham.*

The Sinner weighed and found wanting. Dan. v. 7.

1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye,
Behold God's balance lifted high !
There shall his justice be display'd,
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

2 See in one scale his perfect law ;
Mark with what force its precepts draw :

i Wouldst thou the awful test sustain ?

— Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how vain !

3 Behold, the hand of God appears
To trace in dreadful characters ;
"Sinner — thy soul is wanting found,
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground."

i 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace ;
Let horror change thy guilty face ;

u Through all thy thoughts let anguish roll,
Till deep repentance melt thy soul.

—5 One only hope may yet prevail ;—
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale ;

e Still doth the gospel publish peace,
And show a Saviour's righteousness.

—6 Great God exert thy power to save ;
Deep on the heart these truths engrave,
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

Doddridge.

HYMN 42. C. M. *Spencer.*

God glorious and Sinners saved. Isaiah xlv. 23.

u 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !

i Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

- 2 [Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.]
- 3 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
- a Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;
- y 4 Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe,—
We love and we adore!
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.
- e 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
- y Sweet cherubs learn Emmanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- i 6 Oh, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
- y Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue. — *Watts.*

HYMN 43. C. M. *Eastport. Carinth.*
Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! — Oh, melodious sound,
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- a 2 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine!
- 3 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- e 4 My Saviour God, no voice but thine,
These dying hopes can raise:
- y Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

HYMN 44. *Danvers.*

The Star of Bethlehem.

- a 1 **W**HEN marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye:

- e Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the star of Bethlehem.
- u 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark
- a Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem:
- y When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem.
- y 3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark foreboding cease:
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- y Now safely moor'd — my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The Star — the Star of Bethlehem.

H. K. White.

HYMN 45. 8s. 7s. *Crockett.*

The Jubilee.

- 1 **H**ARK! the Jubilee is sounding,
 O the joyful news is come!
 Free salvation is proclaimed,
 In and through God's only Son,
 Now we have an invitation
 To the meek and lowly Lamb.
 Glory, honor and salvation,
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.
- 2 Come ye sinners, don't neglect it,
 Come to Jesus in your prime;
 Great salvation, don't reject it,
 O receive it — now's your time:
 Now the Saviour is beginning
 To revive his work again.
- 3 Now let each one cease from sinning,
 Come and follow Christ, the way;
 We shall all receive a blessing,
 If we come without delay.
 Golden moments we've neglected,
 O, the time we've spent in vain!
- 4 Let us run our race with patience,
 Looking unto Christ the Lord;
 For his throne shall stand forever,

And his name shall be adored ;
 He is worthy to be praised,
 He is our exalted King.

- 5 Zion's children, praise your Jesus,
 Praise him, praise him evermore ;
 May his love and grace constrain us
 To rejoice and to adore ;
 Oh, then let us join together
 Crowns of glory to obtain.

HYMN 46. L. M. *Augusta.*

Invitation to Sinners.

- a 1 **W**HILE life prolongs its precious light,
 Mercy is found and peace is given ;
 But soon, ah ! soon, approaching night
 Shall blot our every hope of heaven.
- e 2 While God invites, how blest the day,
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound ;
- y Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God he's found.
- u 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave ;
 Before his bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear or save
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
 No sabbath's heavenly light shall rise ;
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 Nor Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
 In those forgetful realms appear ;
 Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
 And hope shall never enter there.
- e 6 While God invites, how blest the day,
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound ;
- y Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
 While yet a pardoning God he's found.

Dwight.

HYMN 47. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

Christ at the door.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a stranger at the door !
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before.
 Has waited long, is waiting still ;
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- i 2 O lovely attitude ! he stands
 With melting heart and open hands ;

O matchless kindness! and he shows
That matchless kindness to his foes.

- a 3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
e He will—the very friend you need:
y The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed from Calvary.
—4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
Turn out that hateful monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in. —*Newton.*

HYMN 48. 8, 7, 4. *Fleming.*

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. Isaiah lv. 1

- e 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore—
Jesus ready stands to save you,
a Full of pity, join'd with pow'r:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.
e 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh—
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the *fitness* he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
a 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
— If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
a 5 View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"
Sinners, will not *this* suffice?
6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,

- Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- y 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb :
 While the blissful seats of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name :
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners *here* may sing the same. *Hart.*

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

HYMN 49. C. M. *Patmos.*

Let the wicked forsake his ways, &c. Isaiah lv. 7.

- 1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard ;
 i 'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;
 — He calls you by his sovereign word,
 From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
 You live devoid of peace ;
 A thousand stings within your breast
 Deprive your souls of ease.
- a 3 Your way is dark and leads to hell ;
 — Why will you persevere ?
 Can you in endless torments dwell,
 Shut up in black despair ?
- e 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
 Of sin and folly go ?
- a In pain you travel all your days,
 To reap immortal woe !
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live,
 Through his abounding grace :
 His mercy will the guilt forgive,
 Of those that seek his face.
- e 6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts ;
 He pardons like a God ;
- o He will forgive your numerous faults,
 Through a Redeemer's blood. — *Fawcett.*

HYMN 50. L. M. *Augusta.*

Weary souls invited to rest. Matt. xi. 28.

- e 1 COME, weary souls, with sins distrest ;
 Come and accept the promis'd rest ;
 The Saviour's gracious call obey,
 And east your gloomy fears away.

- 2 Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load ;
O come, and spread your woes abroad ;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
With all the painful load remove.
- e 3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace ;
How rich the gift ! how free the grace !
- y 4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
— We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- a 5 Dear Saviour ! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
u And sweetly influence every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest. — *Steele.*

HYMN 51. *Zebulon.**Yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.*

- a 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and wo,
e The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you ;
Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame :
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame :
All things are ready, sinners, come :
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim ;
He is a Gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name ;
Backsliding souls, return and come,
Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near ;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear !
Let whosoever will, now come :
In mercy's breast there still is room. *Boden.*

HYMN 52. C. M. *Topsham.**The Saviour's Invitation.* John vii. 37.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls — let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound :
- e Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow :
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your ev'ry pain :
(Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice :
The gracious call obey :
- e Mercy invites to heavenly joys —
u And can you yet delay !
- i 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
e To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
y And drink, and never die. — *Steele.*

HYMN 53. L. M. *Talbot.**As thy days, so shall thy strength be.* Deut. xxxiii. 25.

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear ;
His faithful word declares to thee,
o That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 I let not thy heart despond, and say,
a How shall I stand the trying day ?
— He has engag'd by firm decree,
o That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- a 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong ;
— And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee ;
o For as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name ;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
e That as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- a 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty —
e Still as thy days, thy strength shall be.

- a 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
 — Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,
 o He comes to set thy spirit free;
 y And as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Fawcett.

HYMN 54. 11s. *Portuguese Hymn.*

Exceeding great and precious promises. 2 Pet. i. 4.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
 What more can he say than to you he hath said,
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition, — in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 "As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd,
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless;
 And sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress.

5 "When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove,
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like Lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
 I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
 That soul, tho' all hell should endeavour to shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no never forsake!"

Rippon's Col.

HYMN 55. 8, 7, 4. *Fleming.*

Sinners invited to hear.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
 Sent in mercy from above?

i Every sentence — Oh, how tender!

— Every line is full of love;

a Listen to it —

o Every line is full of love.

- 2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
 News from Zion's king proclaim,
 e To each rebel sinner — "Pardon,
 Free forgiveness in his name."
 i How important!
 u Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
 And with news of consolation,
 Chase away the falling tears.
 i Tender heralds —
 o Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
 Callous hearers of the word,
 While the messengers address you,
 Take the warnings they afford;
 i We entreat you,
 — Take the warnings they afford.
- i 5 Who hath our report believed?
 Who receiv'd the joyful word?
 Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
 Offer'd to you by the Lord?
 u Can you slight it —
 Offer'd to you by the Lord?
- 6 O, ye angels, hov'ring round us,
 Waiting spirits, speed your way,
 e Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay;
 y Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey. — *Allen*

HYMN 56. C. M. *Eastport.**Sinners invited.*

- 1 **N**OW is the time, th' accepted hour,
 O sinners, come away;
 The Saviour's knocking at your door —
 Arise without delay.
- u 2 Oh! don't refuse to give him room,
 Lest mercy should withdraw;
 u He'll then in robes of vengeance come,
 To execute his law.
- i 3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
 If destitute of grace,
 When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
 And stand before his face?

- a 4 Oh! could you shun that dreadful sight,
 How would you wish to fly
 a To the dark shades of endless night,
 — From that all-searching eye!
 o 5 The dead, awak'd, must all appear,
 And you among them stand,
 Before the great impartial bar,
 Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.
 —6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
 But lend a list'ning ear;
 Lest you should meet them all again,
 u When wrapped in keen despair. — *Cowper.*

HYMN 57. L. M. *Hebron.**My Spirit shall not always strive. Gen. vi. 3.*

- a 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
 Soft whisper'd to thy secret soul;
 Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And leave thy heart to God's control?
 2 Hath something met thee in the path
 Of worldliness and vanity,
 u And pointed to the coming wrath,
 And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?
 i 3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
 It was the Spirit's gracious call,
 — It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
 a 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard in time the warning kind:
 u That call thou may'st not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.
 u 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With harden'd, self-destroying man;
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve;
 May never hear his voice again.
 6 Sinner — perhaps this very day,
 Thy last accepted time may be;
 u Oh, shou'd'st thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee. — *Hyde.*

HYMN 58. 7. *Norwich.**Sinner, prepare to meet God.*

- i 1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
 Can thy heart or hands endure
 In the Lord's avenging day?

- a 2 See his mighty arm is bar'd !
 Awful terrors clothe his brow !
- a For his judgment stand prepar'd,
 Thou must either break or bow.
- u 3 At his presence nature shakes,
 Earth affrighted hastes to flee,
 Solid mountains melt like wax,
 u What will then become of thee ?
- i 4 Who his advent may abide ?
 — You that glory in your shame,
 Will you find a place to hide,
 When the world is wrapt in flame ?
- 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace !
 Soon we must resign our breath,
 And our souls be call'd to pass
 Through the iron gates of death.
- 6 Let us now our day improve,
 Listen to the gospel voice ;
 Seek the things that are above ;
 Scorn the world's pretended joys.—*Newton.*

HYMN 59. P. M.

The birth of the Saviour.

- 1 **H**ITHER, ye faithful ; haste with songs of triumph,
 To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet ;
 To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour :
 Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.
- 2 Oh Jesus ! for such wond'rous condescension,
 Our praise and reverence are an off'ring meet ;
 Now is the word made flesh and dwells among us,
 Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.
- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
 Let the celestial courts his praise repeat ;
 Unto our God be glory in the highest,
 Oh come, and let us worship at his feet.

HYMN 60. P. M.

The sinner warned.

- a 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner ! stop and think
 Before you further go !
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo ?
 Once again, I charge you, stop !
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware, you drop
 Into the burning lake !

- u 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When he judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair:
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud;
And what can you reply?
- 4 Tho' your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Tho' they now despise his grace,)
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.
- e 5 But as yet there is a hope
You may his mercy know;
— Tho' his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow:
'Twas for sinners Jesus died;
Sinners he invites to come;
None who come shall be deny'd;
He says, "There still is room." *Newton.*

HYMN 61. L. M. *Windham.**Address to Sinners.*

- i 1 **S**INNER, O why so thoughtless grown?
Why in such fearful haste to die?
Why speed thy flight to worlds unknown,
Regardless of thy destiny?
- u 2 Wilt thou defy the wrath of God,
Led on by sin's delusive dreams?
- a Madly despise the Saviour's blood,
And force thy passage to the flames?
- 3 Sinner, O lift thy thoughts above,
e And hear the Lord of life unfold
The glories of his dying love—
y For ever telling, yet untold!

HYMN 62. 8s. *Northfield.**Riches of Christ. Eph. iii. 8.*

- 1 **H**OW shall I my Saviour set forth?
 How shall I his beauties declare?
 O how shall I speak of his worth,
 Or what his chief dignities are?
- 2 His angels can never express,
 Nor saints who sit nearest his throne,
 How rich are his treasures of grace;
 O no! 'tis a myst'ry unknown.
- u 3 In him all the fulness of God,
 For ever transcendentally shines;
 a The Father's anointed he stood,
 To finish his glorious designs.
- u 4 Tho' once he was nail'd to the cross,
 Vile rebels like me to set free,
 — His glory sustained no loss:
 u Eternal his kingdom shall be.
- 5 O sinner, believe and adore
 The Saviour so rich to redeem!
 No creature can ever explore
 The treasures of goodness in him.
- e 6 He, riches has ever in store;
 And treasures that never can waste;
 o Here's pardon—here's grace, yea, and more;
 o Here's glory eternal at last.—*Maxwell.*
-

CHRIST.

HYMN 63. 7s. *Grant.**Rejoicing in hope.*

- e 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly king,
 As ye journey sweetly sing;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 o Glorious in his works and ways.
- e 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- o 3 O ye mourning souls be glad!
 Christ our advocate is made;
 Us to save, our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.

- o 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
 Soon you'll enter into rest ;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There your kingdom and reward.
- y 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of your land ;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismay'd go on.
- u 6 Lord, submissive make us go,
 e Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee. — *Cennick.*

HYMN 64. C. M. *Devizes.**The Incarnation of Christ. Luke ii. 14.*

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay ;
 Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
 To hail th' auspicious day.
- y 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung, and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo roll'd ;
 The theme, the joy, the song was new,
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
 Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
 And angels flew with eager joy,
 To bear the news to man.
- 5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
 And glory leads the song ;
 Good-will and peace, are heard throughout
 Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
- y 6 [O for a glance of heavenly love,
 Our hearts and songs to raise,
 Sweetly to bear our souls above,
 And mingle with their lays !]
- y 7 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
 "Glory to God on high !
 Good-will and peace are now complete ;
 Jesus was born to die."
- 8 Hail, Prince of Life ! for ever hail,
 Redeemer, brother, friend !

Tho' earth, and time, and life, should fail,
Thy praise shall never end. — *Medley.*

HYMN 65. C. M. *Spencer.*

The Incarnation.

- e 1 **A**WAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord ;
Let every heart, and every tongue,
Adore th' eternal Word.
- a 2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made,
e (O happy morn, illustrious hour !)
a Was once in flesh array'd !
- u 3 Then shone almighty power and love
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above
To dwell with sinful worms.
- 4 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies ;
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.
- 5 Adoring angels tun'd their songs,
To hail the joyful day ;
- y With rapture then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.
- 6 What glory, Lord, to thee is due !
With wonder we adore ;
- u But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor. — *Steele.*

HYMN 66. C. M. *Albany.*

The Redeemer's Message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- e 1 **H**ARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour
The Saviour promis'd long ! [comes,
— Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him, the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- e 3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held :
- o The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- e 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray ;

- o And, on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.
- i 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
- o And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- y 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim :
And heaven's eternal arches ring,
With thy beloved name. *Doddridge.*

HYMN 67. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

The humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumphs of Christ. Phil.
ii, 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise,
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my laboring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- o 3 Proclaim inimitable Love !—
- u Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.
- o 4 He, that distributes crowns and thrones,
i Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans :
u The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death.
- 5 But see the wonders of his power !—
- y He triumphs in his dying hour ;
— And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 6 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood :
o Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love. — *Watts.*

HYMN 68. C. M. *Stow.*

The Kingdom of Christ. Phil. iv. 4.

- y 1 **R**EJOICE ! the Lord is King :
Your God and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :

- Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 Rejoice! the Saviour reigns—
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell,
Are to our Jesus giv'n;
e Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy;
e Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- o 5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
u We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,—
The trump of God shall sound:—rejoice!
Rippon.

HYMN 69. L. M. *Farnsworth.**The Intercession of Christ. Heb. viii. 25.*

- e 1 **H**E lives! the great Redeemer lives!
(What joy the blest assurance gives!)
— And now, before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- a 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
— But in the Saviour's lovely face,
e Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts!
Above our fears, above our faults,
o His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes and terror dies.
- a 4 In every dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
— Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend :
o Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail. — *Steele.*

HYMN 70. C. M. *Dedham.**Christ's Intercession prevalent. John xvii. 24.*

- i 1 **A** WAKE, sweet gratitude ! and sing
Th' ascended Saviour's love :
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cause above.
a 2 With cries and tears, he offer'd up
His humble suit below ;
c But with authority he asks,
Enthron'd in glory now.
—3 For all that comes to God by him,
Salvation he demands ;
u Points to their names upon his breast,
And spreads his wounded hands.
—4 His sweet atoning sacrifice
Gives sanction to his claim :
u " Father, I will that all my saints
Be with me where I am :
5 " By their salvation, recompense
The sorrows I endur'd ;
Just to the merits of thy Son,
And faithful to thy word."
e 6 Eternal life, at his request
To ev'ry saint is giv'n :
y Safety below, and after death,
The plenitude of heav'n. — *Toplady.*

HYMN 71. C. M. *Litchfield.**Christ's Intercession typified by Aaron's Breastplate.*

Ex. xxviii. 29.

- e 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.
—2 Though rais'd to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crown'd.
3 The names of all his saints, he bears
Deep graven on his heart ;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say,
'That he hath lost his part.

- y 4 Those characters shall fair abide
Our everlasting trust,
v When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moulder'd down to dust.
u 5 So, gracious Saviour! on my breast,
May thy dear name be worn,—
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne! — *Doddridge.*

HYMN 72. L. M. *Talbot.*

Friend.

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name:
He freely loves, and without end.
2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood;
And, by his power, my foes controll'd;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
e 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthron'd with him above the skies:
i Oh! what a friend is Christ to me!

PAUSE.

Is this thy kindness to thy friend? 2. Sam. xvi. 17.

- a 4 But ah! my inmost spirit mourns;
And well my eyes with tears may swim,
To think of my perverse returns;—
I've been a faithless friend to him.
5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey;
And often Satan's lies believe
Sooner than all my Friend can say.
—6 [He bids me always freely come,
And promises whate'er I ask:
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a task.
7 Before the world, that hates his cause,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame;
Loth to forego the world's applause,
I hardly dare avow his name.]
a 8 Sure, were not I most vile and base,
I could not thus my Friend requite!
u And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

Newton.

HYMN 73. C. M. *Coronation.**The Spiritual Coronation.*

- 1 **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 o And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 o And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransom'd from the fall,
 Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
 o And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David, Lord, did call;
 The God incarnate! Man Divine!
 And crown him Lord of all.
- i 5 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget,
 The wormwood and the gall;
 — Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 o And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 u To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 "O, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall;
 o We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all." — *Duncan.*

HYMN 74. L. M. *Hebron.**Life of the Soul. John. xiv. 19.*

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
 And fainting hope almost expires,
 Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes—
 To thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- i 2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
 And can my hope—my comfort die,
 Fix'd on thy everlasting word;
 o That word which built the earth and sky?
- 3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
 Then my immortal life is sure;
 u His word a firm foundation gives;
 Here let me build, and rest secure.

4 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
 Immovable the promise stands;
 Not all the powers of earth, or hell,
 Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

5 Here, O my soul, thy trust repose!
 If Jesus is for ever mine,

o Not death itself, that last of foes,
 Shall break a union so divine.— *Steele.*

HYMN 75. 8, 7. *Greenville.*

Light. Isaiah ix. 2.

i 1 **L**IGHT of those, whose dreary dwelling,
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come! and thy dear self revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath:

u The new heav'n's and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise!
 Scatt'ring all the night of nature!
 Pouring day upon our eyes!

e 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart:
 Come, and manifest the favor
 Thou hast for the ransom'd race;
 Come, thou dear exalted Saviour!
 Come, and bring thy gospel grace.

i 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
 O thou mild pacific Prince!
 Give the knowledge of Salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins;

y By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Every burden'd soul release;
 By the influence of thy spirit,
 Guide us into perfect peace.

HYMN 76. C. M. *Topsham.*

Our Righteousness. Jeremiah xxiii. 6.

1 **S**AVIOUR divine! we know thy name
 And in that name we trust;

o Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
 Thou art thine Israel's boast.

a 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
 And low in dust we lie,

e Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
 To bring the guilty nigh.

- a 3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair ;
e Yet all the crimes of num'rous years
Shall our great Surety clear.
- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around ;
Nor by the piercing eye of God,
One blemish shall be found.
- e 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are giv'n ;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heav'n.
- y 6 With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down ;
We seal our humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.—*Doddridge.*

HYMN 77. L. M. *Brentford.**Saviour — the only One. Acts iv. 12.*

- 1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow :
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal wo.
- a 2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God ;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.
- 3 Nor other name will heav'n approve :
e Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart ;
u O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide !
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
o The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.—*Steele.*

HYMN 78. S. M. *Inverness.**Christ, our Shepherd.*

- 1 W HILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide ;
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supply'd.

- 2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
u His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.
- 3 Along the lovely scene
Cool waters gently roll,
Transparent, sweet, and all serene,
e To cheer my fainting soul.
- 4 Here let my spirit rest ;
i How sweet a lot is mine !
e With pleasure, food, and safety blest ;
Beneficence divine !
- i 5 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore ;
— To thy fair pastures guide my way,
o And let me rove no more.
- a 6 Unworthy as I am
Of thy protecting care,
— Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
o For all my hopes are there. — *Steele.*

HYMN 79. L. M. *Uxbridge.**Way to Canaan.*

- e 1 JESUS, my all, to heav'n is gone ;
He, whom I fix my hopes upon !
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment ;
The king's high-way of holiness,
I'll go ; for all his paths are peace.
- a 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief, and burden, long has been
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the Way."
- 5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
My sinful self to thee I give!
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- y 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;

I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—“Behold the way to God!”

Cennick.

HYMN 80. C. P. M. *Somerville.*

Way, Truth, and Life. John xiv. 6.

- 1 **T**HERE is no path to heav'nly bliss,
Or solid joy, or lasting peace,
But Christ th' appointed road:
e Oh, may we tread the sacred *Way!*
By faith rejoice, and praise, and pray,
Till we sit down with God!
- 2 The types and shadows of the word
Unite in Christ, the man, the Lord,
The Saviour just and *true:*
u Oh, may we all his word believe!
And all his promises receive,
And all his precepts do.
- 3 As he above for ever lives,
And *Life* to dying sinners gives,
Eternal and divine:
Oh, may his Spirit in me dwell!
y Then—sav'd from sin, and death, and hell—
Eternal life is mine.

HYMN 81. C. M. *Marlow.*

All in All.

- 1 **C**OMPAR'D with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- i 2 The sense of thy expiring love
Into my soul convey:
o Thyself bestow! for thee alone,
My **ALL IN ALL** I pray.
- u 3 Less than thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore:
u More than thyself I cannot crave;
And thou canst give no more.
- e 4 Lov'd of my God, for him again
With love intense I'll burn:
Chosen of thee, ere time began,
I'd choose thee in return.
- 5 Whate'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign:
u I'm rich to all th' intents of bliss,
If thou, O God, art mine.—*Toplady.*

HYMN 82. S. M. *Stonington.**The Pilgrim's Song.*

- 1 **F**ROM Egypt lately freed
 By the Redeemer's grace!
 A rough and thorny path we tread,
 In hopes to see his face.
- a 2 The flesh dislikes the way,
 e But faith approves it well;
 This only leads to endless day;
 a All others lead to hell.
- e 3 The promis'd land of peace,
 Faith keeps in constant view;
 a How diff'rent from the wilderness,
 We now are passing through!
- 4 Here often from our eyes
 Clouds hide the light divine;
 e There we shall have unclouded skies,
 Our sun shall always shine.
- a 5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
 And fears, distress us sore:
 e But there eternal pleasure reigns,
 And we shall weep no more.
- 6 Lord, pardon our complaints,
 We follow at thy call:
 y The joy prepar'd for suff'ring saints,
 Will make amends for all.

HYMN 83. C. M. *Ashfield.**It is Finished.*

- 1 **'T**IS finish'd! so the Saviour cried,
 i And meekly bow'd his head and died;
 — 'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,
 e The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
 And all the ancient prophets said,
 Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,
 In me the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan
 Shall sins of every kind atone:
 o Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
 — By this my last expiring breath.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconcil'd,
 And all the powers of darkness spoil'd;
 e Peace, love, and happiness again,
 Return, and dwell with sinful men.

- 5 So great, so vast a sacrifice,
 May well my hope revive ;
y If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
 The sinner sure may live. — *Stennett.*

HYMN 84. 11. 8. Part I. *Oakham.*

Description of Christ.

- i* 1 **O** THOU, in whose presence
 My soul takes delight,
 On whom in affliction I call,
e My comfort by day,
 And my song in the night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all.
- 2 Where dost thou at noon-tide
 Resort with thy sheep,
 To feed on the pastures of love ?
u For why in the valley
 Of death should I weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 3 O why should I wander
 An alien from thee,
 And cry in the desert for bread ?
 — Thy foes will rejoice,
 When my sorrows they see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion,
 Declare, have you seen
 The star that on Israel shone ?
 Say, if in your tents
 My Beloved has been,
 And where with his flocks he is gone ?
- e* 5 This is my Beloved,
 His form is divine,
 His vestments shed odors around ;
 The locks on his head
 Are as grapes on the vine,
 When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
- 6 The roses of Sharon,
 The lilies that grow
 In the vales, on the banks of the streams
 On his cheek, in the beauty
 Of excellence blow —
 And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

HYMN 85. 11. 8. Part II. *Oakham.**Description of Christ.*

- y 1 **H**IS voice, as the sound
Of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadow of death,
y The cedars of Lebanon
Bow at his feet,
—The air is perfum'd with his breath.
- e 2 His lips as a fountain
Of righteousness flow,
That waters the garden of grace,
From which their salvation
The Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.
- 3 Love sits in his eye-lids,
And scatters delight
Thro' all the bright mansions on high:
— Their faces the cherubims
Veil in his sight,
And tremble with fulness of joy.
- 4 He looks, and ten thousand
Of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
y He speaks, and eternity
Fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.
- 5 His vestment of righteousness,
Who shall describe?
Its purity, words would declare;
e The heav'ns from his presence
Fresh beauties imbibe,
And earth is made rich by his smile:
- 6 Such is my beloved,
In excellence bright,
When pleas'd he looks down from above,
u Like the morn when he breathes
From the chambers of light,
And comforts his people with love.

HYMN 86. C. M. Part III. *Oakham.**Description of Christ.*

- u 1 **B**UT when arm'd with vengeance,
In terror he comes,
The nations rebellious to tame,
The reins of omnipotent
Power he assumes,
And rides in a chariot of flame.

- 2 A two-edged sword
 From his mouth issues forth,
 Bright quivers of fire are his eyes,
 o He speaks, and black tempests
 Are seen in the north,
 And storms from their caverns arise.
- 3 Ten thousand destructions,
 That wait for his word,
 And ride on the wings of his breath,
 Fly swift as the wind
 At the nod of their Lord,
 And deal out the arrows of death.
- u 4 His cloud-bursting thunders
 Their voices resound,
 Through all the vast regions on high:
 'Till from the deep centre
 Loud echoes rebound,
 And meet the quick flame in the sky.
- 5 The portals of heav'n
 At his bidding obey,
 And expand ere his banner appear ;
 u Earth trembles beneath,
 Till her mountains give way,
 a And hell shakes her fetters with fear.
- 6 When he walks on the clouds,
 As the dust of his feet,
 And grasps the big storm in his hand,
 o What eye, the fierce glance
 Of his anger shall meet,
 Or who in his presence shall stand ?

HYMN 87. 8s. *Northampton.*

Longing for Christ.

- i 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow-
 Have lost all their sweetness to me ; [ers,
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
- e But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice ;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice ;

- I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
e No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind.
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace, a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- i 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
- u O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore:
- u Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 88. C. M. *Dedham.**Lord, remember me.*

- e 1 JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
— Now in the bowels of thy love,
u Oh, Lord! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
o While thou art sitting on thy throne,
u Oh, Lord! remember me.
- a 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
e Yet thy salvation's free;
— Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
u Oh, Lord! remember me.
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be,
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
u Do thou remember me.
- a 6 And when I close mine eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,

— Then, oh, my great Redeemer, God,
u I pray, remember me.

HYMN 89. 11s, 4s, & 7s. *Welton.*

If life's pleasures charm thee.

IF life's pleasures charm thee, give them not thy heart,
Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God to part;
His favor seek, his praises speak,
Fix here thy hope's foundation;
Serve him, and he will ever be
The Rock of thy salvation.

2 If distress befall thee, painful though it be,
Let not grief appal thee; to thy Saviour flee:
He ever near, thy prayer will hear,
And calm thy perturbation:
The waves of wo, shall ne'er o'erflow
The Rock of thy salvation.

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it not distress,
Better comforts wait thee; Christ will freely bless;
To Jesus flee; thy prop he'll be,
Thy heavenly consolation:
For griefs below, cannot o'erthrow
The Rock of thy salvation.

4 Dangers may approach thee — let them not alarm;
Christ will ever watch thee, and protect from harm;
He near thee stands, with mighty hands,
To ward off each temptation;
To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from his blow,
For thy God shall arm thee, and victory bestow;
For death shall bring to thee no sting,
The grave no desolation:
'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
The Rock of thy salvation.

HYMN 90. L. M. *Ward.*

The Leadings of the Spirit. Rom. viii. 14.

e 1 **C**OME gracious Spirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

- 3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose the way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, — the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, — the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.
- y 5 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

HYMN 91. L. M. *Augusta.**The Spirit's Influences compared to living Water.*

- e 1 BLESS'd Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
— Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,
a Or we must droop, and fail, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
y Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring!
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 May this blest torrent near my side,
Through all the desert gently glide;
o Then in Emmanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love! — *Doddridge*

HYMN 92. S. M. *Olmuts.**Prayer to God, the Spirit. John xiv. 26.*

- e 1 COME, holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds —
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
y And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret love of God.
- e 3 Revive our drooping faith.
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breast the flame
Of never-dying love.

- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart —
 To sanctify the soul —
 To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
 And new-create the whole. — *Hart.*
-

FAITH.

HYMN 93. S. M. *Dover.**Faith.*

- 1 **F**AITH! — 'tis a precious grace,
 Where'er it is bestowed!
 It boasts of a celestial birth,
 And is the gift of God!
 2 Jesus it owns a king, —
 An all-atoning Priest:
 It claims no merit of its own,
 But looks for all in Christ.
 3 To him it leads the soul,
 When fill'd with deep distress;
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,
 And trusts his righteousness.
 4 Since, 'tis thy work alone,
 And that divinely free;
 Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son
 To work this faith in me! — *Beddome.*

HYMN 94. L. M. *Uxbridge.**Confidence in the Saviour.*

- i 1 **W**HILE I to grief my soul gave way,
 To see the work of God decline,
 — Methought I heard the Saviour say —
 u “Dismiss thy fears, the ark is mine.
 —2 “Though for a time I hide my face,
 Rely upon my love and pow'r:
 Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
 And wait for a reviving hour.
 e 3 “Take down thy long neglected harp;
 I've seen thy tears and heard thy pray'r
 a The winter season has been sharp,
 o But spring shall all its wastes repair.”
 —4 Lord, I obey, — my hopes revive;
 e Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing
 o Our foes in vain against us strive,
 For God will help, and triumph bring.

HYMN 95. 8s. *Northampton.**Faith Triumphant.*

- 1 **A** DEBTOR to mercy alone,—
 Of covenant mercy I sing,
 Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
 My person and offerings to bring:
 The terrors of law and of God
 With me can have nothing to do;
 My Saviour's obedience and blood,
 Hide all my transgressions from view
- 2 The work which his goodness began,
 The arm of his strength will complete;
 His promise is Yea and Amen,
 And never was forfeited yet:
 Things future, nor things that are now,—
 Not all things below nor above,
 Can **make** him his purpose forego,
 Or sever my soul from his love.
- u 3 My name, from the palms of his hands,
 Eternity will not erase;
 Impress'd on his heart, it remains
 In marks of indelible grace.
 Yes! I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is given;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorify'd spirits in heaven.—*Toplady.*

HYMN 96. S. M. *Olmütz.**Weak believers encouraged.*

- e 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
 Down from the willows take;
 o Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
 Bid every string awake.
- e 2 Though in a foreign land,
 We are not far from home;
 And nearer to our house above
 We every moment come.
- 3 His grace, shall to the end,
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the spark divine.
- 4 The time of love will come,
 When we shall clearly see
 Not only that he shed his blood,
 But each shall say "for me."

- 5 Tarry his leisure, then ;
 Wait, the appointed hour ;
 Wait, till the bridegroom of your souls,
 Reveal his love with power.
- e 6 Blest is the man, O God!
 That stays himself on thee!
- o Who waits for thy salvation, Lord!
 Shall thy salvation see.

HYMN 97. L. M. Duke Street.

Faith connected with Salvation. Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n ;
 New works can give us no pretence
 To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done,
 Can make a wounded conscience whole :
 Faith is the grace, — and faith alone,
 That flies to Christ, and saves the soul .
- 3 Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word!
 Fain would I have my soul renew'd :
 I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord,
 To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 4 O may thy grace its pow'r display!
 Let guilt and death no longer reign ;
 Save me in thine appointed way,
 Nor let my humble faith be vain! — *Watts.*

HYMN 98. C. M. Putney.

Holy Fortitude. 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

- 1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 i And shall I fear to own his cause, —
 Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease ;
 a While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face ;
 Must I not stem the flood ?
 i Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- o 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;
 i Increase my courage, Lord!
 o I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

- 5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they die:
 e They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- o 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine,
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 y The glory shall be thine. — *Watts.*

HYMN 99. S. M. *Southfield.**Rejoicing in the ways of God. Ps. cxxxviii. 5.*

- 1 **N**OW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song;
 Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.
- 2 How straight the path appears,
 How open and how fair!
 No lurking gins t' entrap our feet;
 No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of paradise
 In rich profusion spring;
 The Sun of glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.
- 4 See Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise;
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the skies.
- 5 All honor to his name,
 Who marks the shining way!
 To him who leads the wanderers on,
 To realms of endless day! — *Doddridge.*

HYMN 100. C. M. *Spencer.**Knowledge at present Imperfect. 1. Cor. xviii. 9.*

- a 1 **T**HY way, O God! is in the sea,
 Thy paths I cannot trace:
 Nor comprehend the mystery
 Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
 My captive soul surround,
 My mysterious deeps of Providence,
 My wondering thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand
 My earthly hopes destroy; —
 In deep astonishment I stand,
 And ask the reason, why?

- e 4 As through a glass I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
y How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above.
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight:
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light?
- e 6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace;
o And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.— *Fawcett.*

HYMN 101. 5s, 6s, & 9s. *Rowley.*

How happy are they.

- 1 **H**OW happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace,
Of a soul in its earliest love!
- 2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine,
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know;
The angels could do nothing more,
Than fall down at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song:
O, that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.
- 5 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

HYMN 102. 8s. & 7s. *Worthing.**Bartimeus.*

- u 1 “**M**ERCY, O thou Son of David !”
 e Thus blind Bartimeus pray’d,
 “Others by thy word are saved,
 e Now to me afford thine aid.”
- 2 Many for his crying chid him,
 e But he called the louder still :
 a Till the gracious Saviour bid him
 e “Come, and ask me what you will.”
- a 3 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging used to live ;
 — But he ask’d and Jesus granted
 Alms which none but he could give.
- u 4 “Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day !”
 e Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Follow’d Jesus in the way.
- y 5 Now methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around ;
 “Friends, is not my case amazing ?
 What a Saviour I have found !
- 6 “Oh ! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advised by me !
 Surely they would hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see.”
-

LOVE.

HYMN 103. C. M. *Arlington.**Delight in God. Psalm xxxvii. 4.*

- e 1 **O** LORD ! I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend ;
 To thee in every trouble flee,
 o My best, my only Friend.
- a 2 When all created streams are dry’d,
 e Thy fulness is the same ;
 — May I with this be satisfied,
 And glory in thy name !
- e 3 Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
 Who has a fountain near ;
 A fountain which will ever run,
 With waters sweet and clear ?
- 4 No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in thee ;

- o I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.
- u 5 Oh, that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!
- 6 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
- y While Christ is rich, can I be poor;
What can I want beside?
- 7 O Lord! I cast my care on thee;
o I triumph and adore:
- y Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more. — *Ryland.*

HYMN 104. 7s. *Norwich.**Lovest thou me? John xxi. 16.*

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
- i Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard his name.
- 3 [Could my heart so hard remain;
Prayer a task and burthen prove;
Every trifle give me pain;
If I knew a Saviour's love?]
- a 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin:—
Can I deem myself a child?—
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
- u You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- e 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 [Could I joy his saints to meet;
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find, at times the promise sweet;
If I did not love the Lord?]

- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
 Thou, who art thy people's Sun,
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray !
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to day. — *Newton.*

HYMN 105. 8s. *Northampton.**Supreme Love to Christ.*

- 1 MY gracious Redeemer I love !
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name:
 To gaze on his glories divine,
 Shall be my eternal employ,
 And feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless ineffable joy.
- i 2 He freely redeem'd, with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 — To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell ;
 o To shine with the angels of light ;
 With saints, and with seraphs to sing ;
 u To view, with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.
- a 3 In Meshech, as yet, I reside,
 A darksome and restless abode !
 Molested with foes on each side,
 And longing to dwell with my God :
 i Oh, when shall my spirit exchange
 This cell of corruptible clay,
 — For mansions celestial, and range
 Through realms of ineffable day ! —

*Francis.*HYMN 106. 8s. *Northampton.**Supreme Love to Christ.*

- 1 MY glorious Redeemer ! I long
 To see thee descend on the cloud,
 Amidst the bright numberless throng,
 And mix with the triumphing crowd :
- i Oh, when wilt thou bid me ascend,
 To join in thy praises above,
 To gaze on thee, world without end,
 And feast on thy ravishing love ?

- 2 Nor sorrow, nor sickness, nor pain,
 Nor sin, nor temptation, nor fear,
 Shall ever molest me again,
 e Perfection of glory reigns there:
 — This soul and this body shall shine
 In robes of salvation and praise,
 And banquet on pleasures divine,
 Where God, his full beauty displays.
- u 3 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away:
 o The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
 u My joy everlastingly flows, —
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine. — *Francis.*

HYMN 107. S. M. *Olney.**Love to the Brethren.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love!
 The fellowship of kindred minds,
 Is like to that above.
- i 2 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent prayers:
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, —
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear:
 i And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- a 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 — But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- e 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free:
 u And perfect love and friendship reign,
 Through all eternity. — *Fawcett.*

HYMN 108. 7s. *Grant.**Lovest thou Me? John xxi. 16.*

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis my Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath—
Free and faithful—strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint :
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more ! — *Cowper.*

HYMN 109. L. M. *Tatnal.**The Hope of the Believer.*

- 1 **O** MAY I worthy prove to see
The saints in full prosperity ;
To see the bright, the glitt'ring bride,
Close seated by her Saviour's side.
Hallelujah.
- 2 O may I find some humble seat,
Beneath my dear Redeemer's feet ;
A servant as before I've been,
And sing salvation to my king.
Hallelujah.
- 3 I'm glad that I am born to die,
From grief and wo my soul shall fly ;
Bright angels shall convey me home,
Away to new Jerusalem.

- 4 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
I hope to praise him after death,
I hope to praise him when I die,
And shout salvation as I fly.

Hallelujah.

- 5 Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come ;
Sweet angels beckon me away,
To sing God's praise in endless day.

Hallelujah.

- 6 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
Awake ye nations under ground :
Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
And meet king Jesus in the clouds.

Hallelujah.

- 7 Then shall I see my blessed God,
And praise him in his bright abode ;
My theme through all eternity,
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

Hallelujah.

HYMN 110. C. M. Bolton.

Pleasures of Christian Love.

- u 1 **H**OW sweet, how heav'nly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word : —

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part :
When sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart : —

- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love !

- y 4 Let love in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow ;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

- 5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's an heir of heaven, who finds
His bosom glow with love. — *Swain.*

HYMN 111. L. M. *Wayne.**The Happy Choice.*

- y 1 **O**H, happy day, that fix'd my choice,
 On thee my Saviour, and my God;
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
- i 2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
- e Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
 While to his altar now I move.
- u 3 'Tis done — the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
 — He drew me, and I followed on,
 Rejoiced to own the call divine.
- 4 Now rest — my long divided heart —
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest —
 Here have I found a nobler part,
 Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- u 5 High heaven, that hears that solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear:
- y Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

Doddridge.

MEEKNESS.

HYMN 112. S. M. *Lockport.**The Meek beautified with Salvation. Ps. cxlix. 4.*

- e 1 **Y**E humble souls, rejoice,
 And cheerful praises sing!
 — Wake all your harmony of voice;
 o For Jesus is your king.
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord,
 Whom here your souls have known,
 Pledges the honor of his word,
 T' avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,
 For which his blood was paid!
 How beauteous shall your souls appear,
 Thus sumptuously array'd!
- e 4 Sing! for the day is nigh,
 When near your Saviour's seat,
 o The tallest sons of pride shall lie
 The footstool of your feet.

- y 5 Salvation, Lord, is thine,
 And all thy saints confess,
 The royal robes, in which they shine,
 Were wrought by sovereign grace.
Doddridge.
-

REPENTANCE.

HYMN 113. C. M. *Patmos.*

God hath commanded all Men, every where to Repent.

Acts. xvii. 30.

- a 1 “**R**EPENT!” the voice celestial cries,
 Nor longer dare delay:
 The wretch that scorns the mandate, dies,
 And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sovereign eye of God,
 O'erlooks the crimes of men;
 His heralds are despatch'd abroad,
 To warn the world of sin.
- 3 Together in his presence bow,
 And all your guilt confess;
 Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
 Nor trifle with his grace.
- u 4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
 And call you to his bar:
 For mercy knows the appointed bound,
 And turns to vengeance there.
- u 5 Amazing love! that yet will call,
 And yet prolong our days!
 Our hearts subdued by goodness fall,
 And weep, and love, and praise.

Doddridge.

HYMN 114. C. M. *Eastport.*

The Penitent.

- u 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet
 A guilty rebel lies;
 And upwards to the mercy seat,
 Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
 Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
 Forbid it that Omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm!
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice,
 To pay the debt I owe,

Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed;—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.— *Stennett.*

HYMN 115. C. M. *Albany.*

Penitence and Hope.

- u 1 **D**EAR Saviour! when my thoughts recal,
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet asham'd I fall,
And hide this wretched face.
- 2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah! vile ungrateful heart!
By earth's low cares detain'd — betray'd
From Jesus to depart.—
- 3 From Jesus, — who alone can give
True pleasure, peace and rest:
When absent from my Lord, I live
Unsatisfy'd, unblest.
- e 4 But he for his own mercy's sake,
My wandering soul restores:
He bids the mourning heart partake
The pardon it implores.
- 5 Oh, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The penitential sigh,
Confirm the kind forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!

- e 6 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
y And grateful own how kind, how sweet,
Thy condescending grace.— *Steele.*

HYMN 116. C. M. *Lebanon.*

Anxious Inquiry.

- 1 **M**Y conscious guilt is now so great,
If I attempt to pray,
The tempter tells me yet to wait,
Or frights my soul away.
- 2 In painful doubt what course to try,—
I fear this long delay,—

And must I linger here and die,
Asham'd to ask the way?

3 Ye Christian pilgrims, can ye tell
A stranger to the road,
The way that leads to Zion's hill,
To find a pard'ning God?

HYMN 117. L. M. *Sunderland.*

The Christian awakened — "What must I do to be saved?"
Acts ix. 6.

a 1 **W**ITH melting heart and weeping eyes,
My guilty soul for mercy cries;
What shall I do, or whither flee,
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

—2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh;
I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die,
Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,
"I shall have peace at last," I cry'd.

u 3 But when, Great God! thy light divine,
Had shone on this dark soul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure discerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,
Death and destruction are my due;
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying sinner live.

—6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim
Salvation free in Jesus' name?

a To him I look and humbly cry,

u "O save a wretch condemned to die!"

Fawcett.

HYMN 118. 8s. 7s. *Sicilian Hymn.*

Supplicating — *Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.*

1 **J**ESUS! full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation:

u See! I languish, faint, and die.

a 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, oh, send me quick relief!

- i 3 [Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?]
- u 4 [While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing,
That thou suffer'dst thus for me.
- 5 With thy righteousness and spirit,
I am more than angels blest;
Heir with thee, all things inherit,
Peace, and joy, and endless rest.
- 6 Without thee, the world possessing,
I should be a wretch undone;
Search through heaven, the land of blessing,
Seeking good, and finding none.]
- 7 Hear then, blessed Saviour, hear me!
My soul cleaveth to the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.
- a 8 On the word thy blood hath sealed,
Hangs my everlasting all;
- u Let thy arm be now revealed;
Stay! oh stay me lest I fall! — *Turner.*

HYMN 119. C. M. *Corwen.*

Affliction Sanctified.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And caus'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinched him sore.
- 3 'What have I gained by sin,' he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd;

Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

- 6 "Father I've sinn'd, but O! forgive," —
"Enough," the father said,
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,
My son was dead, but lives again;
Was lost, but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

HYMN 120. C. M. *Marlow.*

Looking at the Cross.

- 1 **I**N evil, long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame and fear;
Till a new object struck my sight;
And stopp'd my wild career.
- u 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies of blood;
He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look,
He seem'd to charge me with his death.
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain.
- i 6 A second look he gave which said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live.
- 7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy
My spirit now was fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN 121. L. M. *Ward.*

The Sinner's Return to Christ

- e 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injur'd Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thy inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live,
Go to his bleeding feet and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- y 4 Return O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

CONFIDENCE.

HYMN 122. C. M. *Spencer.*

It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth good. 1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- i 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
— Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties, may recall
Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load;
e From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road. *Green.*

HYMN 123. C. M. *Spencer.*

It is the Lord—let him do what seemeth good. 1 Sam. iii. 18.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—whose matchless skill,
Can from afflictions raise,
o Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

- 2 It is the Lord— my cov'nant God,
 e Thrice blessed be his name !
 Whose gracious promise seal'd with blood
 Must ever be the same.
- o 3 His covenant will my soul defend,
 Should nature's self expire,
 u And the great Judge of All descend
 In awful flames of fire !
- 4 And can my soul with hopes like these,
 Be sullen or repine ?
 No, gracious God ! take what thou please,
 To thee I all resign. *Green.*

HYMN 124. L. M. *Uxbridge.*

Trust and Confidence; or, Looking beyond present Appearances. Heb. iii. 17, 18.

- e 1 **A**WAY, my unbelieving fear ;
 Let fear in me no more take place :
 a My Saviour doth not yet appear ;
 He hides the brightness of his face :
 — But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield ?
 y No, in the strength of Jesus, no !
 I never will give up my shield.
- a 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,
 The withering fig-tree droop and die,
 The field illude the tiller's toil —
 The empty stall no herd afford —
 And perish all the bleating race ;
 o Yet, I will triumph in the Lord ! —
 The God of my salvation praise !
- e 3 Away, each unbelieving fear !
 Let fear to cheering hope give place ;
 My Saviour *will* at length appear,
 And show the brightness of his face ;
 a Though now my prospects all be cross'd,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 e Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 o And glory that he died for me.
- 4 In hope — believing against hope —
 His promis'd mercy will I claim ;
 His gracious word shall bear me up
 To seek salvation in his name ;
 e Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh !
 c My soul shall then outstrip the wind,

- o On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 125. 7s. Grant.

Sin Bewailed.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.
- 2 With my burden I begin;
Lord! remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy sov'reign right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 4 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.—*Newton.*

HYMN 126. C. M. Fulton.

Bearing the Cross. Mark viii. 38.

- i 1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
Oh, let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.
- 3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold:
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness shine,
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.
- 4 Say to my soul, "Why dost thou fear
The face of feeble clay?
Behold thy Saviour ever near,
Will guard thee in the way."
- e 5 Oh, how my soul would rise and run,
At this reviving word:
Nor any painful suff'rings shun,
To follow thee, my Lord.
- o 6 Let sinful men reproach, defame,
And call thee what they will,

If I may glorify thy name,
And be thy servant still. — *Kirkham.*

HYMN 127. C. M. *Paxton.*

Fear Not.

- e 1 **Y**E trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme:
Mercy, which like a river, flows
In one continued stream.
- 2 *Fear not* the pow'rs of earth and hell:
God will these pow'rs restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 *Fear not* the want of outward good:
He will for his provide,
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.
- 4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
o He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.
- y 5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
y He will from endless wrath preserve—
To endless glory bring.
- e 6 You, in his wisdom, pow'r and grace,
May confidently trust;
His wisdom guides, his pow'r protects,
His grace rewards the just. — *Beddome.*

HYMN 128. 11s. *Hinton.*

I will Trust, and not be afraid. Isaiah xii. 2.

- B**EGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm
- 2 Though dark be my way, since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide:
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave, I sported with death:
And can he have taught me to trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? — he told me no less:
The heirs of salvation I know from his word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine,
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

Newton.

THE CHRISTIAN.

HYMN 129. C. P. M. *Sommerville.*

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
How free from anxious care and tho't,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;
He only sojourns here.

2 His happiness in part is mine;
Already sav'd from self-design,
From ev'ry creature-love —
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good, —
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue,
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen:
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 Nothing on earth I call my own:
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight, —
A country in the skies.

- 5 There is my house and portion fair ;
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home :
 For me my elder brethren stay ;
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.
- 6 I come, thy servant, Lord ! replies,
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heav'nly rest :
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end ;
 Now — oh, my Saviour, Brother, Friend ! —
 Receive me to thy breast !

Rippon's Col.

HYMN 130. C. M. *Devizes.*

Running the Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12 — 14.

- e 1 **A** WAKE my soul ! stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigor on :
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 'Tis God's all animating voice
 That calls thee from on high :
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 3 A cloud of witnesses around,
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- y 4 Bless'd Saviour ! introduc'd by thee,
 Have we our race begun ;
 y And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
 We'll lay our laurels down. — *Doddridge.*

HYMN 131. L. M. *Brewer.*

The Christian Warfare. Eph. vi. 13 — 17.

- 1 **M**Y Captain sounds th' alarm of war !
 " Awake ! the pow'rs of hell are near !
 " To arms ! to arms ! " I hear him cry,
 " 'Tis yours to conquer or to die ! "
- 2 Rous'd by the animating sound,
 I cast my eager eyes around :
 Make haste to gird my armor on,
 And bid each trembling fear begone.
- 3 Hope is my helmet ; faith my shield ;
 Thy word, my God, the sword I wield ;
 With sacred truth my loins are girt,
 And holy zeal inspires my heart.

- 4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight ;
 Resolv'd to put my foes to flight ;
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
 His conq'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 In him I hope ; in him I trust ;
 His bleeding cross is all my boast ;
 Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
 To vict'ry and the victor's crown. — *Stentville.*

HYMN 132. H. M. *Haddam.**The Christian's Spiritual voyage.*

- 1 JESUS! at thy command
 I launch into the deep,
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep.
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise ;
 My compass is thy word :
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord :
 I trust thy faithfulness, and pow'r
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep,
 Through all my passage lie ;
 Yet Christ will safely keep,
 And guide me with his eye :
 My anchor hope shall firm abide
 And I each boisterous storm outride.
- e 4 By faith I see the land, —
 The port of endless rest :
 My soul, thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast !
 Oh, may I reach the heav'nly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no more.
- 5 Come, Heavenly wind! and blow
 A prosperous gale of grace,
 Waft me from all below,
 To heaven my destin'd place !
- y Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

HYMN 133. L. M. Part I. *Appleton.**The Christian's Temptation moderated, a Proof of God's Fidelity. 1 Cor. x. 13.*

- 1 **N**OW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song,
His shield is spread o'er ev'ry saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint?
- 2 What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage!
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day:
And when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratify'd with blood:
Still is he gracious, wise and just;
And still in him, let Israel trust.—*Doddridge.*

HYMN 134. C. M. *Carinth.**Troubled, but making God a Refuge.*

- i 1 **D**EAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee when sorrows rise,
On thee when waves of trouble roll
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- a 3 But oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine:
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust:
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 6 No, still the ear of sov'reign grace,
Attends the mourner's pray'r;
- u O may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 Here let my soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet. — *Steele*.

HYMN 135. C. M. *Litchfield.**The Request.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at the throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise:
 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 "From ev'ry murmur free;
 "The blessings of thy grace impart,
 "And make me live to thee;
 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 "My life and death attend;
 "Thy presence through my journey shine,
 "And crown my journey's end." *Steele*.

HYMN 136. C. M. *Blackburn.**Watchfulness and Prayer. Matt. xxvi. 41.*

- i 1 **A**LAS! what hourly dangers rise:
 What snares beset my way!
 — To heav'n O let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.
 u 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears!
 i My weak resistance, ah! how vain!
 a How strong my foes and fears!
 —3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid;
 Help me to watch, and pray and strive,
 i Though trembling and afraid.
 —4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 i Or soon my strength will fail,
 —5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
 Or lure my feet aside,
 o My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,
 My guardian and my guide.
 —6 O keep me in thy heav'nly way,
 o And bid the tempter flee;
 — And let me never, never stray,
 From happiness and thee. — *Steele*.

HYMN 137. L. M. *Uxbridge.**Prayer answered by Crosses.*

- 1 **I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
 In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace ;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
 And he I trust has answer'd pray'r ;
 But it has been in such a way
 As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour
 At once he'd answer my request
 And by his love's constraining pow'r,
 Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- a 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
 The hidden evils of my heart,
 And let the angry pow'rs of hell
 Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- a 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd
 Intent to aggravate my wo ;
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- i 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd :
 "Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"
- " 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
 "I answer pray'r for grace and faith :
- 7 "These inward trials I employ,
 "From self and pride to set thee free ;
 "And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 "That thou mayst seek thy all in me."

*Newton.*HYMN 138. L. M. *Danvers.**Rising to God.*

- e 1 **N**OW let our souls, on wings sublime,
 Rise from the vanities of time,
 Draw back the parting veil and see
 The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
 Why should we grovel here on earth?
 Why grasp at transitory toys,
 So near to heav'n's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
 When we are walking back to God?
 For strangers into life we come,
 And dying is but going home

y 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large,
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

Rippon's Col.

HYMN 139. L. M. *Hebron.*

Remembering all the way the Lord has led him.

Deut. viii. 2.

e 1 **T**HUS far my God hath led me on,
And made his truth and mercy known;
— My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

a 2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home:
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dang'rous way.

3 Temptations ev'ry where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturn'd, her projects cross'd,
Sees ev'ry day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

—5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so; thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all. — *Fawcett.*

HYMN 140. L. M. *Uxbridge*

A better Country — A Heavenly.

1 **T**HERE is a heav'n above the skies,
A heav'n where pleasure never dies,
A heav'n I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again it's not for me.

*But, Jesus, Jesus, is my friend, O hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus, is my friend.*

- 2 The way is difficult and strait,
And narrow is the gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

But Jesus, &c

- 3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.

But Jesus, &c.

- 4 Come life, come death, come then what will,
His footsteps I will follow still;
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.

O Jesus, &c.

- 5 Then, oh, my soul, arise and sing,
Behold thy Saviour, Friend, and King,
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries "press on and here's the crown."

O Jesus, &c.

- 6 "Prove faithful then a few more days,
Fight the good fight and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

O Jesus, &c.

HYMN 141. 7s. 6s. Part I. *Yarmouth.*

Christian Travelers.

- 1 **C**OME all ye weary travelers,
And let us join to sing,
The everlasting praises
Of Jesus Christ our king,
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome it is true;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

- 2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him;
And pointed out the danger
Of falling into sin:
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do reject them,
By faith and humble prayer.

- 3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,

We've had too long to wander
 In a dark wilderness ;
 Where we might soon have fainted,
 In that enchanted ground ;
 But now and then a cluster
 Of pleasant grapes we found.

- 4 In faith, and hope, and patience,
 We're now made to rejoice,
 And Jesus, and his people,
 Shall ever be our choice ;
 In peace and consolation,
 We now are going on,
 The pleasant way to Canaan,
 Where Jesus Christ is gone.

HYMN 142. 7s. 6s. Part II. *Yarmouth.*

Christian Travelers.

- 1 **S**INNERS, why stand ye idle,
 While we do march along ?
 Has conscience never told you,
 That you are going wrong,
 Down the broad road to ruin,
 To bear an endless curse !
 Forsake your ways of sinning,
 And come along with us.
- 2 But if you will refuse us,
 We'll bid you all farewell :
 We're on the way to Canaan,
 And you, the way to hell ;
 We are sorry thus to leave you,
 We'd rather you would go ;
 Come try a bleeding Saviour,
 And feel salvation flow.
- 3 O sinner be awaken'd
 To see your dismal state ;
 Repent and be converted,
 Before it is too late ;
 Turn to the Lord by praying,
 And daily search his word ;
 And never rest contented,
 Until you find the Lord.
- 4 Now to the king immortal,
 Be everlasting praise,
 For in his holy service
 We mean to spend our days ;

Till we arrive at Canaan,
 Celestial world above,
 With everlasting praises,
 To sing redeeming love.

HYMN 143. 10s. *Savannah.*

The Mercy-seat.

CCHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat,
 Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers pray'r;
 There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
 For never needy sinner perished there.

2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
 Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;
 But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to thee,
 A weary burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
 By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
 Beset without, and full of fears within,
 Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding place,
 I know no force can tear me from thy side;
 Unmoved I then may all accusers face,
 And answer ev'ry charge, with "Jesus died."

5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan, and die,
 Well hast thou known what fierce temptations mean:
 Such was thy love, and now enthron'd on high,
 The same compassions in thy bosom reign.

6 Lord, give me faith — he hears — what grace is this!
 Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve,
 He shews me what he did, and who he is,
 I must, I will, I can — I do believe.

HYMN 144. C. M. *Dedham.*

The Mercy Seat.

a 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer;
 There humbly fall before his feet,
 e For none can perish there.

—2 Thy promise is my only plea,
 With this I venture nigh:
 a Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
 i And such, O Lord, am I.

a 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely prest,
 By wars without and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "Thou hast died."
- i 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.
- u 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still,
My promis'd grace receive,"
- u 'Tis Jesus speaks — I must — I will,
I can — I do believe.

HYMN 145. C. M. *Dedham.**A Nearness to God.*

- 1 O H could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word
- i 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live,
Anew from day to day;
— In joys the world can never give,
o Nor ever take away.
- a 3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
— That I may never more depart,
u Nor grieve thy love divine.
- e 4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
— And when my flesh dissolves in death,
o My soul shall love thee more.

HYMN 146. 7. *Sabbath.**Christ the Refuge of the Christian.*

- i 1 J ESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
u Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!
- a 2 Other refuge have I none, --
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
a Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me!

- u All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from thee I bring :
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;
 All in all in thee I find :
- y Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind :
- Just and holy is thy name ;
- a I am all unrighteousness,
 Vile, and full of sin I am ;
- e Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
- y Spring thou up within my heart, —
 Rise to all eternity ! C. Wesley.

HYMN 147. S. M. Olmutz.

The World Unsatisfying.

- a 1 **T**HIS world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasur'd by the flight of years —
 And all that life is love.
- u 3 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :
- a Oh ! what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death.
- 4 Lord, God of truth and grace !
 Teach us that death to shun :—
- u Lest we be driven from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

HYMN 148. L. M. Danvers.

The New and Living Way.

- i 1 **M**Y God inspire this heart of mine
 To praise thy name in songs divine ;
 Shed on my soul a heavenly ray,
 — While speaking of the living way.

- 2 The way to death with haste I trod,
Oppress'd with sin a painful load;
e But O how happy was that day,
When first I found the living way.
- 3 O Jesus, when I view the plan,
How God descends to dwell with man,
o My soul exults to praise and pray,
Along this new and living way.
- a 4 A sinner I confess I am;
u But O, I've found the bleeding Lamb!
He wash'd my foulest stains away,
And set me in this living way.
- 5 When in this living way I move,
I'm filled with sweet seraphic love,
y O how I long to see the day
When all shall crowd this living way.
- 6 How boundless is the love of God,
How rich the drops of Jesus' blood;
u Yet O, what thousands go astray!
And never find this living way.

HYMN 149. 7s. 6s. *Yarmouth*

The Saviour Found.

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one physician,
Can cure a sin-sick soul! —
The worst of all diseases
Is light compar'd with sin;
On ev'ry part it seizes;
But rages most within.
- 2 From men great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more distressing,
And added to my pain —
Some said that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for lost,
Thus every refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 3 At length this great Physician —
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case —
Next door to death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around, me,
His wondrous power to save.

- 4 A dying, risen JESUS,
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death —
 Come, then, to this Physician,
 His help he'll freely give,
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only — look — and live.

HYMN 150. L. M. *Fulton.**Christian Union.*

- e 1 OUR souls by love together knit,
 Cemented, mix'd in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice
 'Tis heav'n on earth begun.
 — Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus spoke,
 And glow'd with sacred fire,
 He stoop'd and talk'd, and fed, and bless'd
 And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.
- u 2 The little cloud increases still,
 The heav'ns are big with rain;
 e We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
 And wash away our stain;
 — A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 But pour the mighty flood;
 o O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.
- 3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And sett'st thy starry crown,
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thy own:
 e May we, a little band of love,
 We sinners, sav'd by grace,
 From glory, into glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face.

HYMN 151. 7s. 6s. *Summer.**Longing for Heaven.*

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above;
 And from that flowing fountain
 Drink everlasting love?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in?

- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And bid me not give o'er;
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determined
 To conquer, though I die;
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love I'll fly.
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid you all adieu;
 And you, my friends, prove faithful
 And on your way pursue.
- 4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 O, cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the gospel armor
 Of faith and hope, and love;
 Then, when the combat's ended,
 You'll reign with him above.

HYMN 152. L. M. *Appleton.**Hard Heart Lamented.*

- a 1 **O**H! for a glance of heav'nly day,
 To take the stubborn stone away;
 And thaw, with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
- u 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
 The sea can roar, the mountain shake;
 a Of feeling, all things show some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrow thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt,
 i But I can read each moving line,
 And nothing melts this heart of mine.
- 4 But pow'r divine can do the deed,
 And much to feel that pow'r I need;—
 o Come Holy Spirit, and refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

Hart

HYMN 153. P. M.

The way to Zion.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pleasure,
Where streams of joy forever roll
'Tis there I have my treasure,
And there I hope to rest my soul;
Long darkness dwelt around me,
With scarcely once a cheering ray;
But since my Saviour found me,
A lamp has shin'd along my way.
- 2 My way is full of danger,
But 'tis the path that leads to God,
And like a faithful soldier,
I'll boldly march along the road:
Now I must gird my sword on,
My breastplate, helmet, and my shield,
And fight the hosts of Satan,
Until I reach the heavenly field.
- 3 I'm on my way to Zion,
Still guided by my Saviour's hand:
Oh! come along, poor sinners,
And see Emmanuel's happy land:
To all that stay behind me,
I bid a long, a long farewell;
Come now, or you'll repent it,
When you shall reach the gates of hell.
- 4 The vale of tears surrounds me
And Jordan's current rolls before:
Oh! how I stand and tremble,
To hear the dismal waters roar:
Whose hand shall then support me,
And keep my soul from sinking there,
From sinking down to darkness
And to the regions of despair?
- 5 This stream shall not affright me,
Although 'tis deeper than the grave;
If Jesus stands beside me,
I'll smoothly ride on Jordan's wave:
His word has calm'd the ocean,
His lamp has cheer'd the gloomy vale;
Oh! may this Friend be with me,
When through the gates of death I sail.
- 6 Soon the archangel's trumpet,
Shall rock the globe from pole to pole,
And all the wheels of nature
Shall in a moment cease to roll:

Then we shall see the Saviour,
 With shining ranks of angels, come,
 To execute his vengeance,
 And take his faithful servant home.
Campbell.

HYMN 154. 8s. 7s. *Crockett.**The Saviour's Merit.*

- 1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
 Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
 And my weary troubled spirit,
 Now finds rest with thee, my God.
 I am safe, and I am happy,
 While in thy dear arms I lie;
 Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,
 While my Saviour is so nigh.
- 2 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory be to God on high;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Sing his praises through the sky:
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory to the Father give,
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Sing his praises all that live.
- 3 Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit —
 Tell the world of his dear name,
 That if any want his spirit,
 He is still the very same.
 He that asketh soon receiveth,
 He that seeks is sure to find;
 Whosoe'er on him believeth,
 He will never cast behind.
- 4 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glorious Christ of heav'nly birth
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Sing his praises through the earth
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 Glory to the Spirit be;
 Glory, glory, glory, glory,
 To the sacred One in Three.
- 5 Now our Advocate is pleading,
 With his Father and our God:
 And for us is interceding,
 As the purchase of his blood,

Now, methinks, I hear him praying,
 Father! save them—I have died;
 And the Father answers, saying,
 They are freely justified.

- 6 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Worthy is the Lamb of God,
 Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
 Who hath wash'd us in his blood.
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Holy is the Lord of hosts,
 Holy, holy, holy, holy,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

HYMN 155. 11s. *Portuguese Hymn.*

The Lord will See, or Provide. Gen., xii. 14.

THO' troubles assail, and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide—
 The scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 [The birds, without barn or store-house, are fed;
 From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
 So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.]

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost,
 On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;
 Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 The promise engages the Lord will provide.]

4 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
 Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bo'd;
 For tho' we are strangers, we have a good guide,
 And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 [When Satan appears to stop up our path,
 And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith,
 He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has tried,
 This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.]

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain—
 The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;
 But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
 This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim;
 Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name,
 In this, our strong tow'r, for safety we hide,
 The Lord is our pow'r—the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
 This word of his grace shall comfort us thro';

No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting—the Lord will provide.

Newton.

HYMN 156. L. M. *Appleton.*

The Glorious Mystery.

- i 1 **O**H, why was I not left behind,
With thousand others of mankind,
Who run the dang'rous, sinful race,
And die, and never taste his grace?
—2 No mortal can a reason find;
e 'Tis mercy free—'tis grace divine;
o Oh, 'tis a glorious mystery,
And will be—to eternity.

HYMN 157. 6. 9. *Rowley.*

Exultation.

- 1 **C**OME away to the skies,
My beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing, to Zion return.
2 We have laid up our love,
With our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below;
The redeem'd of the Lord,
We remember his word,
And with singing, to Paradise go.
3 For thy glory we were
First created, to share
Both thy nature and kingdom divine;
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
Both in time and eternity thine.
4 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name,
So united in heart,
That we never can part—
We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb.
5 There, O, there at his feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

6 Hallelujah we sing,
 To our Father and King,
 And his rapturous praises repeat;
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 Hallelujah again;—
 Sing all heaven and fall at his feet.

HYMN 158. C. M.

A Better World in Prospect.

- 1 'TWAS told me in my early day,
 That pleasure's stream did flow,
 Gently beside life's peaceful way;
 a I have not found it so.
- 2 I thought there grew on earthly ground,
 Some buds without decay;
 a But not a single flower I've found,
 That does not fade away.
- 3 I wish to see a fairer world:
 I've heard of one on high,
 e Where every tear, by one kind hand,
 Is wip'd from every eye.
- 4 'Tis said the king of that bright place,
 Still welcomes trav'lers there:
 u O, come and let us seek his grace!
 — Unseen, he hears our prayer. — *Dr. Nelson*
-

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 159. L. M. *London.**Dedication of a Church.*

- 1 THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
 Was the first temple built for God;
 His fiat laid the corner stone,
 And heav'd its pillars one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high,
 The broad illimitable sky;
 He spread its pavements, green and bright,
 And curtained it by morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood,
 The sea, and sky and all was good,
 And when his first pure praises rang,
 The morning stars together sang.
- 4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
 And earth, and skies, a house for thee,

But in thy sight, our offering stands,
An humble temple made with hands.

- 5 We cannot bid the morning star,
To sing how bright thy glories are ;
But Lord, if thou wilt meet us here,
Thy praise shall be the christian's tear.—
Willis.

HYMN 160. S. M. *Lisbon.*

The Pleasures of Social Worship.

- e 1 **H**OW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !
- 2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
e Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their pray'rs and cries,
Each humble soul presents :
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sov'reign will
He graciously imparts :
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- e 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.— *Stennett.*

HYMN 161. L. M. *Ward.*

The Happiness of humble worship. Psalm. lxxxiv.

- y 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear !
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.
- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favors raise,
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

- 3 Happy the men, whom strength divine,
 With ardent love and zeal inspires:
 Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
 With willing hearts and warm desires.
- e 4 One day within thy sacred gate,
 Affords more real joy to me,
 Than thousands in the tents of state:
 The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 5 God is a sun: our brightest day
 From his reviving presence flows;
- y God is a shield, through all the way,
 To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 6 He pours his kindest blessings down,
 Profusely down, on souls sincere,
- y And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
 The happy fav'rites of his care.
- 7 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
 How blest, divinely blest is he,
 Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
 And fixes all his hopes on thee!—*Steele.*

HYMN 162. L. M. *Southfield.*

Forms vain without Religion.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God!
 How wondrous is thy name!
 Thy glories have diffus'd abroad
 Through the creation's frame!
- 2 Nature, in ev'ry dress,
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t' express,
 Thine undissembled praise.
- e 3 My soul would rise and sing,
 To her Creator too;
 Fain would my tongue adore my King
 And pay the worship due.
- a 4 [But pride, that busy sin,
 Spoils all that I perform,
 Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
 And swells a haughty worm.]
- 5 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain;
- a This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until 'tis form'd again.
- e 6 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days;

And to my God my soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.— *Watts.*

HYMN 163. 7s. *Norwich.*

*I will not let thee go unless thou bless me. Gen
xxxii. 26.*

- u 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
— Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- e 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
a Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
— Yet the question gives a plea,
To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy:—
u That poor rebel, Lord was I.
- a 4 Once a sinner near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'er;
e Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now;
o Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need;
This emboldens me to plead;
After so much mercy past,
u Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
y 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
— I can no denial take,
u When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN 164. C. M. *Spencer.*

*The successful Resolve—I will go in unto the King.
Esther iv. 16.*

- 1 **C**OME, humble sinner, in whose breast,
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve:
- e 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin,
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

- a 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
u I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone;
Without his sovereign grace.
- e 4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
— Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
a But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- u 6 "I can but perish, if I go;
— I am resolv'd to try:
For, if I stay away, I know,
u I must for ever die." — *Jones.*

HYMN 165. S. M. *Elton.**He Beheld the City and wept over it. John xlx. 1.*

- u 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief,
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there. — *Beddome.*

HYMN 166. C. M. *Dedham.**Now is the accepted Time.*

- 1 **C**OME, guilty souls, and flee away,
To Christ, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome gospel-day,
Wherein free grace abounds.
- 2 God lov'd the church, and gave his Son,
To drink the cup of wrath:
And Jesus says he'll cast out none,
That come to him by faith.

HYMN 167. S. M. *Olney.**Importunate Prayer. Luke xvii. 1—7.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, who knows full well
The heart of ev'ry saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Tho' unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But knock at mercy's gate.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry:
Yes, tho' he seem awhile to bear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 5 His nature, truth and love,
Engage him on their side;
When they are griev'd, his bowels move,
They will not be deny'd.
- 6 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in pray'r,
He, sees, he hears, and from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

HYMN 168. C. M. *Peterborough.**Faith's Review and Expectation.*

- 1 **A**MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound,)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
- a I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!
- a 3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
- e 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

- y 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
y I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.
- u 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
y But God who call'd me here below,
Shall be forever mine.

HYMN 169. C. M. *Litchfield.**Supplication.*

- e 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart;
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.
- 3 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
y Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heav'n on earth appear. — *Steele.*

HYMN 170. 8s. 7s. 4s. *Sicilian Hymn.**At Dismission.*

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
o Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us!
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
- y 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!
- a 3 So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
y Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we ready
Rise, and reign in endless day! *Rippon.*

HYMN 171. S. M. *Stonington.**Love to the Church. Psalms, cxxxvii. 5 — 6.*

- e 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of thine abode,
 The Church our blest Redeemer sav'd,
 With his own precious blood.
- 2 Beyond my highest joy,
 I prize her heav'nly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.
- i 3 For her my tears shall fall;
 For her my prayers ascend;
 — To her my cares and toils be given,
 'Till toils and cares shall end.
- o 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given,
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven. — *Dwight*

HYMN 172. C. M.

Heaven Anticipated.

- a 1 SLEEP not, the Saviour cries,
 On this low earthly ground —
 e Press on, press on, above the skies,
 — There shall your rest be found
 e Where the pilgrim reposes,
 The fields are all green;
 There day never closes,
 Nor clouds intervene.
- y Oh, the forms that are there!
 Such as eye hath not seen —
 Oh, the songs they sing there,
 With hosannas between,
 — While the river of life runs freely.
- a 2 On earth, cold storms will rise,
 And clouds obscure the sun —
 For rest the pilgrim vainly sighs,
 — But there his march is done.
 Where the pilgrim reposes, &c.
- e 3 My soul be not dismay'd,
 But gird thee for the race —
 y I'll ask, I'll ask his hourly aid,
 To reach that happy place,
 Where the pilgrim reposes, &c.
Dr. Nelson.

HYMN 173. C. M. *Bolton.**Trust in Providence.*

- i 1 **W**HILST thee I seek, protecting Power!
 Be my vain wishes still'd;
 — And may this consecrated hour,
 With better hopes be fill'd.
- i 2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 o Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 a Thy ruling hand I see!
 i Each blessing to my soul most dear,
 — Because conferr'd by thee.
- e 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 a In every pain I bear,
 o My heart shall find delight in praise,
 i Or seek relief in prayer.
- e 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
 i Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gath'ring storm shall see;
 o My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
 That heart will rest on thee. — *Williams*

HYMN 174. C. M. *Marlow.**For Christian Conference.*

- u 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,
 For here we trust thou art!
 — Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
 To warm each waiting heart.
- e 2 Show us some tokens of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise;
 And pour thy blessings from above,
 That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy praise,
 And love and concord dwell:
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
 The humble mind bestow;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.

- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our pray'rs;
 And in the presence of our Lord,
 Unbosom all our cares.
- e 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
 Enforc'd by mighty grace,
 o Awaken sinners all around,
 To come and fill the place. —*Newton.*

HYMN 175. C. M. *Carinth.**Evening Twilight.*

- i 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cum'bring care,
 And spend the hours of setting day,
 In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear,
 And all His promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my care and sorrows cast,
 On him whom I adore.
- y 4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
 — The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driv'n.
- a 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray,
 i Be calm as this impressive hour,
 o And lead to endless day.

HYMN 176. C. M. *Patmos.**Regeneration. John iii. 5—7.*

- 1 SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,
 Hear all ye sons of men;
 For Christ the Saviour hath declar'd,
 "Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
 The sinner's boast is vain;
 Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
 "Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—
 The heart a sink of sin;
 Without a change we can't be sav'd:
 "Ye must be born again."

- e 4 Spirit of life thy grace impart,
 And breathe on sinners slain;
 o Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
 That we are born again.— *Hoskins.*

HYMN 177. C. M. *Arlington.*

Behold he Prayeth. Acts. ix. 11.

- 1 **P** RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unutter'd or express'd,
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.
 2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach
 The majesty on high.
 4 Pray'r is the christian's vital breath,
 The christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gate of death—
 He enters heav'n with pray'r.
 5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways,
 o While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say,—"Behold he prays."

Montgomery.

HYMN 178. C. M. *Wilmington.*

Christ the Shepherd.

- 1 **S** E E Israel's gentle shepherd stands,
 With all engaging charms;
 i Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.
 u 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name:
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
 The Lord of angels came."
 e 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine, let our offspring be.
 —4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
 Ye children seek his face;
 o And fly with transports to receive
 The blessings of his grace.

- a 5 If orphans they are left behind,
 — Thy guardian care we trust;
 i That care shall heal our bleeding heart,
 a If weeping o'er their dust.— *Doddridge.*

HYMN 179. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Teacher's Hymn.

- 1 **B**LESSED Saviour—thou hast told us,
 In the midst of two or three,
 Thou art present to behold us,
 If we humbly call on thee:
 Blessed promise!—
 May we, thy salvation see.
- 2 Lord we bring our charge before thee;
 Little ones of thine own fold;
 Teach them, Saviour, to adore thee,
 As those children did of old,
 Who sung praises—
 While the hearts of men were cold.
- 3 O! instruct us, gracious Master,
 While those tender lambs we guide,
 May we lead them to green pasture,
 By the living water's side;
 Where the fountain
 Of salvation, pours its tide.
- 4 Haste the time, when all the islands
 In the bosom of the sea;
 When the low lands, plains, and high-lands,
 Shall resound with praise to thee;
 And all children,—
 Shall their God and Saviour see.

James B. Walker.

MISSIONS.

HYMN 180. 8s. 7s. *Crockett.**Glorious Things spoken of Zion, the City of God.**Psalm lxxxvii. Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.*

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
- a He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode:
- u On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- e 2 [See! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove:
 i Who can faint, while such a river
 Ever flows, thy thirst t' assuage?
 — Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
 See the cloud and fire appear!
 For a glory and a cov'ring,
 Showing that the Lord is near:
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night, and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna,
 Which he gives them when they pray.]
- e 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God;
 — 'Tis his love his people raises,
 Over self to reign as kings:
 And as priests his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-off'ring brings.
- i 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city,
 I through grace a member am;
 — Let the world deride or pity,
 o I will glory in thy name;
 a Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show!
 e Solid joys and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

HYMN 181. C. M. *Marlow.*

The Increase of the Church, promised and pleaded.

- e 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledged,
 To thine exalted Son,
 That through the nations of the earth
 Thy word of life shall run?
 —2 “Ask, and I give the heathen lands
 For thine inheritance,
 And to the world's remotest shores
 Thine empire shall advance.”
- e 3 Hast thou not said, the blinded Jews
 Shall their Redeemer own;
 While gentiles to his standard crowd,
 And bow before his throne?

- 4 When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our EMMANUEL'S feet,
And learn, and feel his grace?
- 5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Under th' expanse of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption, given?
- e 6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd!
- o Europe, with all thy millions, shout
Hosannas to thy Lord!
- 7 Asia and Africa, resound
From shore to shore his fame:
- o And thou, America, in songs,
Redeeming love proclaim!

HYMN 182. L. M. Part I. *Lindon.**Longing for the Latter-day Glory.*

- 1 **H**OW many years has man been driv'n,
Far off from happiness and heav'n;
- u When wilt thou, gracious Lord, restore
Thy wand'ring church to roam no more?
- a 2 Six thousand years are nearly past,
Since Adam from thy sight was cast;
And ever since, his fallen race,
From age to age, are void of grace.
- e 3 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep the eternal Jubilee!
- 4 Hasten it, Lord, in ev'ry land;
Send thou thine angels, and command,
- o "Go sound deliv'rance: loudly blow
Salvation to the saints below."
- 5 We want to have the day appear!
The promis'd great sabbatic year,
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.
- e 6 Till then, we will not let thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
- And this our daily pray'r shall be,
- y Lord, sound the trump of Jubilee.

HYMN 183. L. M. Part II. *London.*

*Prayer to God for his special Interposition in Spreading
the Gospel. Zec. ix. 13 — 16.*

- a “**H**OW” long, O God, “has man been driv’n,
Far off from happiness and heav’n!
When wilt thou graciously “restore”
Thy banish’d sons, to rove no more?
2 For near six thousand years, thy foe
Has triumph’d over all below;
Save that a little flock is found,
With rav’ning wolves encompass’d round.
—3 Shall not the Lamb, who once was slain,
An ample compensation gain,
And many happy millions more
To happiness and God restore?
c 4 From ev’ry nation, ev’ry tongue,
A remnant must to him belong;
Nor can there be too vile a race,
To furnish trophies of his grace.
—5 Exert that pow’r which could subdue
The furious slaughter-breathing Jew,
And make him in thy cause become,
Victorious over Greece and Rome.
e 6 Now, Lord, before thy servants go,
Let God himself the trumpet blow;
o Hasten the Gospel Jubilee,
That bids a captive world be free.

HYMN 184. 8s. 7s. 4s. *Greenville.*

Prayer for a Revival.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee!
2 Surely once thy garden flourish’d,
Every part look’d gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish’d,
Happy seasons we have seen!
Lord, &c
u 3 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
a Lord thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee:
Lord, &c.

- 4 Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
a Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show:
Lord, &c.
- e 5 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, &c.
- 6 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers:
Let each one; esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, &c.
- 7 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh:
Lord, revive us,
All our help must come from thee! *Newton*

HYMN 185. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Oliphant.**Longing for the spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
y Bless'd Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!
- e 2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
o Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- e 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, thy glorious light:
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night,
o And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day,
- e 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase;

- o Sway the sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

P. Williams.

HYMN 186. 6s. 7s. *Missionary Hymn*

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- u 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
- y Salvation! Oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.— *Heber.*

HYMN 187. 12s. & 9s. *Oakham.*

Mission to Palestine.

- 1 **T**HEY have gone to the land where the patriarchs
rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid,
Where the chosen of Israel, the promise possess'd,
And Jehovah, his wonders display'd;

- To the land where the Saviour of sinners once trod,
 Where he labor'd, and languish'd and bled ;
 o Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascended to
 God,
 As he captive, captivity led.
- y 2 They have gone to the land where the gospel's glad
 sound,
 Sweetly tuned by the angels above,
 Was re-echo'd on earth, through the regions around,
 In accents of heavenly love ;
 Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame,
 The rich gifts of his grace to reveal ;
 Where apostles wrought signs in Emmanuel's name,
 The truth of their mission to seal.
- e 3 They have gone — O, thou Shepherd of Israel —
 have gone,
 The glad mission in love to restore ;
 Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them alone ;
 Thy blessing we humbly implore.
- u Thy blessing go with them — O, be thou their shield,
 From the shafts of the fowler that fly ;
 O Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd
 In mercy, in might, from on high.

HYMN 188. 11s. *Daughter of Zion.**Zion Encouraged.*

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness ;
 Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;
 Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
 Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdu'd them,
 And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far ; [them ;
 They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursu'd
 Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the pow'r that hath sav'd thee,
 Extol'd with the harp and the timbrel should be ;
 Shout ! for the foe is destroy'd that enslav'd thee,
 Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

*Ancient Lyre.*HYMN 189. 7s. *Watchman tell us, &c.*

- u 1 **W**ATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are,
 Trav'ler ! o'er yon mountain's height,
 e See that glory beaming star !

- u Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
- e Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.
- u 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
- e Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
- u Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
- e Trav'ler! ages are its own,
y See it bursts o'er all the earth.
- u 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
- e Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
- u Watchman! let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
- u Trav'ler lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the son of God is come.

Bowring.

HYMN 190. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Fleming.*

Farewell to Missionaries.

- y 1 **G**O, ye heralds of salvation,
Go, proclaim redeeming blood;
Publish to that barb'rous nation,
Peace and pardon from our God!
Tell the heathen,
None but Christ can do them good.
- 2 While the gospel trump you're sounding,
May the Spirit seal the word,
And, through sov'reign grace abounding,
Heathen, bow and own the Lord;
Idols leaving,
God alone shall be ador'd.
- u 3 Distant though our souls are blending,
Still our hearts are warm and true;
In our pray'rs to heaven ascending,
Brethren — we'll remember you;
Heav'n preserve you,
Safely all your journey through.
- 4 When your mission here is finish'd,
And your work on earth is done,
May your souls, by grace replenish'd,

Find acceptance through the Son;
Thence admitted,
Dwell for-ever near his throne.

- y 5 Loud hosannas now resounding,
Make the heav'nly arches ring:
Grace to sinful men abounding,
Ransom'd millions sweetly sing;
While with rapture,
All adore their heavenly King. — *Baldwin.*

HYMN 191. C. M. *Duke Street.*

For Missionary Associations.

- u 1 **A**SSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshal'd ev'ry star,
Has call'd thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 3 First bow our hearts beneath thy sway;
Then give thy growing empire way,
O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood—
Till all mankind shall be subdu'd.
- 4 Our pray'rs assist—accept our praise—
Our hopes revive—our courage raise—
Our counsels aid—and oh! impart
The single eye—the faithful heart!
- 5 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wand'ring spirit home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound
To spread the spacious earth around.

Collyer.

HYMN 192. L. M. *Lyman.*

Restoration of Israel. Jer. xxxi. 6.

- 1 **T**HE trump of Israel's jubilee
Shall sound aloud from Calvary,
And bid the wand'ring exiles—"Come,
"And find in Zion still a home."
- 2 Israel shall hear—that thrilling sound
Shall reach to earth's remotest bound,
And gather to that holy place
The fugitives of Jacob's race.
- 3 Their exil'd tribes shall yet return,
Shall come to Calvary and mourn;

And, bow'd beneath Messiah's sway,
With willing hearts his rule obey.— *Hyde.*

HYMN 193. L. M.

The Monthly Concert.

- e 1 **D**ELIGHTFUL thought! that sinners may
Commune with God, by night and day,
And yet more sweet, that thousands *now*
Before his throne, in concert bow.
- 2 Oh, the dear fellowship of prayer,
Its promises, how vast they are!
The prayer of faith can make us rise,
On wings of light above the skies.
- 3 Great God, thy spirit now impart,
To fire with zeal each languid heart,
Send quickly down that heavenly Dove,
o And warm us with a Saviour's love.
- e 4 Thy kingdom spread, thy will be done,
From rising to the setting sun;
Thy praise extend from sea to sea,
o And fill the vast eternity.
- 5 Be this our prayer in every breath,
Through life, and in the arms of death;
While saints on earth, and saints above,
o Shall join to sing redeeming love.
- e 6 From distant climes may incense rise,
And loud hosannas pierce the skies,
o Till every idol throne shall fall,
o And Christ be crown'd the Lord of all.

HYMN 194. C. M. 8, 7, 4. Coburn.

Day-Spring. Luke i. 78.

- 1 **C**HRISTIAN, see the orient morning
Breaks along the heathen sky;
e Lo! th' expected day is dawning —
Glorious Day-Spring from on high!
o Hallelujah!
Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.
- e 2 Heathens at the sight are singing; —
Morning wakes the tuneful lays, —
Precious off'rings they are bringing —
First fruits of more perfect praise:
o Hallelujah!
Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.

- 3 Zion's Sun! salvation beaming —
 Gilding now the radiant hills;
 Rise and shine, till brighter gleaming
 All the world thy glory fills:
 Hallelujah!
 Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.
- e 4 Then the vallies, and the mountains
 Breaking forth, in joy shall sing;
 Then the living crystal fountains
 From the thirsty ground shall spring:
 o Hallelujah!
 Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.
- e 5 While the wilderness rejoices,
 Roses shall the desert cheer;
 Then the dumb shall tune their voices,
 Blind shall see, the deaf shall hear:
 o Hallelujah!
 Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.
- e 6 Lord, of every tribe and nation,
 Spread thy truth from pole to pole;
 Spread the light of thy salvation,
 'Till it shine on every soul:
 o Hallelujah!
 Hail! the Day-Spring from on high.

HYMN 195. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Carlow.*

Latter-day Dawning. Isaiah. lii. 10.

- e 1 **Y**ES! we trust the day is breaking,
 Joyful times are near at hand:
 God, the mighty God, is speaking
 By his word in ev'ry land:
 When he chooses,
 Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season,
 Let us hail the dawning ray:
 When the Lord appears, there's reason
 To expect a glorious day:
 At his presence
 Gloom and darkness flee away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring;
 While he enters like a flood;
 God the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad;
 Ev'ry language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious;
 Let thy people see thy hand;
 Let the gospel be victorious,
 Through the world in ev'ry land;
 y And the idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command. *Kelly.*

HYMN 196. 8s, 8s, 6s.

Grace and Glory.

- 1 COME, brethren dear, who know the Lord,
 And taste the sweets of Jesus' word,
 In Jesus' ways go on;
 Our troubles and our trials here,
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.
- 2 That glorious day is rolling on,
 The gracious work is now begun,
 Your sins he will forgive;
 O taste and see that grace is free
 For all who will the call obey,
 O come to Christ and live.
- 3 The worst of sinners here may find
 A Saviour, pitiful and kind,
 Who will them all receive;
 None are too bad who do repent;
 Out of one sinner legions went,
 The Lord did him relieve.
- 4 If sinners only knew the Lord,
 And were acquainted with his word,
 His sweet forgiving love,
 They'd rush thro' storms of every kind,
 And leave all earthly things behind,
 To gain a crown above.
- 5 O there we'll reign, and praise, and sing,
 And glorify our heavenly king,
 When all the saints get home:
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 Soon we shall meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come.
- 6 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And claim my mansion there:
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heavenly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

HYMN 197. S. M. *Watchman.**Praise for Conversion. Psalm xvi. 16.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye that fear the Lord,
 And listen, while I tell,
 How narrowly my feet escap'd
 The snares of death and hell.
- 2 The flattering joys of sense
 Assail'd my foolish heart,
 While Satan, with malicious skill,
 Guided the pois'nous dart.
- a 3 I fell beneath the stroke,
 e But fell to rise again;
 — My anguish rous'd me into life,
 And pleasure sprung from pain.
- a 4 Darkness, and shame, and grief,
 Oppress'd my gloomy mind;
 I look'd around me for relief,
 But no relief could find.
- 5 At length to God I cried;
 He heard my plaintive sigh;
 e He heard, and instantly he sent
 Salvation from on high.
- 6 My drooping head he rais'd;
 My bleeding wounds he heal'd;
 Pardon'd my sins; and, with a smile,
 The gracious pardon seal'd.
- e 7 O! may I ne'er forget
 The mercy of my God;
 Nor ever want a tongue to spread
 o His loudest praise abroad. *Stennett.*

HYMN 198. C. M. *Eastport.**Apostacy — will ye also go away?*

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
 i (Alas! what numbers do!)
 — Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 u "Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- a 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast,
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast pow'r, I know,
 'To save a wretch like me;

- i To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee !
- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd
'Thou art the Christ of God ;
- o Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd
Could never reach my case ;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest
And bid my fears depart :
- e No love but thine can make me bless'd,
And satisfy my heart.
- i 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd —
i If I will also go !
- Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
- u I humbly answer, No! *Newton.*

HYMN 199. C. M. *Medfield.*

Difficulties in the way of Duty surmounted. Hinder me not.
Gen. xxiv. 56.

- y 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.
- 2 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my EMMANUEL'S land.
- e 3 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not ; come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee. *Ryland.*

HYMN 200. L. M. *Ward.*

Not Asham'd of Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS ! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee !
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far
I let evening blush to own a star :
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon ;
 'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
 Bright Morning Star ! bids darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear Friend,
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend !
 No ; when I blush — be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
- u 5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- u 6 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain !
 And oh, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham'd of me ! — *Gregg*

HYMN 201. C. M. *London.**A Welcome to Christian Friends — At meeting.*

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive :
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.
- e 2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n,
 To know the Saviour's precious name ;
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end, the same.
- 3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above,
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians see each other thus ;
 i We only wish to speak of him,
 a Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.
- i 5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffer'd for us here below ;
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he's doing for us now.
- 6 Thus as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
 e And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.

Newton.

HYMN 202. C. M. *Downs.**Heaven.*

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Oh, how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end?
 Thy joys when shall I see?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
 Most glorious to behold;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
 Why should I stay from thence?
 What folly 'tis that I should dread
 To die and go from hence!
- y 4 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
 And cause me to ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up,
 And sabbaths never end.
- e 5 There we shall meet and no more part,
 And heav'n shall ring with praise,
 While Jesus' love in ev'ry heart
 Shall tune the song of grace.
- 6 Millions of years around may run,
 Our songs shall still go on;
- o To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit Three in One.

HYMN 203. L. M. *Uxbridge.**Pilgrim's Farewell.*

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friends, I must be gone,
 I have no home or stay with you;
 I'll take my staff and travel on,
 Till I a better world can view;
 Farewell, farewell, farewell,
 My loving friends, farewell.
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss,
 I leave you here, and travel on,
 Till I arrive where Jesus is.
 Farewell, &c.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 To you I'm bound in cords of love;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 That soon we all shall meet above.
 Farewell, &c.

- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
 You've struggled long and hard for heav'n;
 You've counted all things here but dross,
 Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n.
 Farewell, &c

- 5 Farewell, ye youthful sons of God,
 Sore conflicts yet await for you:
 Yet dauntless keep the heav'nly road,
 'Till Canaan's happy land you view.
 Fight on, fight on, fight on,
 The crown shall soon be giv'n.

- 6 Farewell, poor careless sinner too,
 It grieves my heart to leave you here,
 Eternal vengeance waits for you;
 O turn and find salvation near.
 O turn, O turn, O turn,
 And find salvation near.

HYMN 204. 7s, 6s. *Missionary Hymn.*

The Holy City.

- e 1 **T**HERE is a holy city,
 A happy world above,
 Beyond the starry regions,
 Built by the God of love:
 An everlasting temple,
 And saints array'd in white;
 They serve their great Redeemer,
 They dwell with him in light.
- i 2 That is no world of trouble,
 The God of peace is there;
 He wipes away their sorrows,
 He banishes their care;
- e Their joys are still increasing,
 Their songs are ever new,
 They praise th' eternal Father,
 The Son and Spirit too.
- 3 The meanest child of glory
 Outshines the radiant sun;
- o But who can speak the splendor
 Of that eternal throne,
- Where Jesus sits exalted,
 In godlike majesty!
 The elders fall before him,
 The angels bend the knee.
- 4 Is this the man of sorrows,
 Who stood at Pilate's bar,

Condemn'd by haughty Herod,
 And by his men of war!
 He seems a mighty conqueror,
 Who spoil'd the powers below,
 And ransom'd many captives
 From everlasting wo.

- e 5 The hosts of saints around him,
 Proclaim his work of grace;
 The patriarchs and prophets,
 And all the godly race;
 Some speak of fiery trials,
 And tortures on their way,
 They came from tribulation,
 To everlasting day.

HYMN 205. C. P. M. *Sommerville.*

Christian Encouragement.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel:
 A while forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears,
 To that celestial hill.
- y 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Look forward to that heavenly place,
 The saints' secure abode;
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.
- u 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
 y We shall before his face appear,
 And at his side sit down;
 To patient faith the prize is sure;
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope,
 It lifts the fainting spirits up;
 It brings to life the dead!
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity,
 We soon with open face shall see;
 The beatific sight
- o Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.

- 6 The Father, shining on his throne ;
 The glorious co-eternal Son,
 The Spirit one and seven ;
 e Conspire our rapture to complete ;
 And lo ! we fall before his feet,
 a And silence heightens heaven.
 u 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
 — Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
 And at thy foot-stool fall,
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 e And God be all in all. *C. Wesley.*
-

LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 206. C. M. *Litchfield.**An Invitation to the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.*

- 1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast !
 Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store,
 For every humble guest.
 e 2 See Jesus stands with open arms :
 He calls, he bids you come :
 Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
 But see, there yet is room.
 y 3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart,
 There love and pity meet ;
 Nor will he bid the soul depart
 That trembles at his feet.
 —4 In him the Father reconciled,
 Invites your souls to come ;
 e The rebel shall be called a child,
 And kindly welcom'd home.
 5 Oh, come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love :
 While hope attends the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.
 6 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 o Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In ecstasies unknown.
 y 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come :
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
 Approach, there yet is room. — *Steele.*

HYMN 207. L. M. *Uxbridge.**Christ Dying, Rising and Reigning.*

- u 1 **H**E dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 a Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
 a A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 u A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 i Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;
 u He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood!
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 a The Lord of glory dies for men!
 e But lo! what sudden joys we see,
 y Jesus, the dead, revives again!
 i The rising God forsakes the tomb!
 Up to his Father's courts he flies,
 u Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies!
- o 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
 o Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 u And led the monster, death, in chains!
 y Say, "Live forever, wondrous KING,
 -- "Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
 u Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
 "And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave."
Watts.

HYMN 208. C. M. *Carinth.**The Wonders of Redemption.*

- 1 **A**ND did the holy and the just,
 The Sov'reign of the skies,
 Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
 That guilty worms might rise?
- a 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
 His radiant throne on high,
 y (Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
 a To suffer, bleed and die.
- e 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
 And suffered in his stead;
 y For man, (oh, miracle of grace)
 For man the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
 In thy atoning blood!
 By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
 And rebels brought to God.

- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
 To love so full, so free;
 And may I hope *that* love extends
 Its sacred power to me!
- o 6 What glad return can I impart,
 For favors so divine?
- o Oh, take my all—this worthless heart,
 And make it only thine.—*Steele.*

HYMN 209. C. M. *Fulton.**Room at the Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 22.*

- e 1 **T**HE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And dainties crown the board;
 Not Paradise with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given;
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
 In sin's dark mazes, come;
 Come from your most obscure retreats,
 And grace shall find you room.
- e 4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here;
 y And millions more still on the way,
 Around the board appear.
- e 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
 That millions more may come;
 Nor could the whole assembled world,
 O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready; come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame,
 y Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

*Doddridge.*HYMN 210. C. M. *Paxton.**Praise to the Redeemer.*

- e 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name,
 Awake the sacred song!
 Oh, may his love, (immortal flame,)
 Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
 What mortal tongue display?
 Imagination's utmost stretch
 i In wonder dies away.

- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss,
 And came to earth to bleed and die!
 y Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay,
 Our humble thanks to thee,
 May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
 u "The Saviour died for me."
- e 5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
 Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
 Till strangers love thy charming name,
 And join the sacred song.—*Steele.*

HYMN 211. H. M. *Hopkinton**A Song of Praise to Christ.*

- y 1 COME, every pious heart,
 That loves the Saviour's name,
 Your noblest powers exert,
 To celebrate his fame:
 Tell all above, and all below,
 The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 Such was his zeal for God,
 And such his love for you,
 He nobly undertook
 What Gabriel could not do:
 His ev'ry deed of love and grace,
 All words exceed and thoughts surpass.
- u 3 He left his starry crown,
 And laid his robes aside;
 On wings of love came down,
 a And wept, and bled, and died!
 What he endured, oh! who can tell,
 To save our souls from death and hell!
- y 4 From the dark grave he rose,
 The mansions of the dead;
 And thence his mighty foes,
 In glorious triumph led:
 Up through the sky the conq'ror rode,
 And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 5 From thence he'll quickly come,
 His chariot will not stay,
 And bear our spirits home
 To realms of endless day:
 There shall we see his lovely face,
 And ever be in his embrace.

e 6 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
 The debt we owe thy love;
 Yet tell us how we may
 Our gratitude approve;
 Our hearts, our all, to thee we give;
 The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.
Stennett.

HYMN 212. C. M. *Sicilian Hymn.*
Grateful Recollection. — Ebenezer. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 o Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it,
 o Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 e He, to save my soul from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

i 3 O! to grace, how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 — Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
 e Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 u Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above. — *Robinson*

HYMN 213. L. M. *Sterling.*

The Saviour's Ascension.

e 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky!

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 o "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
 "Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

e 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene;

He claims those mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of Glory in.

- i 4 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
e The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
- o "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
"Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- i 6 "Who is the King of Glory, who?"
y The Lord of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd !

HYMN 214. 7s, 6s, & 1 8. *Amsterdam.*
Christ Crucified.

- 1 VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good ;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood !
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity :
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me !
Me to save from endless wo
The sin-atoning Victim died !
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified !
- 3 Here will I set up my rest ;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart :
Whither should a sinner go ?
His wounds for me stand open wide ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified !
- 4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end ;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend ;

Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide,
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!

- 5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove:
 Show the length, the breadth, the height
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified. — *Clarks.*
-

MORNING.

HYMN 215. L. M. *Rockingham.*

The Benefit of Prayer.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
 In coming to the mercy seat;
 Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
 But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
 Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
 Gives exercise to faith and love,
 Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
 Prayer makes the christian's armor bright,
 And Satan trembles when he sees
 The weakest saint upon his knees.
- e 4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
 Success was found on Israel's side:
 — But when through weariness they fail'd,
 That moment Amalek prevail'd.
- 5 Have you no words? ah, think again,
 Words flow apace when you complain,
 And fill your fellow creatures' ear
 With the sad tale of all your care.
- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heaven in supplications sent,
 Our cheerful songs would oftener be,
 Hear what the Lord has done for me!

Cowper.

HYMN 216. S. M. *Lisbon.**A Morning Hymn.*

- 1 **S**EE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise
With ev'ry bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heav'nly parent sing:
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.
- 4 Thus does thine arm support
This 'weak defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?
- 5 Oh! how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.
- 6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.
- 7 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity. *Rippon's Col.*

EVENING.

HYMN 217. L. M. *Alferton.**An Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, KING of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That, with the world, myself and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:

Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eye-lids close;
Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

5 If in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

Praise God, &c.

Kenn.

HYMN 218. 8s, 6s. *Lanesboro'.*

Heaven Supremely Desirable.

1 **T**HIS world is poor from shore to shore,
And like a baseless vision,
Its lofty domes and brilliant ore,
And gems and crowns are vain and poor,
There's nothing rich but heaven.

2 Fine gold will change, and diamonds fade,
Swift wings to wealth are given:
All varying time our forms invade —
The seasons roll, light sinks in shade;
'There's nothing lasts but heaven.

3 Empires decay, and nations die,
Our hopes to winds are given;
The vernal blooms in ruin lie,
Death reigns o'er all beneath the sky —
There's nothing lives but heaven.

4 Creation's mighty fabric all
Shall be to atoms riven;
The skies consume, the planets fall,
Convulsions rock this earthly ball —
There's nothing firm but heaven.

5 A stranger lonely here I roam,
From place to place I'm driven;
My friends are gone and I'm in gloom,
This earth is all a lonely tomb —
I have no home but heaven.

6 The clouds disperse, the light appears,
My sins are all forgiven;
Triumphant grace has quelled my fears,
Roll on, thou sun, fly swift my years,
I'm on my way to heaven.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

HYMN 219. L. M. *Blendon.**The Wisdom of Redeeming Time. Eph. v. 15—16.*

- a 1 **G**OD of Eternity, from thee
 Did infant Time his being draw ;—
 Moments, and days, and months, and years,
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- u 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;
 u Steady and strong the current flows ;
 — Lost in eternity's wide sea —
 The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- a 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,
 Before the rapid streams are borne,
 On to the everlasting home,
 a Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Yet, while the shore on either side
 Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show,
 We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
 Nor think to what a world we go.
- e 5 Great source of wisdom ! teach my heart
 To know the price of ev'ry hour ;
 That time may bear me on to joys,
 Beyond its measure, and its power,
Doddridge.

HYMN 220. 7s. *Grant.**The Saint happy in being entirely at the Disposal of his
 God. My times are in thy Hand.**Psalm xxxi. 15; xxxiv. 1.*

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN Ruler of the skies !
 Ever gracious, ever wise !
 All my times are in thy hand —
 All events at thy command.
- 2 His decree who formed the earth,
 Fix'd my first and second birth :
 Parents, native place, and time —
 All appointed were by him.
- 3 He that formed me in the womb,
 He shall guide me to the tomb :
 All my times shall ever be
 Order'd by his wise decree.
- 4 Times of sickness, times of health ;
 Times of penury and wealth ;
 Times of trial and of grief ;
 Times of triumph and relief ;

- 5 Times the tempter's power to prove:
 Times to taste a Saviour's love;
 All must come, and last, and end,
 As shall please my heavenly Friend;
- 6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
 Till he bids, I cannot die;
 Not a single shaft can hit,
 Till the God of love sees fit.
- 7 Oh, thou Gracious, Wise and Just,
 In thy hands my life I trust;
 Have I somewhat dearer still?
 I resign it to thy will.
- 8 May I always own thy hand—
 Still to thee surrender'd stand;
 Know that thou art God alone,
 I and mine are all thy own.
- 9 Thee at all times, will I bless;
 Having thee, I all possess;
 How can I bereaved be,
 Since I cannot part with thee?—*Dr. Ryland*

HYMN 221. S. M. *Inverness.**Divine Mercies in constant Succession.* Sam. iii. 22 — 23

- e 1 **H**OW various and how new
 Are thy compassions, Lord!
 Each morning shall thy mercies show—
 Each night thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness like the sun,
 Dawn'd on our early days,
 Ere infant reason had begun
 To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld
 Gave pleasure to our eyes;
 And nature all our senses held
 In bands of sweet surprise.
- 4 But pleasures more refined
 Awaited that bless'd day,
 y When light arose upon our mind,
 And chas'd our sins away.
- 5 How new thy mercies, then,
 How sov'reign and how free!
 y Our souls that had been dead in sin,
 Were made alive to thee.—*Stennett.*

HYMN 222. S. M. *Stonington.**Divine Mercies in constant Succession.* Sam. iii
22—23.

- e 1 **N**OW we expect a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away,
To realms of light and bliss.
- 2 There rapt'rous scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight;
And ev'ry pain, and tear and sigh,
Be drown'd in endless light.
- 3 Beneath thy balmy wing,
Oh, Sun of Righteousness!
Our happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.
- 4 Nor shall that radiant day,
So joyfully begun,
In ev'ning shadows die away,
Beneath the setting sun.
- i 5 How various and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
- o Eternity thy love shall show,
And all thy truth record.

HYMN 223. L. M.

Eternity Joyful and Tremendous.

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand!
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?
- a 2 Eternity! —tremendous sound!
To souls who have not Jesus found:
- y But oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!
- 3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer;
An int'rest in the Saviour's blood—
My pardon seal'd and peace with God.
- i 4 But should my brightest hopes be vain!
i The rising doubt how sharp its pain!
- u My fears, O gracious God! remove;
Speak me an object of thy love.
- 5 Search, Lord! oh, search, my inmost heart,
e And light, and hope, and joy, impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
o And guide me safe to heaven and thee.

HYMN 224. H. M. *Harwich.**The Midnight Cry. Matt. xxv. 6.*

- 1 **Y**E virgin souls arise!
 With all the dead awake;
 Unto salvation wise,
 Oil in your vessels take:
 Upstarting at the midnight cry,
 Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And take to glory all,
 Who meet for glory are:
 Make ready for your free reward;
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend;
 Your Head to glorify,
 With all his saints ascend:
 Ye poor in heart, obtain the grace,
 To see, without a veil, his face.
- 4 Ye — that have here receiv'd
 The unction from above,
 And in his Spirit liv'd,
 And thirsted for his love;
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride:
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When you shall be caught up
 To stand before his throne;
 Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
 And lean on our Emmanuel's breast
- 6 The everlasting doors
 Shall soon the saints receive,
 Above those angel powers,
 In glorious joy to live;
 Far from a world of grief and sin,
 With God eternally shut in.
- 7 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound:—
 To see our Lord appear,
 May we be watching found,
 Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

Tbplady.

HYMN 225. S. M. *Paddington.**Preparation for Death. Matt. xxiv. 45*

- 1 **P**REPARE me, gracious God!
 To stand before thy face;
 Thy spirit must the work perform,
 For it is all of grace.
- 2 In Christ's obedience clothe,
 And wash me in his blood;
 e So shall I lift my head with joy,
 Among the sons of God.
- 3 Do thou my sins subdue,
 Thy sov'reign love make known;
 The spirit of my mind renew,
 And save me in thy Son.
- 4 Let me attest thy power,
 Let me thy goodness prove,
 o Till my full soul can hold no more
 Of everlasting love.—*Toplady.*

HYMN 226. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Oliphant.**The Grave; or, Christ a Guide through Death to Glory.*

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
 Pilgrim through this barren land;
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
 Bread of heav'n,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing streams do flow:
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through:
 Strong Deliv'rer,
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 1 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside;
 o Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side:
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee. *Robinson.*

HYMN 227. 11s. *Prescott.**I would not live alway.*

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway; no — welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom,
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

HYMN 228. P. M. *Columbus.**Time and Eternity.*

a 1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,
u 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,

u Yet how insensible!

— A point of time—a moment's space—

e Removes me to yon heav'nly place,

a Or—shuts me up in hell!

—2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart,
Eternal things impress;

Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late—

o Wake me to righteousness.

—3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;

i And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

—4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!

Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure! — *Wesley*

HYMN 229. 7s. *Benevento.**Reflections at the End of the Year.*

- n 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here:
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below;
 We a little longer wait;
 But how little — none can know.
- e 2 Spared to see another year,
 Let thy blessing meet us here:
 Come, thy dying work revive,
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive;
 Sun of righteousness, arise!
 Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes:
 Let our prayer thy pity move:
 Make this year a time of love.
- u 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view;
 Bless thy word to old and young,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love:
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with thee above. — *Newton.*

HYMN 230. L. M. *Talbot.**Eternity. — Jer. x. 10.*

- a 1 **E**TERNITY! stupendous theme!
 Compar'd herewith our life's a dream:
 Eternity! O awful sound!
- a A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd!
- 2 Yes, an eternity there is
 Of dreadful woe, or joyful bliss;
 And, swift as time fulfils its round,
 We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind
 Have left this fleeting world behind!
- i They're gone, but where? ah! stop and see:
 Gone to a long eternity!
- y 4 And is eternity so near!
 And must we very soon be there?
- a Sinner — ah! whither wilt thou flee;
 Or how avoid eternity?

- 5 Canst thou forever bear to dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell;
And is death nothing then to thee?
a Death, and a dread eternity!
- e 6 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up;
In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope;
This everlasting bliss secures;
o God and eternity are yours.—*Medley.*

HYMN 231. C. M. *Lurens.*

Church on earth and heaven but one. Eph. iii. 15.

- e 1 COME let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle-wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone:
For all the servants of our King
In heav'n and earth are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- u 5 How many to their endless home
This solemn moment fly!
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,
Then, when the word is given,
o Bid death's cold flood and waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

FUNERAL.

HYMN 232. 8s. *Northampton.*

Death of a Sister.

- e 1 'TIS finish'd! the conflict is past,
The heaven-born spirit is fled:
Her wish is accomplish'd at last,
And now she's entomb'd with the dead.

The months of affliction are o'er,
 The days and the nights of distress;
 We see her in anguish no more —
 She's gained her happy release.

—2 No sickness, or sorrow, or pain,
 Shall ever disquiet her now;
 For death to her spirit was gain,
 Since Christ was her life when below

y Her soul has now taken its flight
 To mansions of glory above,
 To mingle with angels of light,
 And dwell in the kingdom of love.

—3 The victory now is obtain'd;
 She's gone her dear Saviour to see;
 Her wishes she fully has gain'd —
 She's now where she longed to be.
 Then let us forbear to complain,
 That she has now gone from our sight;

y We soon shall behold her again,
 With new and redoubled delight.

Alexander's Col

HYMN 233. L. M. *Hebron.*

Triumph over Death.

y 1 **T**HE hour of my departure's come,
 I hear the voice that calls me home:
 At last, oh, Lord, let trouble cease,
 And let thy servant die in peace!

2 The race appointed I have run,
 The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
 y And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.

—3 Not in mine innocence I trust —
 I bow before thee in the dust,
 And through my Saviour's blood alone,
 I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
 Save for the friends I held so dear:
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
 And to the friendless, prove a friend.

y 5 I come, I come at thy command;
 I give my spirit to thy hand —

u Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
 And shield me in the last alarms.

y 6 The hour of my departure's come;
 I hear the voice that calls me home;

- u Now, oh, my God ! let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace.
Andrew S. Morrison.

HYMN 234. L. M. *Ward.*

The Peaceful Death of the Righteous.

- i 1 SWEET is the scene when Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest :
How mildly beams the closing eye !
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
i So dies a wave along the shore.
- y 3 Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
Fanned by some guardian angel's wing,
y O grave ! where is thy victory now,
And where, O death, where is thy sting !

HYMN 235. C. M. double. *Fulton.*

Hope of an Immortal Crown.

- 1 A ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die,
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high,
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.
- e 2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer on my threescore years,
'Till my Deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- i 3 O what hath Jesus done for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise !
- e I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there !
- o They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And ev'ry word and ev'ry thought
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 Oh, may I, in the Judge, behold
My Saviour and my Friend!
- e And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend. — *Doddridge.*
-

JUDGMENT.

HYMN 238. S. M. *Olmuts.**The Final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.*
Matt. xxv. 41.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound;
And through the num'rous guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?
- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepar'd,
Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day;
When earth and heav'n before his face,
Astonish'd shrink away?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead;
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there:
- 7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessing on your head. — *Doddridge.*

HYMN 239. 8s, 7s, 4s. Coburn.

Lo, He cometh.

- u 1 **L**O! he cometh! countless trumpet
 Blow to wake the sleeping dead.
 'Mid ten thousand saints and angels
 See their great exalted Head!
 Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome, Son of God!
- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
 Through th' eternal deep resounds;
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds:
 They who pierc'd him
 Shall at his appearance wail.
- e 3 Full of joyful expectation,
 Saints behold the Judge appear;
 Truth and Justice go before him;
 Now the joyful sentence hear!
- u Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome Judge divine.
- e 4 "Come ye blessed of my Father,
 Enter into life and joy;
 Banish all your fears and sorrows;
 Endless praise be your employ!"
- y Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome to the skies.
- e 5 Now at once they rise to glory,
 Jesus brings them to the King;
 There, with all the hosts of heaven,
 They, eternal anthems sing:
- o Hallelujah!
 Boundless glory to the Lamb.

HYMN 240. 8s, 7s, 4s. Oliphant.

Judgment. Rev. i. 7. vi. 14—17. xxii. 17—20.

- u 1 **L**O! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favor'd sinners slain!
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train:
 Hallelujah!
 Jesus now shall ever reign!
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.

y 3 Ev'ry island, sea and mountain,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away :
 a All who hate him, must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day :
 u Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment, come away !

—4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear !
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air :
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear.

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,
 Hasten, Lord, the gen'ral doom ;
 The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
 Take thy pining exiles home :
 All creation
 Travails, groans and bids thee come.

o 6 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,
 High on thine exalted throne ;
 Saviour ! take the power and glory ;
 Claim the Kingdoms for thine own :
 y Oh, come quickly !
 Hallelujah ! come, Lord, come.

HYMN 241. 8s, 7s, 4s. Coburn.

The Day of Judgment.

e 1 DAY of Judgment — day of wonders ;
 u Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round !

a How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound.

u 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !
 — You, who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, " This God is mine ;"
 u Gracious Saviour !
 Own me in that day for thine.

—3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea :
 All the powers of nature shaken,
 From his looks prepare to flee :
 a Careless sinner !
 What will then become of thee ?

- i 4 Horrors, past imagination,
 Will surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 — “Hence, accursed wretch, depart:
 Thou with Satan
 And his angels have thy part.”
- 5 But to those who have confessed,
 Lov’d and serv’d the Lord below;
 y He will say, “Come near ye blessed;
 See the kingdom I bestow:
 You forever
 Shall my love and glory know.”
- 6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
 May this thought, our courage raise;
 e Swiftly God’s great day approaches,
 Sighs shall then be chang’d to praise:
 o May we triumph
 When the world is in a blaze.—*Newton.*

HYMN 242. C. M. *Patmos.**The Last Judgment.*

- u 1 “**H**E comes, he comes to Judge the world,”
 Aloud th’ archangel cries;
 a While thunders roll from pole to pole,
 And lightnings cleave the skies.
- 2 Th’ affrighted nations hear the sound,
 And upward lift their eyes:
 The slumb’ring tenants of the ground
 In living armies rise.
- 3 Amid the shouts of num’rous friends,
 Of hosts divinely bright,
 The Judge in solemn pomp descends,
 Array’d in robes of light.
- 4 Writ on his thigh his name appears,
 And scars his vict’ries tell:
 Lo, in his hand, the conq’ror bears
 The keys of death and hell.
- 5 So he ascends the judgment-seat,
 a And at his dread command,
 Myriads of creatures round his feet
 In solemn silence stand.
- u 6 “Depart, ye sons of vice and sin,”
 — The injured Jesus cries;
 While the long-kindling wrath within
 Flashes from both his eyes.

- y 7 And now in words divinely sweet,
 With rapture in his face,
 Aloud his sacred lips repeat
 The sentence of his grace.
- y 8 "Well done, my good and faithful sons,
 The children of my love:
 Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones,
 Prepared for you above." — *Stennett.*

HYMN 243. C. P. M. *Columbus.**Longing for a Place at the Right Hand of the Judge.*

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
 To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
 Shall such a worthless worm as I,
 Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet among them now,
 Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though vilest of them all:
 But can I bear the piercing thought,
 What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shalt call.

3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
 Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
 In this th' accepted day:
 Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Let me among thy saints be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face:
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heav'n's resounding mansions ring,
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.

HYMN 244. 8s, 7s, 4s. *Kendall.**Awful Doom of the Sinner. Luke xiii. 28.*

- 1 SEE th' eternal Judge descending—
 View him seated on his throne!
 Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom—
 Trumpets call thee!
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,
 Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain:

While in anguish thus lamenting,
That he ne'er was born again—
Greatly mourning,
That he ne'er was born again.

- 3 “Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;
Oh, that I had sought his favor,
When I felt his Spirit move—
Golden moments,
When I felt his Spirit move.”

- 4 Now despisers, look and wonder!
Hope and sinners here must part,
Louder than a peal of thunder,
Hear the dreadful sound, “Depart!”
Lost for ever,
Hear the dreadful sound “Depart!”

HYMN 245. L. M. Talbott.

The Day of Wrath.

- u 1 **T**HAT day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away:
— What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—
2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet—and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?
a 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
u Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Scott.

HYMN 246. C. M. Fulton.

Final Triumph.

- e 1 **A**RISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come;
Thy glorious conq'ring king is near,
To take his exiles home:
The trumpet sounding through the sky,
To set poor captives free;
The day of wonder now is nigh,
The year of Jubilee.
u 2 Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud,
The earth must know her doom;
Go spread the news from pole to pole,
Behold the Judge is come:

Blot out the sun, burn up the earth,
 Consume the rolling flood !
 Bid every star to disappear,
 And turn the moon to blood.

- 3 Arise ye nations under ground,
 Before the Judge appear ;
 — All tongues and languages shall come,
 Their final doom to hear !
 King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
 Ten thousand angels round ;
 And Gabriel with a silver trump,
 Echoes the awful sound.
- a 4 The glorious news of gospel grace
 To sinners now is o'er ;
 The trump in Zion now is still,
 And will be heard no more ;
 — The watchmen all have left their walls,
 And with their flocks above,
 y On Canaan's peaceful shore they sing,
 And shout redeeming love.

HYMN 247. S. M. *Elton.**The Last Account.*

- u 1 I SAW, beyond the tomb,
 The awful Judge appear !
 Prepared to scan with strict account,
 The blessings wasted here.
- a 2 His wrath like flaming fire,
 In hell forever burns ;
 And from that hopeless world of wo,
 No fugitive returns.
- 3 Soon will the harvest close,
 The summer soon be o'er ;
 Oh, sinner, then your injured God
 Will heed your cries no more. — *Dwight.*

HYMN 248. L. M.

The Chariot.

- THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire ;
 Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord ;
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
 And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirred;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the
north,

All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met:
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love:
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

HELL AND HEAVEN.

HYMN 249. C. M. *Dundee.*

Hell, the Sinner's own Place. Acts i. 25.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I read the traitor's doom,
To "his own place" consign'd,
What holy fear, and humble hope,
Alternate fill my mind!
- 2 Traitor to thee I too have been,
But saved by matchless grace;
Or else the lowest, hottest hell
Had surely been my place.
- 3 Thither I was by law adjudg'd,
And thitherward rush'd on,
And there in my eternal doom
Thy justice might have shone.
- 4 But lo! (what wond'rous, matchless love!)
I call a place my own,
On earth, within the gospel sound,
And at thy gracious throne.
- e 5 A place is mine among thy saints,
A place at Jesus' feet,
And I expect in heaven a place
Where saints and angels meet.
- 6 Blest Lamb of God, thy sovereign grace,
To all around I'll tell,
Which made a place in glory mine,
Whose just desert was hell.—*Ryland.*

HYMN 250 C. M. *Topsham.**The Promised Land.*

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- e 2 Oh, the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight;
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There gen'rous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.
- y 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest? — *Stennett.*

HYMN 251. L. M. *Lanaan.**The Wheat and Tares.*

- 1 **T**HO' in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus e'er long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.
- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here,
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How much among the wheat they grew?
- 3 Oh, this will aggravate their case,
They perish'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat,
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

- 5 The tares are spared for various ends ;
 Some for the sake of praying friends ;
 Others the Lord, against their will,
 Employs his counsels to fulfil.
- 6 But tho' they grow so tall and strong,
 His plan will not require them long ;
 In harvest when he saves his own,
 The tares shall into hell be thrown. — *Newton.*

HYMN 252. S. P. M.

The Perpetuity of Heaven.

- 1 **B**EYOND the flight of time,
 Beyond the reign of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections, transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.
- 2 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A long eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone,
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere.
- i 3 Thus star by star declines,
 Till all are pass'd away :
 —As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day :
 o Nor sink those stars in empty night,
 But hide themselves in heaven's own light.
Montgomery.

HYMN 253. L. M. *Augusta.**The world we have not seen.*

- e 1 **T**HERE is a world we have not seen,
 That time shall never dare destroy !
 Where mortal footstep hath not been,
 Nor ear has caught its sound of joy.
- 2 There is a region lovelier far
 Than sages tell or poets sing,
 Brighter than summer's beauties are
 And softer than the tints of spring.
- 3 There is a world, and O, how blest !
 Fairer than prophets ever told ;
 And never did an angel guest
 One half its blessedness unfold !

- 4 It is all holy and serene,
 The land of glory and repose;
 And there, to dim the radiant scene,
 The tear of sorrow never flows.
- 5 No! for this world is ever bright,
 With a pure radiance all its own;
 The streams of uncreated light
 Flow round it from th' eternal throne.
- 6 There, forms that mortals may not see,
 Too glorious for the eye to trace,
 And clad in peerless majesty,
 Move with unutterable grace.
- 7 In vain the philosophic eye
 May seek to view the fair abode,
 Or find it in the curtain'd sky:—
 It is *the dwelling-place of God.*
-

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN 254. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who made the earth and heaven,
 Of equal dignity possessed;
 Be equal honors given.

HYMN 255. S. M.

TO thee, eternal Three,
 In will and essence One,
 Be universal honors paid,
 Co-equal honors done. — *Beddome.*

HYMN 256. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 257. C. M.

GIVE glory to God, ye children of men,
 And publish abroad, again and again,
 The Son's glorious merit, the Father's free grace,
 The gifts of the Spirit to Adam's lost race.

HYMN 258. Part I. 8s, 7s, 4s.

FATHER, Son and Holy Spirit,
Thou the God whom we adore,
May we all thy love inherit,
To thine image us restore;
Vast eternal!
Praises to thee evermore.

HYMN 259. Part II. 8s, 8s, 6s.

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Be praise amid the heav'nly host,
And in the church below,
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow.

PRAISE TO THE EVERLASTING GOD

The God of Abraham.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abra'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, Great I Am!
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abra'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys,
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abra'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.
- 4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagle's wings upborne
To heaven ascend:

I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
Forevermore.

PART SECOND.

- 5 Tho' nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At his command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And thro' the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.
- 6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.
- 7 There dwells the Lord our king,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.
- 8 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.
- 9 Before the Three in One,
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

PART THIRD.

- 10 The God who reigns on high,
The great arch-angels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I am!
We worship thee."
- 11 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty grace,
For ever new.
He shows his prints of love, —
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the world above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.
- 12 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry;
Hail, Abra'm's God, and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise. — *Oliver.*

THE END.

CHURCH MUSIC,

TO ACCOMPANY

WATTS' AND NEW SELECT HYMNS.

SELECTED BY A. W. COREY.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Aylesbury. S. M.'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a common time signature 'C'. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a common time signature 'C'. The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The lyrics 'The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well' are written between the staves.

sup - ply'd; Since he is mine and I am

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics 'sup - ply'd; Since he is mine and I am' are written between the staves.

his, What can I want be - side.

The third system of musical notation, concluding the hymn. It features a double bar line at the end of both staves. The lyrics 'his, What can I want be - side.' are written between the staves.

He leads me to the place, Where

Pia.
heav'nly pas - tures grow; Where

liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly

For.
pass, And full sal - vation flows.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,

That saw the Lord a - - rise;

Wel - come to this re - vi - ving breast,

And these re - joi - cing eyes.

First system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef with a common time signature 'C'. The lower staff is in bass clef with a common time signature 'C'. The lyrics are written between the staves.

Come sound his praise a - broad,

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff continues the melody with a half note and a quarter note. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written between the staves.

And hymns of glo - ry sing:

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff features a more complex melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics are written between the staves.

Je - hovah is the sov' - reign Lord,

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff concludes the melody with a half note and a quarter note. The lower staff concludes the accompaniment. The lyrics are written between the staves.

The u - ni - ver - sal king.

My soul with pa - tience waits, For

thee, the liv - ing God; My

hopes are on thy prom - ise built,

Thy nev - er fail - ing word.

Hark, it is wis - dom's voice,

That spreads it - self a - round,

Come hither all ye sons of death,

And lis - ten to the sound.

The day is pass'd and gone, The evening shades ap-

This system contains the first two staves of the hymn. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves feature square notes and rests, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics are written between the staves.

pear, O may we all remember well,

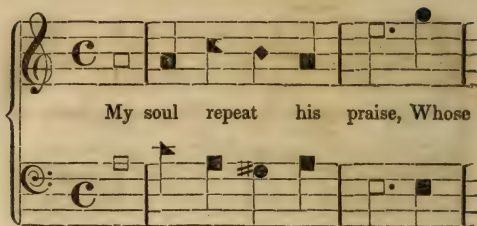
This system contains the next two staves. The notation continues with square notes and rests. The lyrics "pear," and "O may we all remember well," are placed between the staves. A bracket is visible above the second staff.

O may we, &c.

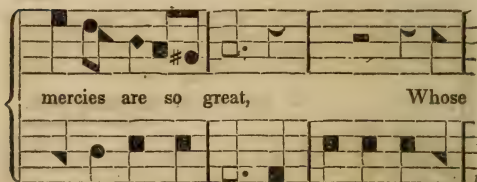
This system contains the next two staves. The notation continues with square notes and rests. The lyrics "O may we, &c." are placed between the staves.

The night of death is near.

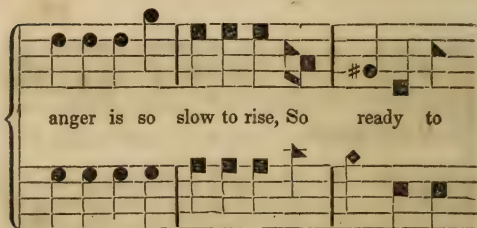
This system contains the final two staves of the hymn. The notation continues with square notes and rests, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics "The night of death is near." are placed between the staves. Above the first staff, the numbers "1" and "2" are written above the first and second measures respectively. Above the second staff, the numbers "1" and "2" are written above the first and second measures respectively.



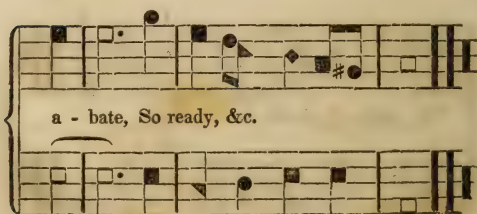
My soul repeat his praise, Whose



mercies are so great, Whose



anger is so slow to rise, So ready to



a - bate, So ready, &c.

Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to

death; But in the service of my God, I'll

spend my dai-ly breath, But in the worship of

my God, I'll spend my dai-ly breath.

Lord, what a fee - ble

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Little Marlborough'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics 'Lord, what a fee - ble' are written below the staves. The music features a melody in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff, with various note values including quarter and eighth notes.

piece Is this our mor - tal frame; Our

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics 'piece Is this our mor - tal frame; Our' are written below the staves. The notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the 3/4 time signature.

life how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics 'life how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That' are written below the staves. The notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the 3/4 time signature.

scarce de - serves a name.

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics 'scarce de - serves a name.' are written below the staves. The notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the 3/4 time signature, and ends with a double bar line.

There is a land of pure de - -

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the bass line is on the lower staff. The lyrics "There is a land of pure de - -" are written below the upper staff.

light, Where saints immor - tal reign; In - -

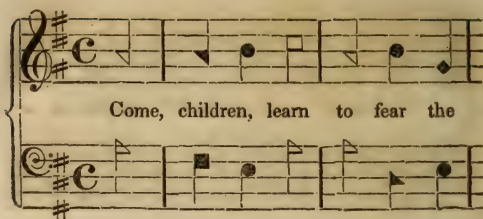
The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, and the lower staff continues the bass line. The lyrics "light, Where saints immor - tal reign; In - -" are written below the upper staff.

fi - nite day ex - cludes the night,

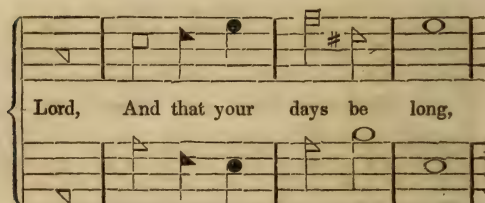
The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, and the lower staff continues the bass line. The lyrics "fi - nite day ex - cludes the night," are written below the upper staff.

And pleasures ban - ish pain.

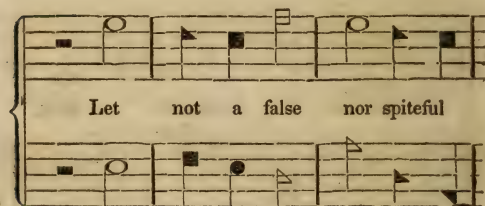
The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody, and the lower staff continues the bass line. The lyrics "And pleasures ban - ish pain." are written below the upper staff. The system ends with a double bar line.



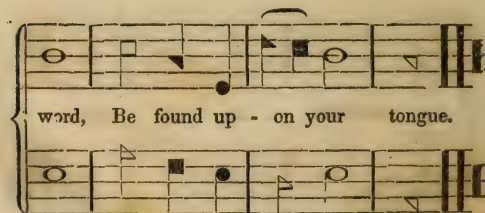
Come, children, learn to fear the



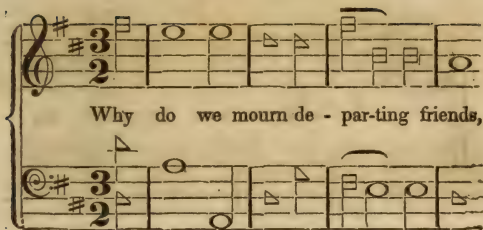
Lord, And that your days be long,



Let not a false nor spiteful

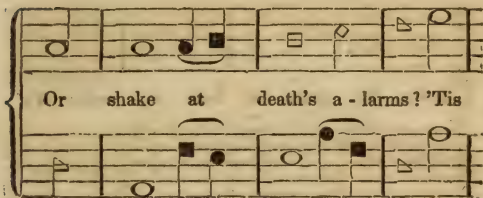


word, Be found up - on your tongue.



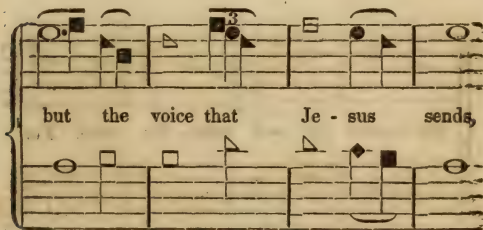
Why do we mourn de - par-ting friends,

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.



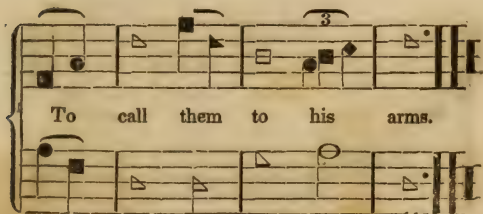
Or shake at death's a - larms? 'Tis

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.



but the voice that Je - sus sends,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.



To call them to his arms.

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The melody ends with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the staff.

In God's own house pronounce his

praise, His grace he there re - veals; To

heav'n your joy and won - der raise, For

there his glo - ry dwells.

With cheer-ful notes let all

the earth, To heav'n their voi - ces raise,

Let all in - spir'd with Godly mirth,

Sing sol - emn hymns of praise.

Let not despair nor fell re - -

venge, Be to my bo - som known; O

give me tears for oth - ers' woes, And

pa - tience for my own.

Be - gin my soul the lof - ty

strain ; In solemn ac - cent sing,

A sacred hymn of grateful praise,

To heav'n's Al - migh - ty King.

Je - sus, with all thy saints a -

The first system of music for 'Arlington' consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'Je - sus, with all thy saints a -' are written between the staves.

bove, My tongue would bear her part; Would

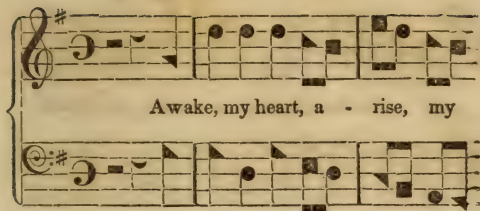
The second system of music continues the melody. The lyrics 'bove, My tongue would bear her part; Would' are written between the staves.

sound a - loud thy sa - ving love, And

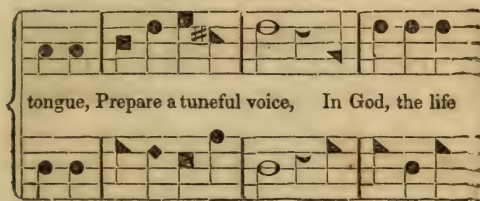
The third system of music continues the melody. The lyrics 'sound a - loud thy sa - ving love, And' are written between the staves.

sing thy bleed - ing heart.

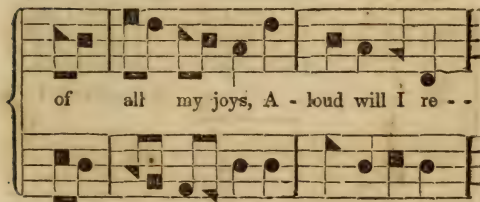
The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics 'sing thy bleed - ing heart.' are written between the staves. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs on both staves.



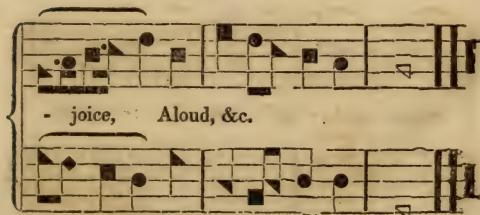
Awake, my heart, a - rise, my



tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice, In God, the life



of all my joys, A - loud will I re - -



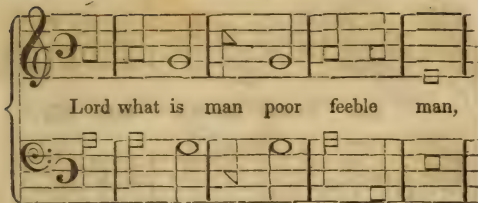
- joice, Aloud, &c.

Awake my soul, a - rise my tongue,

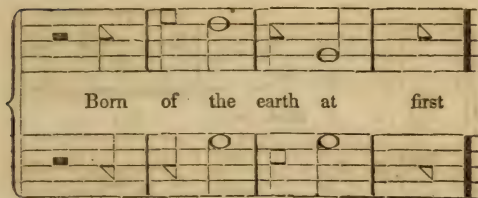
pre - pare a tuneful voice, In God the life of

Pic.
all my joys, - - - A - loud will I

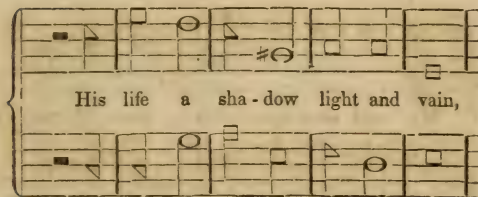
For.
re - joice, A - loud will I re - joice.



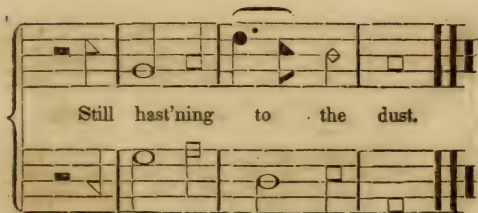
Lord what is man poor feeble man,



Born of the earth at first



His life a sha-dow light and vain,



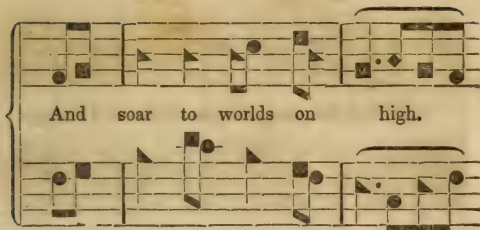
Still hast'ning to the dust.

And let this fee - ble body fail,

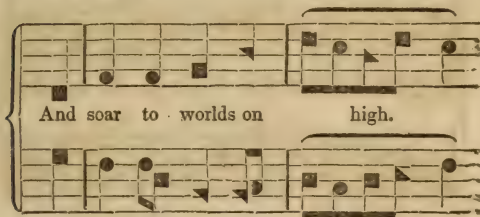
And let it faint or die,

My soul shall quit this mournful vale,

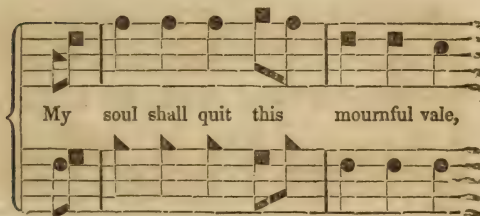
And soar to worlds on high.



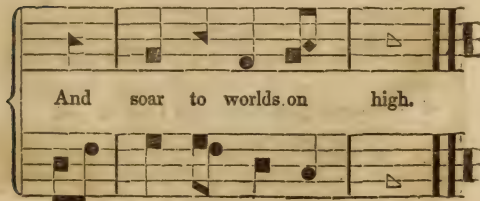
And soar to worlds on high.



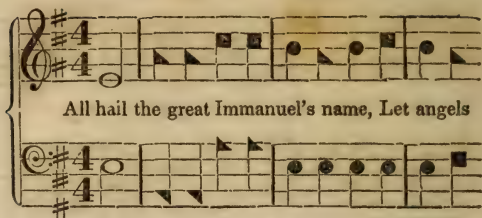
And soar to worlds on high.



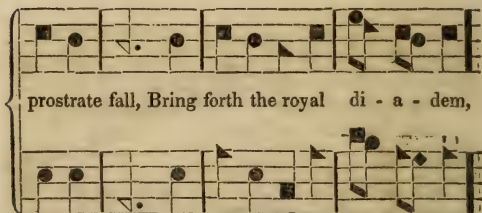
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,



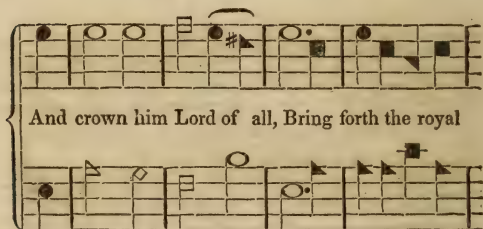
And soar to worlds on high.



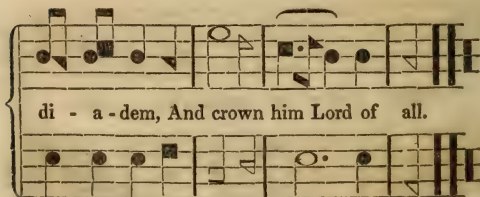
All hail the great Immanuel's name, Let angels



prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,



And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal



di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.

There is a land of pure de-light,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'JORDAN. C. M.'. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the bass line is on the lower staff. The lyrics 'There is a land of pure de-light,' are written below the upper staff.

Where saints im - mor - tal reign,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics 'Where saints im - mor - tal reign,' are written below the upper staff.

In - finite day ex - cludes the night,

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics 'In - finite day ex - cludes the night,' are written below the upper staff.

And pleas - ures banish pain.

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the final system on this page. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics 'And pleas - ures banish pain.' are written below the upper staff.

Sweet fields be - yond the swelling flood,

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lower staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a style that uses various note heads (circles, squares, triangles) and rests, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Stand dress'd in living green,

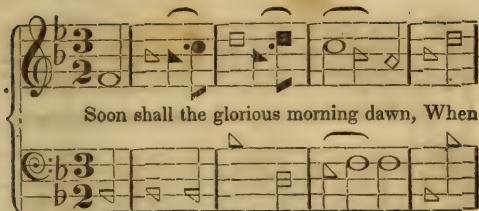
The second system of musical notation continues the melody on two staves, maintaining the same key signature and notation style as the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,

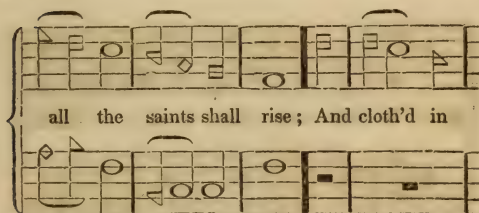
The third system of musical notation continues the melody on two staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Whilst Jor - - dan roll'd be - tween.

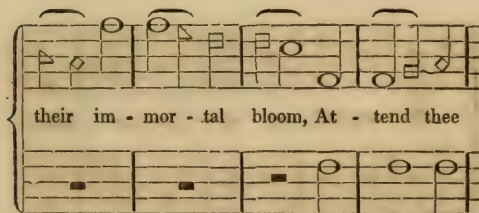
The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece on two staves. The lyrics are written below the staves, and the system ends with a double bar line.



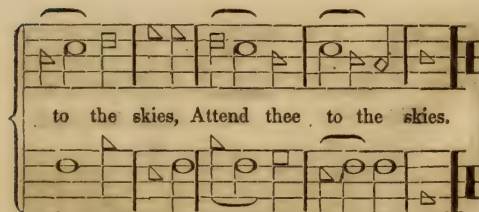
Soon shall the glorious morning dawn, When



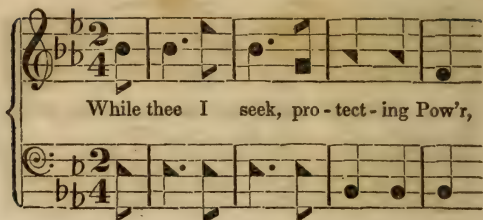
all the saints shall rise; And cloth'd in



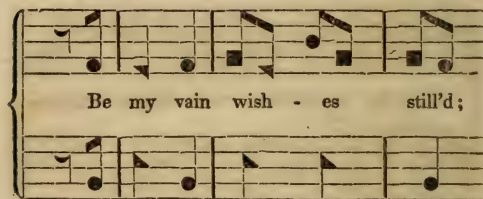
their im - mor - tal bloom, At - tend thee



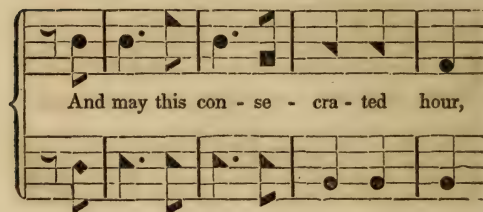
to the skies, Attend thee to the skies.



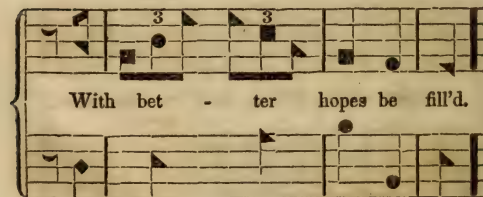
While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Pow'r,



Be my vain wish - es still'd;



And may this con - se - cra - ted hour,



With bet - ter hopes be fill'd.

BRATTLE STREET, Continued. 29

Pia.

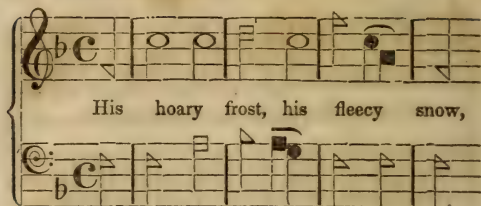
Thy love the pow'r of tho'ts be - stowed.

To thee my tho'ts would soar;

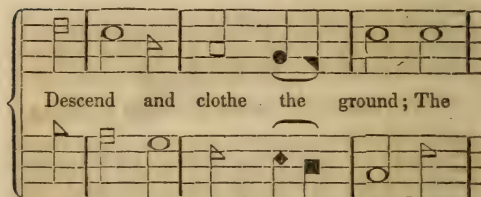
For.

Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flow'd,

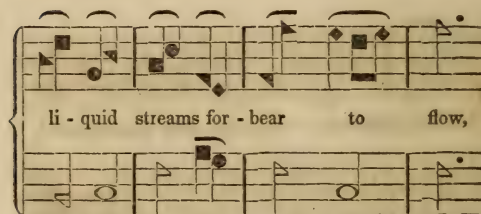
That mer - cy I a - dore.



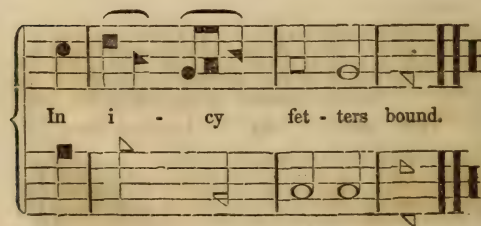
His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,



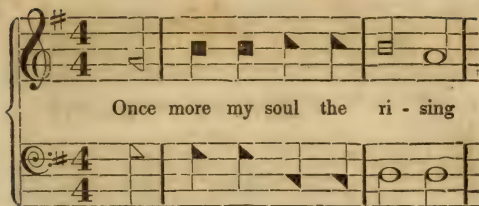
Descend and clothe the ground; The



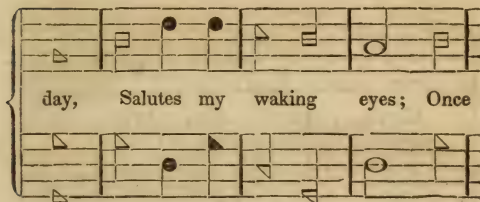
li - quid streams for - bear to flow,



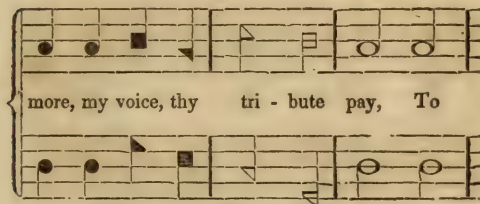
In i - cy fet - ters bound.



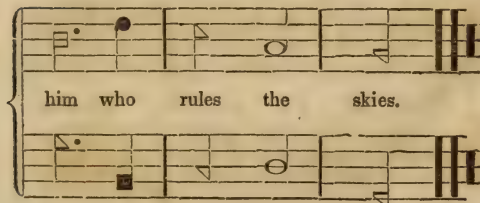
Once more my soul the ri - sing



day, Salutes my waking eyes; Once



more, my voice, thy tri - bute pay, To



him who rules the skies.

Come, Ho - ly Spi - rit,

The first system of the hymn is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the bass line is on the bottom staff. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

Heav'n - ly dove, With all

The second system of the hymn continues the melody on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp and common time. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

thy quick' - ning pow'rs,

The third system of the hymn continues the melody on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp and common time. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,

The fourth system of the hymn concludes the melody on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp and common time. The lyrics are placed between the staves.

Kin - dle a flame of sa-

cred love, Kin - dle a

flame of sa - cred love,

In these cold hearts of ours.

A - wake my soul to

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Loving Kindness'. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics 'A - wake my soul to' are written below the upper staff.

joy - ful lays, And sing the great

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'joy - ful lays, And sing the great' are written below the upper staff.

Re - deemer's praise; He

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'Re - deemer's praise; He' are written below the upper staff.

just - ly claims a song from me,

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the hymn on this page. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'just - ly claims a song from me,' are written below the upper staff.

His lov - ing kind - ness, O

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff contains a melody with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The lower staff contains a bass line with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The lyrics 'His lov - ing kind - ness, O' are written below the staves.

how free! His lov - ing kindness,

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff contains a melody with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The lower staff contains a bass line with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The lyrics 'how free! His lov - ing kindness,' are written below the staves.

Lov - ing kind - ness, His lov -

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff contains a melody with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The lower staff contains a bass line with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The lyrics 'Lov - ing kind - ness, His lov -' are written below the staves.

ing kind - ness, O how free.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff contains a melody with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The lower staff contains a bass line with a half note, a quarter note, and a half note. The lyrics 'ing kind - ness, O how free.' are written below the staves.

(From Masons' Sacred Harp, by permission.)

Thus far the Lord hath led me on,

The first system of the hymn is written in treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/2. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 3/2. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Thus far his pow'r pro - longs my days;

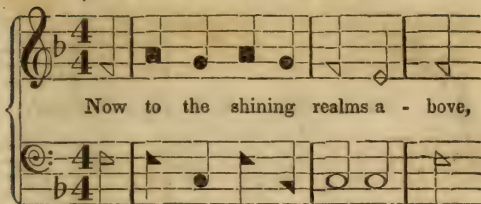
The second system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

And ev' - ry evening shall make known;

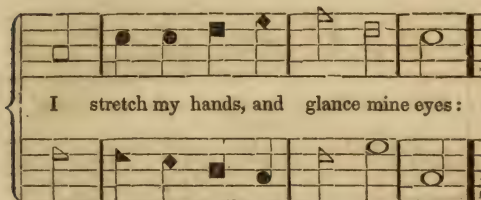
The third system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Some fresh me - mo - rial of his grace.

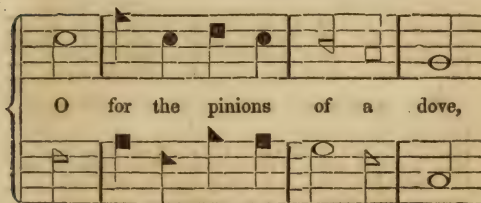
The fourth system of the hymn concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.



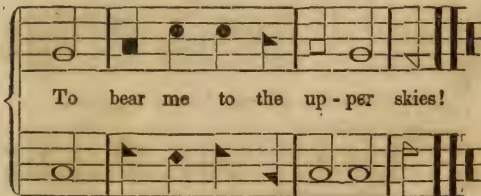
Now to the shining realms a - bove,



I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes:



O for the pinions of a dove,



To bear me to the up - per skies!

Very Slow.

So fades the love-ly bloom-ing flow'r,

Frail smi-ling so-lace of an hour,

So soon our transient comforts fly,

And pleasure on-ly blooms to die.

From all who dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre-

a - tor's praise a - rise; Let

Let the Redeem - er's

the Re - deem-er's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land by

name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue, Thro'

ev'ry tongue, Thro' ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

ev' - ry land by ev'ry tongue.

Praise to the Lord of boundless might,

The first system of the hymn is written in treble and bass staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Praise to the Lord of boundless might,'.

With uncre - a - ted glories bright;


The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'With uncre - a - ted glories bright;'. There are triplets indicated by a '3' over the notes in the treble staff.

His presence fills the world a - bove,

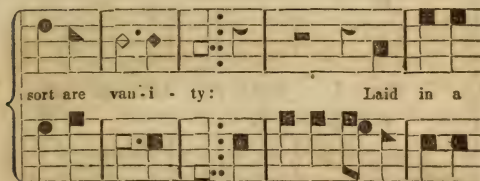
The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'His presence fills the world a - bove,'.

'Th' e - ternal source of light and love.

The fourth system concludes the hymn. The lyrics are ''Th' e - ternal source of light and love.'. The system ends with a double bar line in both staves.

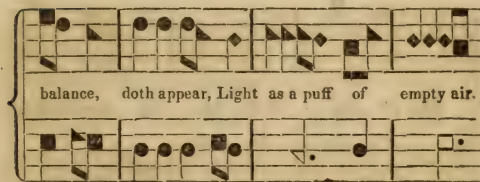


False are the men of high de - gree, The baser



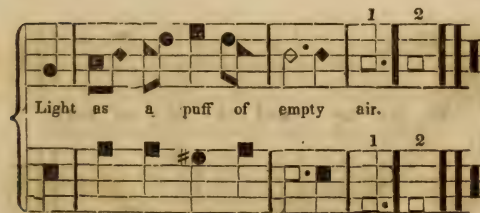
sort are van-i - ty: Laid in a

Laid in a balance doth ap-



balance, doth appear, Light as a puff of empty air.

pear, Light as a puff of emp - ty air.



Light as a puff of empty air.

O that my load of sin were gone,

O that I could at last sub-mit,

At Je-sus' feet to lay me down!

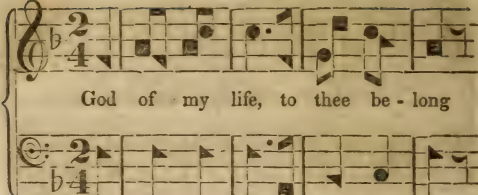
To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet!

Broad is the road that leads to death,

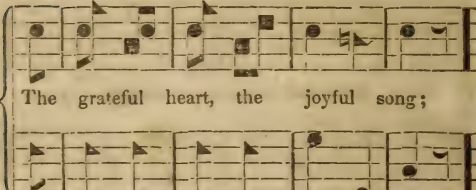
And thousands walk to - gether there;

But wisdom shows a narrow path,

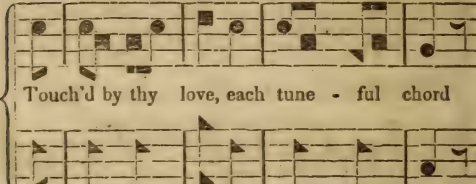
With here and there a trav - el - er.



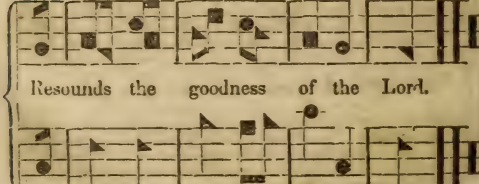
God of my life, to thee be - long



The grateful heart, the joyful song;



Touch'd by thy love, each tune - ful chord



Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

Ye nations round the earth re - joice,

Be - fore the Lord, your sovereign king;

Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,

With all your tongues his glo - ry sing.

O come, loud anthems let us sing,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn 'Old Hundred'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'O come, loud anthems let us sing,' are written between the staves.

Loud thanks to our Almigh - ty King.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody from the first system. The lyrics 'Loud thanks to our Almigh - ty King.' are written between the staves.

For we our voi - ces high should raise,

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics 'For we our voi - ces high should raise,' are written between the staves.

When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.

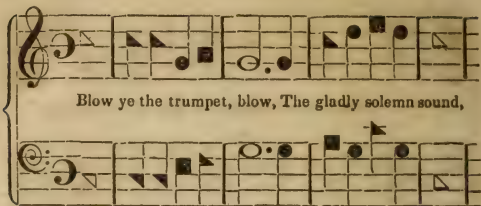
The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. It concludes the hymn with a double bar line. The lyrics 'When our sal - va - tion's rock we praise.' are written between the staves.

“Mercy O thou son of David!”

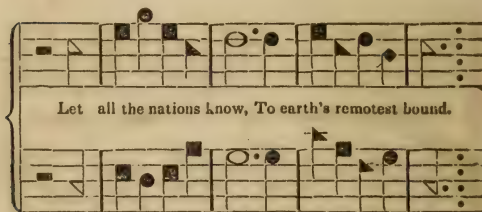
Thus the blind Bar - timeus pray'd;

“Others by thy word are saved,

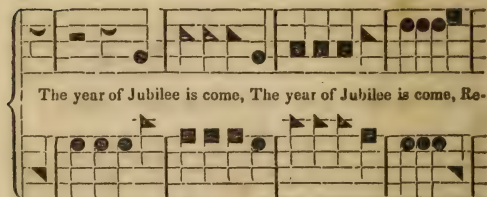
Now to me af - ford thine aid.



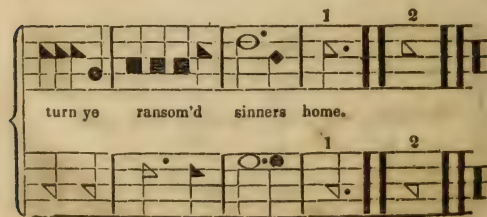
Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound,



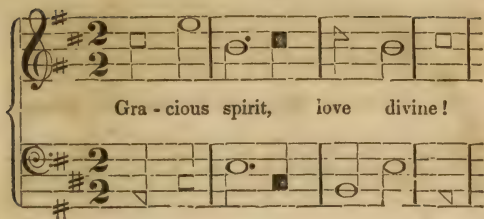
Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound.



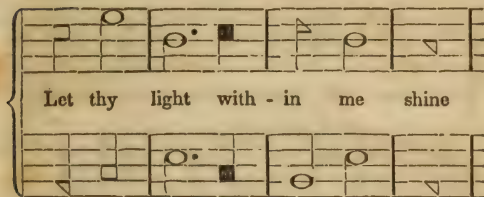
The year of Jubilee is come, The year of Jubilee is come, Re-



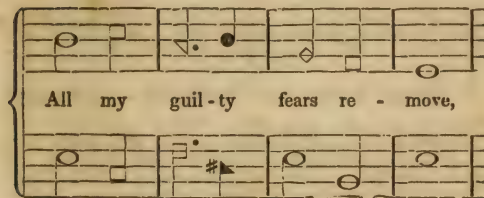
turn ye ransom'd sinners home.



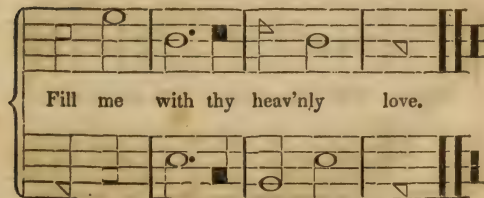
Gra - cious spirit, love divine!



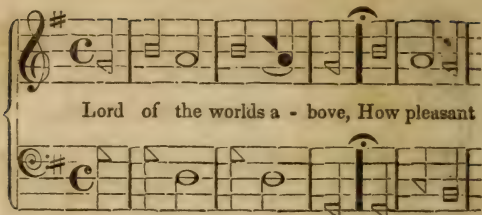
Let thy light with - in me shine



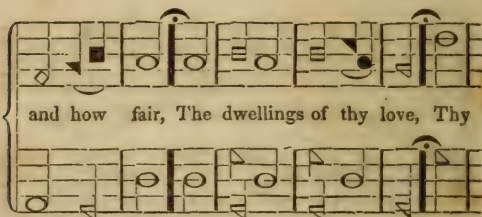
All my guilt - ty fears re - move,



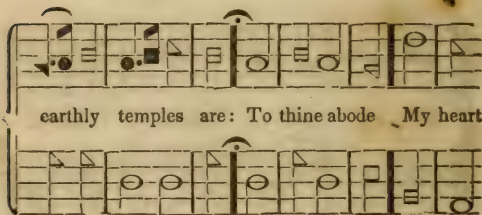
Fill me with thy heav'nly love.



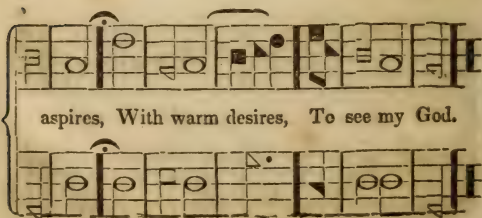
Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant



and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thy



earthly temples are: To thine abode My heart



aspires, With warm desires, To see my God.

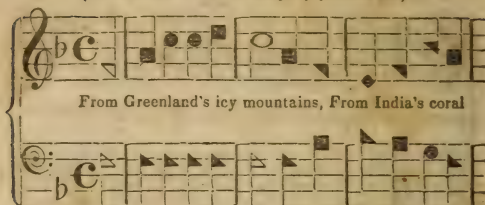
Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing,

Fill our hearts with joy and peace.

Let us all thy love pos - sessing,

Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace.

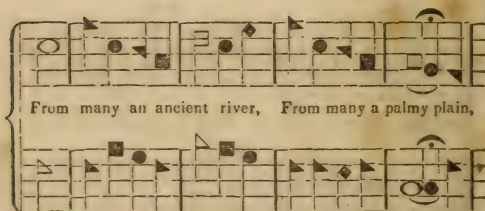
(From Masons' Sacred Harp, by permission.)



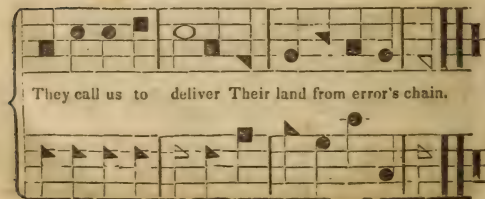
From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral



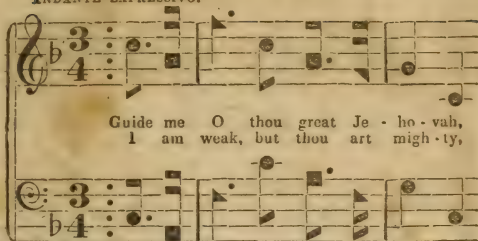
strand ; Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden
[sand ;



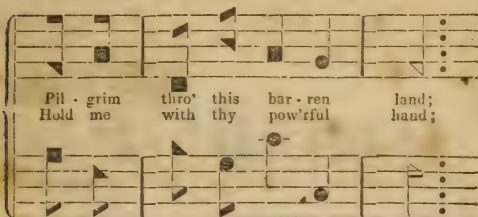
From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain,



They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain.



Guide me O thou great Je - ho - vah,
 I am weak, but thou art migh - ty,



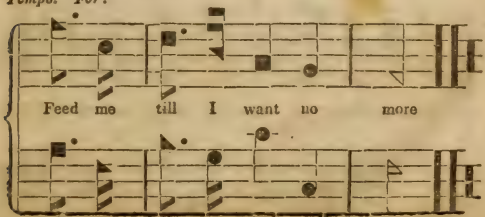
Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
 Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;

Largo. Pia.



Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en,

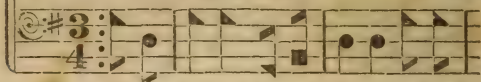
Tempo. For.



Feed me till I want no more



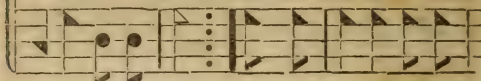
Let thy kingdom, blessed Savior, Come, and
Come, oh come! and reign for ev - er, God of



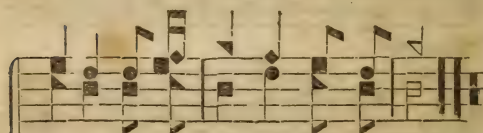
Day and night thy Lambs are crying, Come, good



bid our jarring cease; } Vi - sit now poor bleeding
love and Prince of peace; }



Shepherd feed thy sheep.



Zi - on, Hear thy peo - ple mourn and weep; D. C.







